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HISTORIC BYE-WAYS

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BY

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"LIFE AND TIMES OF CAROLINE-MATILDA"

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

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HISTORIC BYE-WAYS

CHAPTER I.

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND CATHERINE II.

THE publication of the first volumes of Carlyle's Life of Frederick has acted as a remarkable stimulus on German literati, and contributions to the history of Prussia pour in almost daily. Many of them, it is true, bear the fatal Dryasdust taint, but here and there a valuable hint may be found. Probably, however, the most important of all these is a volume published by Von Schlözer, in which he analyses the relations that subsisted between Fritz and the crafty Catherine of Russia. The matter has hitherto been kept in considerable mystery, and the old gentleman's character has naturally suffered from it. More especially is this the case with reference to the partition of Poland, of which Frederick has usually been supposed the originator, but we hope to rehabilitate him by means of the satisfactory evidence Von Schlözer has placed at our disposal.

When Frederick of the Stick was on his death-bed, he called to him the crown prince, and told him, with

reference to Russia, that "he should ever maintain a cautious and neutral position towards that Power: there was no reason to expect much from Russia, but it was evident that in a war with her there was more to lose than to gain." In truth, the president of the Tobacco College had been sorely deluded by the Empress Anna in the matter of the Polish succession and the duchy of Courland. The two courts had been on excellent terms—to such an extent that Frederick William selected his tallest corporals and sent them to Petersburg to teach the Guards the Prussian exercise, while Anna returned the compliment by picking out eighty of her most powerful recruits, and making them a present to the king for his body-guard. A treaty was negotiated at Wustershausen by which Courland would fall to a Prussian prince, while, on the death of the King of Poland, the two courts would combine their efforts to ensure the election of the infant of Portugal.

The old king had a bitter lesson as to putting faith in princesses: for not only did Russia join with Austria to raise a Saxon prince to the Polish throne on the death of Augustus, in 1733, but Anna gave Courland to her favourite, the Duke of Biron. Woe to the unhappy minister who had to break the news to his Prussian master. To the day of his death the old gentleman never forgot or forgave the perfidy.

When Frederick ascended the throne, his first object was the seizure of the duchy of Berg; but not wishing to leave East Prussia exposed, in the event of a Euro-

pean war, he formed a treaty with the Russian court, by which the latter promised him the aid of twelve thousand men to cover his frontier in the case of certain eventualities. But the death of the Emperor Charles VI. altered all Frederick's plans, and he took advantage of Maria Theresa's position to invade Silesia. About this time, too, the Empress Anna died, and a family revolution made the Grand-Duchess Anna regent in the place of Biron. Münnich, the head of the conspiracy, was devoted to Prussia, and Frederick had thus a powerful support in Russia.

Unfortunately, Münnich's position was very insecure: cabals were formed against him, and he was compelled to resign. The party opposing him naturally favoured Austria, and the Prussian victory at Mollwitz alarmed the regent. Everything seemed to forebode that Russia would act decisively against Prussia when another revolution broke out, and Elizabeth ascended the throne.

Elizabeth was the youngest daughter of Peter the Great, and resided at St. Petersburg, in a species of honorary Coventry. Her society was formed exclusively of Russians, which gave great offence at court, though her chief favourite, L'Estocq, was a Hanoverian by birth. The princess had rendered herself a favourite with the troops by continually visiting the Guards' barracks, and standing as godmother to the new-born children, while she would publicly drive about the streets with some tall grenadier or other seated behind her carriage. Strangely enough, although the court were fully convinced that Elizabeth was meditating

some design, they took no precautions. The empress reproached the princess mildly for the scandal she created by her liaison with L'Estocq, and this alarmed the conspirators. To precipitate events, L'Estocq showed the princess a piece of paper, on either side of which her portrait was drawn; one represented her in state, as empress; the other as a nun, with a gallows and a wheel on her right and left. Elizabeth felt there was no time to be lost, so she placed herself at the head of the Preobrajenski guard, and invaded the palace. The troops proclaimed her empress, and a few hours sufficed to restore order.

Frederick immediately took advantage of this change to restore his influence at Petersburg. At the end of 1742 he was in entire possession of Silesia, and the treaty of Breslau secured it to him. But he wanted, before all, the guarantee of Russia remaining on friendly terms with him, for his treasury was exhausted, and peace was essential. Elizabeth met him half way, and a treaty was signed, securing the King of Prussia his new possessions. Fortunately, at the same time, a conspiracy was detected in Petersburg, in which the Austrian ambassador was deeply implicated, and Maria Theresa's cause received a tremendous blow: she had not an open friend left in Russia. To confirm the good feeling with Berlin, Elizabeth wished that the king should betroth one of his sisters to her heir and nephew, Duke Peter of Holstein, but Frederick put no faith in court security in Russia, and declined. However, not to lose the opportunity, he put forward the Princess

Sophia Augusta of Anhalt-Zerbst, who was accepted, in spite of the intrigues of the Elector of Saxony, who offered his daughter Marianne.

The Princess of Zerbst was requested to come to Petersburg incognita with her daughter, and pay the empress a visit. Frederick urged her strongly to go, and explained the prospect opening for her daughter, and the ambitious woman gladly accepted. The future empress was much moved at the separation from her father: her mother, writing to Frederick, says: "Ma fille s'est aperçue, en quittant son père, où le chemin s'adressait: cette séparation l'a extrêmement émue. Sa grande jeunesse lui a fait bientôt surmonter ce premier mouvement, qui à cet âge-là ne saurait proprement se nommer que du nom d'attendrissement. Lui, de son côté, ne l'a pas été peu, et je suis persuadée, de la manière dont il pense sur les grandeurs de ce monde, que rien ne pourra le consoler de l'éloignement d'un enfant qui faisait toute sa joie, que les bonnes graces de votre majesté, que je lui demande, ainsi qu'à nous tous."

At Riga, the travellers crossed the unhappy Brunswick family, sent into exile by Elizabeth, who were going to Oranienburg, in consequence of the recent conspiracy. The arrival of the princess at Petersburg was a thunder-stroke for the Saxon party, who hoped to raise religious scruples, owing to the relationship between the young couple, but Elizabeth had already settled those matters with the complaisant synod. She grew much attached to the young princess, whose

mother, in the pride of her heart, writes to the Prince of Zerbst, at Stettin: "Notre fille trouve grande approbation. La souveraine la chérit, le successeur l'aime, et c'est une affaire finie." But there were still difficulties in the way: the young princess could not endure the idea of changing her religion, and we find from the Prussian envoy Mardefeld's reports, that she suffered great agony of mind, and wept bitterly at the thought of resigning the religion of her forefathers. At such times her Greek clergyman was dismissed, and a Lutheran called in to offer her consolation.*

The delay troubled Frederick excessively, hence we find him writing to the mother on the 27th February: "Il ne me reste, madame, qu'à vous prier de vaincre la répugnance de votre fille pour la religion grecque, après quoi vous aurez couronné votre œuvre." How well she succeeded, we find in one of Mardefeld's letters, a few weeks later: "Le changement de religion fait, à la vérité, à la princesse une peine infinie, et les larmes lui coulent en abondance quand elle se trouve seule avec des personnes qui ne lui sont pas suspectes. Cependant l'ambition en prend à la fin le dessus. La mère en est encore plus susceptible, et l'idée flatteuse de pouvoir dire avec le temps, 'l'impératrice' tout comme 'mon frère,' lui lève facilement tout scrupule et sert à conforter la fille." In the meanwhile, Frederick

* In the recently published Memoirs of Catherine II., the princess gives a very different account. But it must be remembered that she wrote them for the benefit of her son, and naturally placed her own conduct in the best light.

was working on that good Prince of Zerbst, who could only reply, "My daughter shall not turn Greek." At last, the king unearthed a priest (he tells us so himself) who persuaded the prince that the Greek rite was like the Lutheran, and he then changed his one note to "Lutheran-Greek, Greek-Lutheran, that will do."

All being thus smoothed, the princess accepted the Greek confession on the 9th July, and received the name of Katharina Alexeyevna. All present at the ceremony wept abundantly, except the princess herself. The next day she was betrothed to the grand-duke, and Frederick, always anxious to have a friend at court, and not knowing what might turn up, wrote to her on the moment the following letter:—

"Madame,—Je compte parmi les plus beaux jours de ma vie celui où j'ai vu l'élévation de votre Altesse Impériale à cette dignité. Je me croirais trop heureux d'y avoir contribué, content que ce serait un service que j'aurais rendu à l'Impératrice de Russie, ma chère alliée, et à tout ce vaste empire, que de lui avoir trouvé une princesse de votre mérite, madame, pour compagne de couche du grand-duc. Je vous prie de croire que je prends plus de part que qui que ce puisse être à tout ce qui regarde votre aimable personne, et que je me ferai sans cesse un plaisir de vous prouver comme je suis, madame, votre très-fidèlement affectionné cousin,

"Berlin, 5 Août, 1744." "Frederick.

A few days later, Frederick's sister, Louise Ulrica, was married to the crown prince of Sweden, and his power appeared consolidated in the North. Those two rulers would, at any rate, leave him in peace, and this was most necessary for him, as an outbreak with Austria was imminent. Forming a treaty with France, he opened the campaign in September, 1744, and before the end of the next year the peace of Dresden was signed, which again assured him the possession of Silesia.

For ten years Prussia was at rest; in 1748 it was recognised as a great power at the congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, and the country progressed wonderfully. In 1756 the jealousy of Austria again kindled the flame, and the Seven Years' War commenced, which was to enable Prussia to prove that she could defy the continent in arms against her. But Austria entered on the campaign with greater confidence, for she had a powerful ally in Russia. The reason for this sudden change was that Frederick could not keep his stinging tongue quiet, and had made some sarcastic remarks against Elizabeth. The prime minister, Bestucheff, was an undying enemy of Prussia, and his influence at length produced the desired result. Elizabeth allowed a secret treaty to be signed with Austria, "because," as she said, "Frederick was a wicked prince, without fear of the Lord, who made every matter ridiculous, and never went to church." The empress, probably, had never heard the familiar story of the pot and the kettle.

Under these circumstances Frederick had no course but prompt action, and on the 29th of August, 1756, he marched sixty thousand men into Saxony, without any declaration of war, and occupied Dresden. This step he justified in the sight of Europe by publishing the secret correspondence of the Saxon court with Austria and Russia, and proved that he only acted in self-defence. Had he delayed, the three courts were determined on attacking him in the following year at latest. The Austrians were defeated at Lowositz: the Saxon army of seventeen thousand men took the oath of fidelity to Frederick, and, in the meanwhile, the King of Prussia was trying to gain over his fiercest enemy at the Russian court. For this purpose Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, the British envoy, was hard at work: the House of Hanover had no desire for a general war. Through him, Frederick offered Bestucheff 100,000 thalers, if he would break off the Austrian alliance, and the minister accepted, saying, "From this moment I am the king's friend; but I do not see how I can serve him now. Had I known this two months earlier, I might have effected much. But he has begun the war, and nothing will keep the czarina from supporting Austria; all the arrangements have been made. It is true the king finds us rather unprepared, and, as you know, our movements are slow. I cannot promise to do anything now, for it is out of my power. But you can assure the King of Prussia that all Mardefeld worked against me is clean forgotten, and that I am ready to prove to the king, when the time comes, that

I am in his service."* The precarious state of Elizabeth's health was also a great motive for Bestucheff's change of policy, and he took every opportunity to sound Catherine as to her views. It was some time before the cautious girl would open her heart, but at length Bestucheff was quite successful. The grand-duke was known to be an ardent admirer of Prussia, and always spoke of Frederick as "the king my master." Catherine was more cautious; but she openly avowed that an alliance between England, Prussia, and Russia would be the best guarantee of the peace of Europe.

In May, 1757, Apraxin set out at the head of the Russian troops to attack Frederick, who, a month later, was totally defeated at Kolin by Field-Marshal Daun. The news spread through Europe like wildfire, and all her foes rose as a man against Prussia. Sweden was preparing to land a strong corps d'armée in Pomerania, the French were advancing from the Rhine under D'Estrées, and the cause of Frederick seemed utterly lost. The Russians, too, were coming up fast, although Bestucheff had been doing all in his power to delay them, in which Apraxin seconded him. But the French party, with the favourite Schuvaloff at its head, gained the day; and a tremendous engagement took

* The system of bribery in Russia is of old date. Thus, we find Mardefeld writing in the spring of 1744, on the arrival of the new English envoy, Lord Tyrawly, "Le banquier Wolff à Pétersbourg a insinué aux principaux Russes qu'il a une lettre de crédit pour le Lord Tyrawly de quatre cent mille roubles, afin de leur donner un prégoût de ce qu'ils en ont à attendre."

place on August 30, at Grossjägerndorf, in which the Prussians were defeated. But, instead of following up his victory, Apraxin remained very quietly for a fortnight near the field of battle, and then retreated to Poland. This caused great dissatisfaction at Petersburg, and though the field-marshal based his retreat on want of provisions, the excuse was not accepted at court. He was ordered to surrender the command to General Fermor, and an investigation soon proved that his retreat was occasioned by an order he had received from the Grand-Duchess Catherine through Bestucheff. The autobiography of the empress which Herzen recently published, as well as some other documents, enable us to throw some light on this mysterious transaction.

As it seems, the grand-duchess, whom her liaison with Poniatowski kept quite aloof from her husband, entertained the plan of giving the throne to her infant son, and proclaiming herself regent, so soon as the empress was deceased. In this way her husband would be entirely excluded from the throne. Some writers consider that Bestucheff suggested this plan, but, at any rate, the secret was entrusted to Apraxin. At the moment when the field-marshal invested a part of Prussia, the empress grew so much worse that her decease was expected at any moment. Hence the grand-duchess, who required troops to carry out her plans, sent Apraxin the order to return immediately. But the empress recovered, and became so strong, that Catherine and Bestucheff were forced to give up all their plans and try to keep them from detection. But the

secret was already betrayed: both the Austrian envoy, Count Esterhazy, and the French ambassador, the Marquis de l'Hôpital, learned from their spies all that took place in Apraxin's camp, and the examination of the field-marshal soon led to discoveries which made the empress very angry with the grand-duchess, and proved fatal to Bestucheff. He was arrested, and among his papers was found the rough draft of the deposition to be signed by the grand-duke, as well as copy of a letter ordering Apraxin's retreat.

In the meanwhile, Fermor had advanced and occupied Königsberg, and his imperial mistress appointed him governor-general of the whole province. On the other hand, Frederick had restored the honour of the Prussian arms by the brilliant victories of Rossbach and Lissa, and in the summer of 1758 he defeated the Russians at Zorndorf. Six weeks later, however, the surprise at Hochkirch avenged the Austrians, and a year later the combined Austrian and Russian forces gained the decisive battle of Kunersdorf. Writing to the Marquis d'Argens, Frederick says: "La paix n'est rien moins que certaine: on l'espère, on se flatte, mais voilà tout. Tout ce que je puis faire, c'est de lutter contre l'adversité: mais je ne puis ni ramener la fortune, ni diminuer le nombre de mes ennemis. Cela étant, ma position demeure la même: encore un revers et ce sera le coup de grace." Only one thing could save him, and that was the death of Elizabeth and a change in the Russian policy, and this event occurred precisely at the right moment.

Peter III. was a sworn friend of Frederick, and this was so notorious that the Saxon ambassador, Count Brühl, wrote to his court: "The King of Prussia is Emperor of Russia." A peace was immediately signed, and Peter promised Frederick eighteen thousand men to aid him against the Austrians. The king was preparing to take the field at the head of his allies, when, on the 18th July, the news arrived of the deposition of Peter. The king was not unprepared for this event, and had urged the emperor to be cautious, but he would not listen to advice; thus he said to Goltz, the Prussian envoy, who warned him: "Ecoutez, si vous êtes de mes amis, ne touchez plus cette affaire, qui m'est odieuse."

The first act of the new empress was a manifesto to the people, in which she stated, among other faults committed by her husband, "that the glory of Russia, purchased by so much blood, had been obscured and trampled under foot by a peace signed with the death foe of the empire." This was, however, only a sop to Cerberus, for Catherine sent Goltz, who had remained true to her husband's fortunes, a message, stating that she was determined to maintain the good understanding with his majesty of Prussia, and trusted he would avoid any measures which might thwart her views. To give effect to her words, the Russian troops were ordered to evacuate Pomerania and Prussia Proper. France then retired from the struggle, and peace was patched up between Austria and Prussia at Hubertsburg.

Frederick had passed his fiftieth year, and heartily

desired peace. The seven years of continued warfare had left their traces upon him. Thus we find him writing, in March, 1763, just prior to his return to Berlin, to the Countess Camas: "Vous me trouverez vieilli et presque radoteur, gris comme mes ânes, perdant tous les jours une dent, et à demi écloppé par la goutte." The country, too, sadly required rest: the war, according to Frederick's own calculation, had cost it a hundred and eighty thousand soldiers and fifteen hundred officers, and but slight obedience was paid to the law. To secure this peace, however, Frederick required a powerful ally, and, after due consideration, he turned his attention to Russia. Lord Bute had played him false, by attempting to turn Peter III. against Prussia, and by signing the separate treaty with France. Austria would have been a broken reed to lean on; and though he would have liked an alliance with France, that was impossible so long as Choiseul remained at the head of affairs. Hence, he sent Count Solms to Petersburg to ratify the treaty which Goltz had so cleverly obtained from the late emperor.

At the court of Russia intrigues were still the rule: Bestucheff had been recalled, and allied himself to the favourite Orloff. On his behalf the old statesman drew up a petition, begging the empress to marry again, as the grand-duke was of weak health, and the succession must be secured; and this petition was signed by a large number of the nobility and clergy. Catherine asked the advice of her minister Panin, who warned her of the danger of raising a subject to such a height

of authority, and she gave up the scheme for the present. Bestucheff, who suggested it, was loaded with favours, so it may be presumed that it was in accordance with the wishes of the empress. At the same time, Bestucheff was bought over by the Austrian envoy, and there seemed but slight prospect of Count Solms succeeding in his mission. Fortune, however, again favoured Frederick: the King of Poland died, and Catherine was most anxious to raise to the throne her old favourite, Stanislaus Poniatowski. The empress gave her entire confidence to Panin. Bestucheff was overthrown, and the Prussian alliance was once more in the ascendant. Frederick, who maintained a constant correspondence with Catherine, urged the ratification of the treaty, and the empress immediately wrote to Panin: "Faites que l'alliance avec le roi de Prusse s'achève, sans quoi je crains que nous ne manquions notre coup." A peace was drawn up for eight years, by which, in case of either party going to war, the other must supply an auxiliary force of twelve thousand men, or in lieu of them a subsidy of 480,000 thalers annually. The secret condition was, that both powers should force the election of Poniatowski.

This alliance aroused a feeling through Europe that the two courts designed a partition of Poland, and there was possibly some reason for the suspicion. In a conversation Solms had with Panin on the 29th of December, 1763, a remark of peculiar import escaped the latter. In order to gain the king over to the empress's views with reference to Poland, and make sure

of his armed assistance in case of need, Panin declared in the name of his mistress, that Prussia would have a rich compensation for such assistance: "Il ajouta encore," Solms reports, "que votre majesté n'aurait pas raison de regretter d'avoir pris des engagements avec sa cour, parce que si, contre toute attente, les choses devaient venir à une grande extrémité, il me répondait que votre majesté aurait sa peine payée aussi bien que la Russie, et qu'on n'aurait pas travaillé pour rien. C'est une affaire, disait-il, que j'ai arrangée d'avance, mais que je ne peux expliquer que quand les choses seront plus avancées." To this insidious suggestion Frederick replied by recommending his envoy extreme caution, lest he might precipitate another European war. Still we do not find the king making any protest against the iniquity of the measure, and probably the idea germinated in his mind, to be carried out under more favourable auspices. The truth was, he could not afford to go to war just then.

Two months after the signature of the Russo-Prussian treaty, Poniatowski was crowned King of Poland. Russian troops occupied the country: money was lavished for the purpose of buying votes: a Prussian corps d'armée stood on the frontier: so what could the Poles do but acquiesce? From this moment the courts of Petersburg and Berlin were on the most friendly terms, and vied in paying each other compliments. Frederick's advice was sought in every important matter, and he managed to keep the peace very cleverly between the haughty favourite and his own staunch friend Panin.

Still little tiffs would occur between the two courts: thus, in 1766, Frederick raised the postal and customs rates throughout his kingdom, which produced violent reclamations from the Russians. But the king remained staunch, for there was a prospect of making some money which he could not let slip. Another squabble he had with Catherine was about the mathematician Euler, whom the empress had invited to her court, and the king did not like to let him go. These annoyances drew from Frederick the following remark in a letter to Sôlms, which he sent through the post, in order that the Russian authorities might open and read it: "Je commence à me lasser furieusement du joug qu'on prétend m'imposer. Je me ferai un plaisir d'être l'allié des Russes; mais tant que mes yeux seront ouverts, je ne serai pas leur esclave. C'est ce que vous pouvez dire à qui le veut entendre."

Catherine was at this time engaged with her favourite scheme of combining all the Northern powers against France. Frederick, however, saw through the unfeasibility of the scheme, and explained his views very clearly to the empress. Besides, he hated Saxony so fervently, that he declared if Catherine made an alliance with that country he would break with her. To add to Catherine's annoyance at the failure of her plans, the young Emperor of Austria, Joseph II., evinced a great partiality for Frederick. Such a friendship would entirely thwart her plans, and must be prevented at any cost. Fortunately for her, dissensions in Poland came to her aid, and in 1767 a new secret treaty was

drawn up between Panin and Solms, by which the king promised to declare war to the Vienna cabinet if Austrian troops entered Poland. The result was that Austria withdrew, and Russia so augmented her influence in Poland, that that country resembled a satrapy of the czar rather than an independent kingdom.

Choiseul regarded this state of things with extreme indignation, and would have gladly declared war against Russia, but Louis XV. was much too fond of peace. All he could do was to arouse another nation against Catherine, and his choice fell upon Turkey. The Porte had an excellent reason for declaring war, in the danger to which the Danubian provinces were exposed by the concentration of Russian troops in Poland. But an opportunity soon presented itself: the Russians violated the neutrality of Turkey by pursuing some Polish rebels across the frontier, and burning the village in which they sought shelter. The sultan declared war, and the news was received with great satisfaction in Petersburg. Not so at Berlin, for Frederick had to supply twelve thousand men, or pay 480,000 thalers per annum, according to treaty, and he decided on sacrificing the money—with a heavy heart, we may feel assured. In return for this aid, Russia guaranteed him the margraviates of Ansbach and Bayreuth, on the death of the reigning prince, who had no heirs. But this did not fully satisfy Frederick, for he did not like the idea of such territorial aggrandisement on the part of Russia as would probably result from the war. His only consolation was in the wretched state of the Russian army;

and Count von Donnersmark, who served as a volunteer, reported to him, that "as there had been no recruiting since the peace, several companies were not more than forty strong. The army was not clothed: their tents and field equipments were quite ruined. But what they most needed was good officers and talented generals. The best officers had left the service in disgust, because young fellows were put over their heads who had lounged about the court for a few years as officers of the Guards."

Unfortunately, the Turkish army was, if possible, in a worse condition, and the king knew Catherine's character sufficiently well to feel that she would spare no sacrifices to gain the victory. If Russia gained any territorial increase, it was a bad prospect for Prussia. As the king himself writes: "La Prusse avait à craindre que son alliée, devenue trop puissante, ne voulût avec le temps lui imposer des lois, comme à la Pologne. Cette perspective était aussi dangereuse qu'effrayante." Hence Frederick did all in his power to prevent the war, but it was of no avail: the French ambassador at Stamboul, St. Priest, stirred the sultan to action; while, on the other hand, Catherine was decided on war. Under these circumstances, and seeing that Austria was collecting a powerful force to prevent the advance of the Russians, Frederick hit on a scheme which would satisfy all parties, and place him in a secure position. This was nothing else than the partition of Poland, to which Panin had referred five years before. He wished Austria to aid Russia against the Turks, and receive in

return the town of Leopol, while Polish Prussia would fall to his share, and Russia would take that portion which suited her best. In this way, all causes of jealousy being removed, Austria and Prussia would then help in expelling the Turks, and all could be amicably settled. To this proposition Panin replied that Russia was quite willing to join with the two powers in expelling the Turks, and would gladly grant Prussia a compensation in Poland, and Austria in Turkey. Her own views were certainly disinterested, however; the empress could hardly govern the wide territory she already possessed, and had no desire for any augmentation. Of course, such a declaration, at the moment when Russia was clutching at the Bosphorus, rendered Frederick only the more suspicious, and he decided on observing more closely the bond of union with Austria.

Before long Frederick and Joseph II. had an interview, in which the young man declared that he would never allow Russia to occupy the Principalities, and the King of Prussia was enabled to watch the progress of the Russian arms with greater equanimity. Most amusing is the letter of congratulation old Voltaire wrote to Catherine, as the following excerpt will prove:—

"Votre Majesté Impériale me rend la vie en tuant les Turcs. La lettre dont Elle m'honore du 22 Septembre me fait sauter de mon lit, en criant: Allah Catharina! J'avais donc raison, j'étais plus prophète que Mahomet: Dieu et Vos troupes victorieuses m'avaient donc exaucé quand je chantais: Te Catha-

rinam laudamus. Te dominam confitemur. L'ange Gabriel m'avait donc instruit de la déroute entière de l'armée ottomane, de la prise de Choczim, et m'avait montré du doigt le chemin de Yassi. Je suis réellement, Madame, au comble de la joie: je suis enchanté: je Vous remercie."

In 1770 the Porte expressed a desire for peace, and begged Frederick to act as intermediary, which he very readily did for the sake of saving his darling thalers. But the conditions Catherine demanded were impossible, and Frederick had another interview with Joseph II. on the subject of his apprehensions. It was absolutely necessary the two German powers should form a close union "to check the swollen stream that threatened to inundate the whole of Europe." Both monarchs, therefore, urged Catherine to make peace, but it was of no avail, and Frederick was almost in despair, when a sudden change took place, which afforded him a prospect of ample compensation. The Austrians occupied a portion of Poland in 1771, and the partition was decided on. Catherine spoke very plainly to Prince Henry of Prussia on the subject so soon as the news of the Austrian occupation arrived at Petersburg, and urged that Frederick should take his share at once, before it was all swallowed up. In writing to his brother, the prince remarks: "Quoique cela n'était qu'un discours de plaisanterie, il est certain que cela n'était pas pour rien, et je ne doute pas qu'il sera très-possible que vous profitiez de cette occasion."

Frederick saw that the time had arrived, and he

immediately put forward his claim to that portion of Poland which he thought necessary for the protection of his states. But an unexpected obstacle was found in the court of Austria, which would not consent to the partition. We know now that Maria Theresa was strongly opposed to it, and at length only reluctantly yielded to the arguments of Kaunitz. Michiels* tells us that on the deed to which she affixed her signature in adhesion, the empress wrote the following protest: "I ratify the treaty, as so many superior and wise men desire it; but when I have been dead for a long time, the consequences will be seen of a usurpation which wounds every principle regarded as sacred and just." But before Austria consented to the partition, she attempted every possible intrigue to prevent her new allies in iniquity profiting by the division. At one moment she massed troops in Hungary, as if prepared to defend Poland against the new invaders; at another, her internuncio at Constantinople tried to form a secret treaty with the Porte, by which Austria promised to restore him his territory as he held it before the war, in consideration of ten million piastres.

But it was all of no avail: Austria had started on the path of wrong-doing, and the other two powers were resolved on having their share of the spoil. Frederick, as usual, suggested a scheme by which to keep Austria quiet. He writes to Solms: "Supposé que les Autrichiens trouvassent leur portion en Pologne trop faible en com-

* "Secret History of the Austrian Government." London: Chapman and Hall. 1859.

paraison de la nôtre, et qu'on voulût les satisfaire, il n'y aurait qu'à leur offrir cette lisière de l'Etat de Venise qui les coupe de Trieste, pour les mettre en repos, et quand même ils seraient les méchants, je vous réponds sur ma tête que notre union bien constituée avec la Russie les fera passer par tout ce que nous voudrons." We see, from this instance, that the cool way in which Lombardy was recently tossed from one emperor to another, was no novelty in diplomacy.

The great hitch in the business was, however, the future destiny of the Danubian Principalities. Catherine had proposed that they should be independent, but to this Austria objected, for that court considered that any weakening of Turkey must be avoided, while the separation of the Principalities would only allow Russia to exert a decided influence over them. We almost fancy we are writing of the Crimean war, when we find that a hundred years ago the same apprehensions were entertained as to the spread of Russian influence in Eastern Europe. At length Frederick induced Catherine to give way, and she consented to restore the Principalities to Turkey, and only demanded a pecuniary compensation. This caused universal joy in Vienna. Frederick writes: "On vit pour la première fois paraître le Prince Kaunitz avec un visage serein: son astuce et son orgueil s'humanisèrent, les esprits se calmèrent, et l'inquiétude et la jalousie que les grands succès des Russes avaient données a la Cour Impériale disparurent du moment qu'elle n'eut plus à craindre d'avoir cette puissance pour voisine de ses états."

In January, 1772, Kaunitz consented to the partition, and the fate of Poland was decided.

We think we have shown, then, that Frederick has been unjustly accused of having suggested the spoliation, although we are afraid we cannot acquit him of taking his share very readily. In the words of Cowper:—

> "He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan;
> He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man."

The worst was that, having once joined Russia in such an act of spoliation, Prussia could never interfere afterwards, but allowed her to carry on her ambitious schemes almost without a protest. From that period Russia had an accomplice whom she has ever since kept bound hand and foot to her interests.

CHAPTER II.

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND VOLTAIRE.

We believe that there are but few among our readers who will not agree with us that the celebrated philosopher of Ferney was a clever and unscrupulous scamp, whose only consideration was his own pocket-interest. Eaten up by envy, malice, and uncharitableness, he employed his talents in overthrowing any dangerous rival who came too near his throne, and, while fawning on his patrons, through sheer perversity he did all in his power secretly to injure them. Probably, however, his ingratitude to Frederick of Prussia was the worst act of his long and ill-spent life—almost equalling that evinced by Napoleon III. towards Sardinia—and the true nature of the Gaul was shown in the series of deceptions he practised on the much-forgiving king. Strangely enough, though, while every historical student is acquainted with the outline of the friendship of the two men, no detailed account has, hitherto, been drawn up by any writer. This gap, Herr Venedey, a tolerably successful German historian, has now sought to fill up, and, with true Teutonic conscientiousness, has produced a work which it is almost impossible to read through, so overladen is it with comments and

divagations from the subject matter.* With a view, then, of saving our readers a most disagreeable task, we will attempt to dig out a consecutive narrative, and spare their temper the rare trial it would endure were they compelled to fall back for information on the original.

We will pass over the first seventy pages at a bound, in which the history of the world in general, and of Prussia in particular, with a smart attack on Lord Macaulay, is brought up to the period when Prince Frederick, then a species of state prisoner at Rheinsberg, wrote his first letter to the prince of French philosophers. The cause of this rapprochement was simple enough: Frederick had learned to hate in his father everything that was truly German, and this drove him among the quicksands of impiety. Rheinsberg had become a species of oasis, where Frenchmen high and low, teachers, literati, dancing-masters and adventurers were ever welcome guests. French literature commanded the civilised world, and—Voltaire French literature; hence it is not surprising that the prince, then but twenty-four years of age, should enter into a correspondence with the celebrated poet of fifty. In his very first letter he writes: "I feel that the advantages of birth, and those clouds of grandeur with which vanity surrounds us, are of very little or no service. How much ought talent and spirit to be preferred to them." Voltaire replied in a letter in which the teaching he thought it his duty to offer the young prince

* "Friederich der Grosse und Voltaire." Leipzig: Hübner. 1859.

was stifled in incense, to which Frederick responded: "You draw, in your letter, the picture of so perfect a prince that I can hardly recognise myself in it. It is a fine lesson, carried home in the cleverest way and most friendly manner; it is a talented mode of enabling the timid truth to reach the ears of a prince. I will make this image my model, and will do all in my power to become the worthy scholar of a master who knows how to instruct in so noble a manner."

It is amusing to watch the way in which Voltaire piles up his flattery in order to gain the prince for a purpose of his own. In his second letter Frederick becomes a great prince and a great genius, who does the French language the honour of speaking it, and deems French poetry worthy of being immortalised in his odes. A little later Frederick becomes Alexander, and Voltaire naturally his Aristotle; and then, all at once, Alexander becomes a Socrates, and Berlin an Athens! To use his own words: "La Grèce, je l'avoue, eut un brillant destin, mais Frédéric est né: tout change: je me flatte qu'Athène quelque jour doit céder à Berlin; car déja Frédéric est plus grand que Socrate."

Prince philosopher, a great prince, a great genius, an Alexander, a Socrates. All this, however, was not enough for Voltaire, and so he musters up his little German, and calls the young prince, who had up to the present only produced a few sounding letters and some doubtful poetry, "his god Frederick." Against this Frederick felt bound to protest, by saying that he had the same reasons as Alexander once had for knowing he

was not of divine origin, and the celebrated ode "Sur la Flatterie" was written as a species of rejection of this deification.

The meaning of all this was that Voltaire had one of his chronic fits of terror, and did not feel safe in France: hence, he would much have liked a residence at Rheinsberg, and makes more than one allusion to it, which Frederick would not notice, for his income was so small that he could not entertain his distinguished correspondent. Foiled in this, Voltaire suggested to the prince that he should buy the small estate of Beringhem, belonging to a relative of the Marquise de Châtelet (with whom Voltaire was then residing). The marquise was most anxious for the property to pass into other hands, and the five or six hundred thousand florins the property might be worth were not the question. The main thing was "that the Queen of Sheba (the Marquise de Châtelet) could then come and see the Solomon of Europe. Your royal highness," the writer then continues, "may easily imagine that I shall also make the journey. Then Jülich will be the promised land, where I may see *salutare meum*." In the postscript, however, he confesses that the estate really belonged to the marquise, though she obtained no rents from it, and hence, probably, the money was a consideration.

Frederick declines; Voltaire returns to the charge; Frederick is firm, and Voltaire writes to complain of his health. The prince sends him a recipe, and the philosopher responds, truly enough, that a cask of

Tokay would have been preferable. Then he proceeds to beg an asylum in Prussia, as he is safe nowhere; but Frederick is sorry that he is obliged to go away with his father. In the letter from which we quote, he regrets Voltaire's painful position, recommends the philosopher to seek comfort in philosophy, and hopes the air of Flanders will act like the waters of Lethe in causing him to forget his sorrow. Voltaire was decidedly beaten on his own ground.

A few months later Frederick William I. died, Frederick became king, and a curious interlude occurred. The king's last work at Rheinsberg was his "Anti-Machiavel," which he sent to Voltaire to have published secretly, but when his father died he naturally tried to stop the publication. Voltaire, however, had already sent it to press, and when it appeared the king complained bitterly that whole chapters had been so altered that he could not recognise them as his own. At first, he thought about issuing a public protest against this falsification; but reflection told him that a king could not recognise the noble principles which had honoured the prince.

The envoy whom Frederick sent to Paris to announce his accession took with him a cask of Tokay for Voltaire, and the latter thought the time had arrived to strike the iron while hot; hence, he wrote the young king: "The Queen of Sheba would like to make her preparations for seeing Solomon in all his glory;" but shortly after he wrote more modestly to Count d'Argental: "Between ourselves, I do not know

whether the King of Prussia combines royal liberality with his other qualities," for the crown prince had not come out of the trial nobly, and a cask of Tokay was no sufficient proof that the king would be more generous. Frederick, in the meanwhile, had written to Voltaire:—

"Pour combler tous mes désirs,
Venez charmer nos solitudes;"

and added, in prose, "My dear Voltaire, love me always, do not forget me, and be assured that, next to my cares for my country, nothing lies nearer my heart than to convince you of the respect with which I am your faithful Frederick."

On the 12th of November, Frederick, whom Voltaire had now promoted to the "crowned Apollo," met the poet at the castle of Moyland, near Clèves, and he describes the feeling this interview produced on him in a letter to Jordan: "I have seen Voltaire, whose personal acquaintance I was so anxious to make; but I was suffering from a quartan fever, and my mind was unhinged. He is eloquent as Cicero, pleasant as Pliny, wise as Agrippa: in a word, he combines all the talents and virtues of the three greatest men of antiquity. His mind is incessantly at work; every drop of ink that flows from his pen becomes a *bon mot*. You will find me, on my return, very talkative; but remember I have seen the two things nearest my heart—Voltaire and the French troops." Under this impression, Frederick invited the poet to Potsdam, who went there with a secret commission from the French court. It

seems as if he tried to oust the ambassador at Berlin and take his place, and the Queen of Sheba proceeded for the purpose to Fontainebleau. Although he did not succeed in obtaining an official position, Cardinal Fleury was glad of the opportunity of placing a spy near Frederick, and even sent Voltaire a letter full of praise of the King of Prussia, which, of course, soon got into his hands.

The first great annoyance Voltaire experienced was, that Maupertuis accepted Frederick's summons to Berlin as head of the Academy, in spite of his advice to the contrary, and this Voltaire never forgave. Another great fault was, that the king was as illiberal as the prince had been, and regulated his money matters in a way very different from that prevailing at Versailles, where a Pompadour held the purse-strings. Frederick evidently saw through him, for he wrote to Jordan on the 28th of November, 1740: "The greedy fellow shall drink his insatiable avarice to the dregs, and receive 1300 thalers more. Each of the six days he showed himself here cost me 550 thalers, and I call that paying dear for a fool."

From this time a great change took place in the monarch: his campaigns had commenced, and Voltaire's teaching had produced the only result possible—he had learned to despise his fellow-men. The young prince, who, a few years before, had replied to Voltaire's remark about "beasts that are called men," in the noble words, "My people is my god," now expressed himself as follows:—

"Croyez-moi, c'est peine perdue
Que de prodiguer le bon sens
Et d'étaler des arguments
Aux bœufs qui traînent la charrue.
* * * * *
Laissez donc dans l'erreur profonde
L'esprit entêté de ce monde!
Et que m'importent les travers
Pourvu que j'entende vos vers!"

Voltaire himself seems frightened at the result he had produced, for he writes thus to the "Brother of the Sun," the new title he had invented for his patron: "All I fear is, lest you may learn to despise mankind too much. The millions of unfeathered animals that populate the earth are, by their mind and position, immeasurably removed from you." There is a fine verse in Milton: "Amongst unequals no society." But Frederick, in his heart, was not so bad as Voltaire would have liked to make him: he was too much of a philanthropist not to feel dissatisfied at times with his own behaviour as king. "La gloire" he fancied but a poor consolation for bloodshed.

So soon as peace was restored, the young victor turned his attention to the nobler half of the task he had set himself, and naturally invited Voltaire to Potsdam. Voltaire's pretext for quitting France was the religious persecution he was enduring, but he really had a commission from the government to try and bring Frederick over to the side of France. But the reports he sent home were far from being gratis contributions, for we find him tacking on to a budget of

news that he hoped the comptroller-general would allow him to take up 300 ducats at Berlin, in order to have a carriage for his return. Most crafty were Voltaire's manœuvres to obtain an official status, but, like all cunning men, he overreached himself. Frederick saw through him, while the French ministry were willing for him to do the dirty work, but would not take any responsibility on themselves. The consequence was a coolness, Voltaire's departure from Berlin, and an interruption of the correspondence for more than three years.

Voltaire was the first to hold out the hand for reconciliation: employing his old trick of approaching decease, he begged the king to accept all his MSS. as a legacy, but the king wounded his feelings by daring to criticise "Sémiramis," and the insulted poet broke off again, until the king wrote to him a memorable letter in verse, beginning,

"En vain veux-je vous arrêter,
Partez donc, indiscrète muse;"

which seems to prove that the condescension cost the haughty king a struggle. But Voltaire committed a grave fault in the king's eyes almost simultaneously: he who had taken every opportunity to ridicule the Church, actually dedicated his tragedy of "Sémiramis" to Cardinal Quirino. Still, the king repeated his invitation to him to come to Sans-Souci, and his reason will be found in a letter he wrote Algarotti in September, 1749: "Voltaire has behaved in a most unworthy manner; he deserves to be branded on Par-

nassus, and it is a pity that so worthless a soul should be linked to so glorious a genius. Still," he added, "I will not express my feelings to him, for I require his aid in studying the French language; fine things may be learned from a vagabond. I want to know how to write his French, and what do I care for his morals?"

Still, Voltaire could not be induced to come to Prussia. He wanted to make his conditions. He declared that D'Argens had stated that he (Voltaire) stood badly at the court of Prussia, and the falsehood of this could only be proved by the king giving him "half a yard of black ribbon." Voltaire did not receive the order, and so he shilly-shallied. Hence the king, wearied of waiting, wrote to a younger poet at Paris, D'Arnaud:—

"Déjà l'Apollon de la France
S'achemine à sa décadence;
Venez briller à votre tour;
Elevez-vous, s'il brille encore:
Ainsi, le couchant d'un beau jour
Promet une plus belle aurore."

The news of this soon stirred Voltaire's bile, and he wrote the king that he was prepared to come to Sans-Souci, but required four thousand thalers before he could start. Although the king had already sent him two thousand thalers, and melons from the hothouse at Sans-Souci, he forwarded him the required sum. Before setting out, Voltaire went to Compiègne, and waited on the Pompadour, in the hope of obtaining a political mission; and here, probably, he saw for the first time the poem in which Frederick compared him to the

setting, and D'Arnaud to the rising sun. At any rate, he wrote the King of Prussia these lines, in allusion to it, at this time:—

"Ainsi dans vos galants écrits,
Qui vont courant toute la France,
Vous flattez donc l'adolescence
De ce d'Arnaud, que je chéris,
Et lui montrez ma décadence.
Je touche à mes soixante hivers;
Mais si tant de lauriers divers
Ombragent votre jeune tête,
Grand homme, est-il bien honnête
De dépouiller mes cheveux blancs
De quelques feuilles négligées?
* * * * *
Que diable de Marc Antonin!
Et quelle malice est la vôtre?
Egratignez-vous d'une main,
Lorsque vous caressez de l'autre?"

To his niece Voltaire, however, wrote: "The King of Prussia shall learn that I have not set yet," and with such feelings he arrived at Potsdam on July 10, 1750. So soon as he announced his presence he received from Frederick the Ordre pour le Mérite, the chamberlain's key, a pension of five thousand thalers, and a promise of an additional thousand, if Madame Denis liked to follow her uncle. At first, Voltaire was very happy, and wrote home the most flattering accounts of Frederick, because he suspected his letters were read in passing through the post. But from the outset he betrayed his patron to Richelieu and the Pompadour; and a slight glance at his letters, written at the time, will prove what a double-dyed traitor he was.

At the same time, Voltaire was not idle in his intrigues at Potsdam, for the first person whose downfall he conspired was the rising sun, D'Arnaud. He accused him to the king of having bribed his servant to steal a manuscript, and D'Arnaud was sacrificed. Still, this very triumph terrified Voltaire, for he fancied his own turn would come next, and he began to feel very uncomfortable, especially when the king's reader, La Metrie, told him, probably in malice, that on speaking to Frederick about the jealousy the favour in which Voltaire stood aroused at court, the former replied: "I shall only require him another year; after the orange is squeezed we throw away the peel." Still, he held on at Potsdam till 1753, causing much scandal by a trial a Jew brought against him for selling him false stones for real; and by a dirty traffic in Saxon bank-notes which he carried on, and which the king himself was obliged to stop. This, and various other annoyances, produced a feeling of irritation between the couple.

It was not in Voltaire's nature to refrain from quarrelling, and before long he was at daggers drawn with Maupertuis, whom he accused of spreading a report that he (Voltaire) had said with reference to Frederick's poetry, "Will he never grow tired of sending me his dirty linen to wash?" Voltaire attacked him in pamphlets, and Frederick took up the cudgels for him so successfully, that Voltaire, in his wrath, wrote to his niece: "Coquettes, kings, and poets are accustomed to flattery. Frederick combines these

three characters. It is not possible that truth can pierce this triple wall of self-esteem. Maupertuis has not succeeded in becoming a Plato, but he wishes his master to become a Dionysius of Syracuse." Oh! what a falling off was there! from Solomon to a Dionysius. Voltaire, however, was not inclined to give in, and he returned to the charge with his "L'Histoire du Docteur Akakia, Médecin du Pape," which utterly crushed his antagonist.

Frederick, unwilling to see the president of his Academy so humiliated, ordered Voltaire to suppress the pamphlet, and was, of course, obeyed. Strangely enough, though, it appeared at Dresden shortly after, and the king was very angry, not merely at the publication, but at Voltaire's impudence in denying all complicity. To end the matter, Voltaire took an oath not to attack anybody during the time he remained in residence at Potsdam. For some motive or other, Frederick had the Akakia publicly burnt in the public streets of Berlin, and Voltaire did, probably, the only noble action in his life—he sent the king his order and key back, with the following verses:—

"Je les reçus avec tendresse,
Je vous les rends avec douleur:
C'est ainsi qu'un amant, dans son extrême ardeur,
Rend le portrait de sa maîtresse."

The king, with equal nobility of soul, recognised his error, sent Voltaire back the gauds, and invited him to Potsdam. But Voltaire had been wounded in his ten-

derest point, and feigned an illness to excuse his going. "In literary disputes I know no king," he wrote to Paris. Soon after, he demanded leave to proceed to Plombières for the sake of his health, which was granted him, and on the night prior to his departure he supped with the king, and a pretended reconciliation took place.

Voltaire's first stay was at Leipzig, where he began his abuse of Maupertuis with such ferocity that the president threatened him with personal chastisement, and Frederick boldly defended the president. Stung by this, Voltaire gave copies of the king's most biting satires to the ambassadors of all the courts attacked. From Leipzig he proceeded to Frankfort-on-the-Main, where he and his niece, Madame Denis, were arrested, and, so soon as his trunks arrived, he was forced to give up all Frederick's poems, his order, and the chamberlain's key. But it was too late—the mischief was done: the satires induced the Pompadour to sign the treaty with Austria, and Voltaire was justified in saying, "I have entrusted my dispute with Frederick to three or four hundred thousand men!"

Looking at the way in which Frederick ill-treated Voltaire, and the opinion he openly expressed of him (for he said to the English envoy at Berlin, Mitchell, that "he had the worst heart, and was the greatest rascal now living"), and the hatred Voltaire, in his turn, evinced for Frederick, it is certainly curious that their correspondence should have ever again been renewed. At the close of 1753, Voltaire even proposed

to return to Berlin, and Frederick wrote to D'Arget that he hoped Heaven would guard him from it, for "Voltaire was only good to read, but dangerous in intercourse." This fully explains Frederick's motive: Voltaire's letters were excellent reading, and full of incomparable talent, and much could be learned from them. Our author puts this so well, that we must make an extract, although we had taken a mental vow against it:—

"Frederick felt towards Voltaire just like certain husbands, whose love for their wives is increased by their absence from them. Who has not met such couples, who detest one another so long as they live together, but who write each other love-letters that grow warmer and warmer the longer they remain apart? Such was, in some measure, Frederick's temper; he was accustomed to Voltaire's witty tone, and was delighted whenever he could hear it without being reminded by personal intercourse of the odious sides in Voltaire's character."

It was personal interest that again drew Voltaire to Frederick: he had published his "Pucelle," and had one of his cold fits. In one of the copies handed about in Paris were the lines:

"Et qu'à la ville, et surtout en province,
Les Richelieus sont nommés maqueraux;"

and this was the weak point in the duke's character. The fear of the Bastille induced Voltaire to implore from Frederick an asylum in Neufchâtel, and the letter in which he asks this is so nobly written, that we almost

feel inclined to pardon his perfidy. Frederick replied in the kindest manner, and the quarrel was patched up. But Frederick was himself playing a double game: he knew the terms on which Voltaire stood at the French court, and was anxious to have a friend there, for the Austro-French alliance was a thorn in his side. He flattered Voltaire's vanity so cleverly by setting "Mérope" to music, that the philosopher really tried to do him a good turn with the Pompadour; but the Frankfort insult still rankled in his mind, and, on consideration, he thought it better for Frederick to receive a severe lesson as to insulting a man like him. His malicious attacks on the Prussian king were well rewarded: he received once more his patent as gentilhomme du roi, and, better still, his estates were freed from taxation.

But Frederick played a very clever trick about this time. Knowing that Voltaire corresponded with the French court, he wrote him that he was determined on blowing his brains out if driven to the utmost pitch of despair. Expecting that this letter would reach Richelieu, he wrote also to the marshal, proposing a peace which he did not intend; and Richelieu, flattered by the attention, weakly consented. The convention of Kloster Zeven followed: Frederick was enabled to collect his strength, and the battle of Rossbach was the result. Voltaire never forgave the manner in which he had been befooled. This is how he writes to D'Argental after the battle of Leuthen:—

"In the terrors and changes of this war, buffoon

scenes are represented like those in Shakspeare's tragedies. In the first place, the king, who has a bee in his bonnet, makes an opera in verse of my tragedy, 'Mérope,' while signing a treaty with England, and sending me this masterpiece; then, after he is beaten, after the Hanoverians and Hessians are driven out, he wishes to kill himself, makes up his packet, and takes leave in prose and verse. I am good-natured, and write him he must live. I advise him like Cineas advised Pyrrhus. I had even wished that he would apply to Marshal Richelieu to put an end to the whole affair by making some concessions. All at once comes this inexplicable battle of Rossbach, and see there, my man who wanted to kill himself, kills in a month French and Austrians, and is master of the whole affair."

Voltaire was decidedly in a mess with the French court. It was owing to him that Frederick won the battle of Rossbach, and so, to regain favour at Versailles, he gives the King of Prussia the disgusting name of "Luc," within a month after the victory.* He even has the boldness to allude to this accusation in a letter he wrote Frederick on the 21st May, 1758:—

"Horace, Lucrèce et *Pétrone*,
Dans l'hiver sont vos courtisans,
Vos beaux printemps sont pour Bellone,
Vous vous amusez à tout temps."

* In anständiger Gesellschaft ist dieses Sudelwort nicht wiederzugeben, wie Voltaire selbst, der sonst alles nackt zu sagen wagte, es nur halb verschleiert, rückwarts wiederzugeben keck genug war.

To this odious attack Frederick replied in a manner worthy of his greatness, and had a sharp hit at Voltaire himself:—

"La mémoire est un receptacle;
Le jugement d'un choix exquis
Ne doit remplir ce tabernacle
Que d'œuvres qui se sont acquis,
Au sein de leur natal pays,
Le droit de passer pour oracle.
C'est pourquoi, vainquant tout obstacle,
Te vous lis et vous relis."

Then he adds to this tamarind-like compliment that Racine, Rousseau (ne vous en déplaise), Horace, Lucretius, and Boileau accompany him everywhere.

In the spring of 1759, Frederick sent Voltaire another bundle of verse, probably knowing that it would soon find its way to Versailles. Nor was he mistaken. Voltaire was so horrified at the terrible attacks made on Louis XV. and the Pompadour, that he hurried to show the verses to the French resident at Geneva. Of course they soon reached the Duc de Choiseul, who, as Voltaire tells us, had friends too that could write verses. The reply was certainly frightfully severe, as it repeated the old odious calumnies against the King of Prussia. The latter, however, was not to be fooled into a treaty by all the tricks Voltaire played to make him forfeit the alliance with England by signing a separate treaty; and he stated he would make war henceforward with all the means at his command. He was decided on attacking the courtiers of Versailles, whose tenderness of hide he knew.

"They cannot send me to the Bastille," he writes Voltaire on the 12th of May, 1760, "and after all the harm they have tried to do me, it is but a slight revenge to hold them up to ridicule."

Voltaire was in alarm again, and his only resource was to publish at Lyons all Frederick's poetry, in which he attacked the petticoat government at Versailles, Vienna, and St. Petersburg. To Frederick he stated that these versicles had been found among Maupertuis's luggage, who had recently died at Basel. Although Frederick rejected this perfidious calumny with horror, he could not conceal from himself the mischief this publication must do him, especially the verses commencing "Allez, lâches Chrétiens," which ruined his cause with George III. and Lord Bute. Hence he published a new edition of his own poems, in which this line was transformed into "Allez, pauvres Chrétiens," which, however, produced but slight effect.

Frederick was utterly sick of Voltaire; he could see through him, and suspected, indeed, that his memory, even after death, would be besmirched by Voltaire. He no doubt intended to break with him, but, before doing so, he sent him two more letters, which he wished to reach their right address through Voltaire. As postscript to the parting letter, Frederick writes: "You ever speak to me of peace—I would sooner let myself be cut in pieces than utter the word—I leave the *tripot* of Versailles to those who are fond of sliding on the ice of intrigues; and as for the Pompadour, I

do not believe that a king of Prussia need have any reserve with a Demoiselle Poisson, especially if she be impertinent, and forget the respect due to crowned heads."

Then, as if to a certain extent apologising to himself and the world for having carried on his correspondence with Voltaire so long, he says once more: "I respect in you the greatest genius that has existed for centuries; I admire your poems, your prose, but, above all, your little writings. No one before you possessed so fine a tact, so certain and pure a taste; you are the most seductive creature I know, and able to make the whole world fall in love with you if you like. You would be perfection—were you not mortal." In concluding the letter he writes, with bitter irony: "I commend myself to Monsieur le Comte de Ferney, and the protection of his guardian angel, the immaculate Pucelle."

Voltaire wrote about the same time to D'Alembert: "I have turned Russian, for the history of Peter the Great has been entrusted to me, and it is a heavy task." And Frederick, who knew of this, wrote to Voltaire: "Tell me how you have come to write the history of the Wolves of Siberia? I will not read the history of these barbarians, for I should like to forget that they inhabit our hemisphere. Adieu, may you be happy, and say a little benedicite for the poor souls that are in purgatory."

These are the last words Frederick and Voltaire exchanged for four years, and it is characteristic enough

that Voltaire announced in them that he had gone over to the enemy's camp.

Voltaire knew, and often openly declared, what a misfortune the victory of Austria would be for free thought in Germany and Europe, but his hatred of Frederick blinded him. But he rejoiced too soon; a year later and the treaty of Hubertsburg was signed, which really gave Frederick the prenomen of "Great." But we can trace another motive for Voltaire's persecution of Frederick: in a letter he wrote the Countess d'Argental, at the very time he published the king's poetry, he says: "Je suis Français jusqu'à l'excès—especially since the splendid brevet, which I owe to you, my divine angel, and to the Duke of Choiseul." Voltaire was living at the time at the gates of Geneva, on his estate Les Délices, while close by, on French soil, he held Tourney and Ferney. Thus he could always be at ease: if the French government pursued him, he went into Switzerland; if, on the other hand, the Genevese zealots threatened him for his attacks on Calvin, he fled into France. Of this French county *pour rire*, as Voltaire called it, he was anxious to enjoy all the mediæval immunities, and he soon obtained them from Choiseul as a reward for his attacks on Frederick, who took merely the revenge of christening him M. le Comte de Tourney.

In December, 1764, a report was spread that the King of Prussia was dead, and Voltaire was ordered to write him by Choiseul. Only Frederick's answer is in existence, and that is very cold and retiring: "You

can console Europe as to the loss it believed it had suffered in me, for, though I do not enjoy magnificent health, I am still alive. However, I am much obliged to you for the interest you take in my health, and the kind things you say to me." The correspondence was again broken off for nine months, when Voltaire re-opened it, by asking the king whether, in case of need, he would allow a colony for unhappy philosophers persecuted in France to be established on his estates of Clèves. Frederick, of course, raised no objection, and wrote Voltaire so. Again three months elapsed ere he received a letter from Voltaire; in his reply to which he says: "There is not a merrier old man than you are. Your letter about the miracles made me burst with laughter. Your wit is ever young." But Voltaire tried to renew the correspondence entirely for his own security: he had begun his bitter quarrel with the priest faction of France about the Calas family, and wanted a refuge. But the king, though admiring his liberality, could not be induced to support him in all he did; thus, when he took up the defence of some young men at Abbeville, who were severely punished for singing improper songs against the existing religion, Frederick declined any responsibility in their defence in the following noble words: "Toleration in society must ensure every man the liberty of believing what he likes; but this toleration must not go so far as to recognise the impudence and boldness of young enthusiasts, who daringly insult what the people honour. That is my way of looking at it, which will at the same

time ensure freedom and public security, the first requirement of every legislation. I bet that, on reading this, you will think how thoroughly German that is!"

There was also a special reason for Voltaire to require a shelter in Frederick's camp, where he alone felt secure against any persecution. Rousseau had commenced a democratic movement in Geneva, and Voltaire, conscious of his injustice towards that philosopher, believed the movement was solely directed against himself. Hence he fled to Ferney, where he tried to set the King of France against the Genevese. Frederick, seeing through him, wrote laughingly: "I congratulate you on the advantages the people of Geneva have wrested from the Council of the Two Hundred. However, it seems as if that success will not endure any length of time; for the canton of Bern and his Most Christian majesty are ogres, who can swallow up the small republics in sport." From July, 1767, till December, 1769, the correspondence again ceased, but at that latter period the disturbances in Geneva broke out again, and the democrats gained the victory. Straightway Voltaire renews his application about the philosophic colony, which the Swiss philosophers might be allowed to join.

Voltaire, too, was very unwilling to give Frederick any cause for ridicule, and the farce he played at Ferney with the Catholic religion would have afforded the sarcastic king a famous opportunity. But the pope and the clergy soon saw through the trick Voltaire had played them, and began persecuting him and burning

his books. Voltaire complained to Frederick against "ce Saint Père, qui est un pauvre saint," and hides himself behind Frederick, whose works were also burned.

"Il est beau savoir railler
Ces arlequins feseurs de bulles:
J'aime à les rendre ridicules,
J'aimerais mieux à les dépouiller."

But the chief reason of all that induced Voltaire to renew his correspondence with Frederick was, that his Encyclopædist friends in Paris were preparing a magnificent demonstration for him. His bust was to be put up as a national monument in Paris, through a subscription of all the authors and artists of the day. On April 27, 1770, Voltaire wrote to D'Alembert, who was at the head of the whole business: "There would be no harm if Frederick (Luc no longer) were to put his name on the list of subscribers, for it would spare authors money, of which they have so little. He owes me an apology, and you are the only person who can make the proposition to him." A few days later he writes again: "With reference to Frederick, it is absolutely necessary that he should take part in the affair. Whatever he may give, Madame Denis will certainly give twenty-fold as much." D'Alembert wrote to Frederick, who immediately sent 200 Louis d'or.

This noble conduct broke Voltaire's hatred for Frederick. The name of "Luc" disappears from his correspondence, and he concludes peace with Frederick by writing, "that he was penetrated by the honour his

majesty had done him." He then goes on: "I humiliate myself because I feel how little I deserve the honour that the name of the greatest man in Europe should grace the design of my fellow-citizens, and, at the same time, I feel the deepest gratitude." Still, old sores are not so easily forgotten, and he goes on: "I have ever that incurable wound in my heart which Maupertuis dealt me. . . . . But all that D'Alembert tells me of your majesty's goodness is so powerful a balsam for the wound, that I have reproached myself for this pain, which pursues me everywhere. Pardon it in a man who never desired any greater honour than to live and die near you, and who has been devoted to you for thirty years."

The peace was a permanent one, and the correspondence was not again interrupted. The letters of this last period occupy one-third of the entire correspondence; but, though full of talent and brilliant traits on both sides, they no longer possess that interest which marked them so long as they offered those characteristics of the two men, which had not hitherto been properly employed.

Voltaire's last letter to Frederick closes with the words, "Puisse Frédéric le Grand être Frédéric immortel!" And the king himself held his funeral oration at the Academy of Berlin. But he had been a true prophet, when he once wrote to Voltaire that he granted him absolution beforehand for the insults he would sing over his patron's grave. Among Voltaire's papers were found his "Mémoires pour servir à la vie

de M. de Voltaire, écrits par lui-même," written at the period when Voltaire's hatred for Frederick attained its culminating point. It is the most malicious narrative that ever flowed from a pen; every thought is a treacherous stab from behind, every word a corroding poison. Any one who can overcome the disgust produced by wading into this filth, will find, however, that the calumnies in the "Pucelle" so thoroughly contradict the Memoirs, that Frederick could not be possibly guilty of the crime he was accused of, if what Voltaire says in his narrative about the king be true.

We must do Voltaire the justice, however, of believing that he did not intend to let these Memoirs see the light, after his reconciliation with Frederick. In the collected edition of his works, his publishers say: "Il est même très vraisemblable qu'il les avait oubliés, et que même, longtemps avant de mourir, il n'avait plus l'idée de les laisser après lui." In 1752 a private life of Frederick had been published, which bears such an affinity to these Memoirs, that the suspicion as to Voltaire being the writer of it seemed fully justified. D'Arget wrote to Frederick, and begged his permission to contradict the calumny. Frederick replied: "My dear D'Arget, the calumnies contained in this book do not merit your taking the trouble to dissipate them. It is my object to do my duty, and then let villany say whatever it may please."

After Voltaire's death, the Memoirs passed into Beaumarchais' possession, with the other property of Voltaire. He sent them direct to the king, and offered

them for sale. Frederick sent them back, and wished the owner much luck in the use he made of them. Beaumarchais was not great enough to feel what duty such conduct on the part of the king imposed on him, and hence Frederick survived the publication of this dirt. Who can doubt that this perfidy of Voltaire's, even from the grave, shook Frederick to the soul? who can say how much it tended to render him, in the last years of his life, "the hermit of Sans-Souci?"

Sans-Souci! how pleasantly that sounds! free from care, and a king! Old Fritz succeeded in almost everything; he performed miracles, great and small, but if he really named his palace at Potsdam Sans-Souci because he fancied he could spend even a few hours there free from care, he must have possessed a degree of credulity hardly to be equalled in Italy or Ireland. But he did not call the palace so; the name was only given to six feet of earth—to a grave. When the palace that now bears the name was built, Frederick the Great decided that his tomb should be in a corner of the garden, and it was made as his future resting-place. One day, while passing it with the Marquis d'Argent, he said to him, "Quand je serai là, alors je serai sans souci." The grave gave the name to the palace.

Sans-Souci in the grave! In truth, that is not too much for even a king to ask, but—only if he thought with Byron—"no eternity but rest!" For the powerful Frederick, the mighty king who, at the end of his hero career, only hoped to enjoy hours free from care

in the grave, was not destined to find rest where he fancied he had made his last bed. It is a melancholy thought that the greatest king of modern time ordered a grave to be made for himself just as he desired it, and does not even rest where he had determined in his might to lie. This "care" he might have saved himself above all others. Equally suggestive is the thought that this grave, which gave the palace its beautiful and promising name, was dug in the midst of deep cares, and is now empty.

What a magnificent subject this will prove for Mr. Carlyle, when his so eagerly-desired concluding volumes see light!

CHAPTER III.

THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

Mr. Carlyle, by the publication of the first four volumes of his life of the Great Fritz, having rendered his admirers most anxious for a further instalment, we purpose to stay their appetite by giving them some account of the monarch's domestic life, as contained in a new edition of Thiébault's Memoirs, lately produced in Paris.* We feel convinced that these volumes have not escaped Mr. Carlyle's attention—and, indeed, many well-known writers have nibbled at them before now—and that, through their truthfulness and the immense amount of information they contain, no life of Frederick the Great can be possible without constant reference to them. One word, however, may be permitted us as to the author himself.

Thiébault was recommended to Frederick by D'Alembert to fill the chair of general grammar in the new military school that monarch founded at Berlin. He was afterwards appointed member of the Academy, and selected to read the king's literary works to that body. His "Souvenirs" did not appear, however, till

* "Souvenirs de Vingt Ans de Séjour à Berlin." Par Dieudonné Thiébault. 2 Vols. Paris: Firmin Didot.

1804, when he wrote them at the age of sixty-seven. As to their veracity, we need only quote a remark made by the aged Field-Marshal Mollendorf to the Duc de Bassano at a grand dinner the Emperor of the French gave at Berlin in 1807. He declared that "it was not only the truest work that had ever appeared, but was written by the most honest man in the world."

It was in 1765 that Thiébault arrived in Berlin to undertake his new appointment, and the king sent for him at once. The account he gives of the interview is very curious, not so much for what we learn about Frederick as the indicia it affords of his character. Here, for instance, is a curious piece of argument which would not be ventilated by any German ruler of the present day:—

"All at once the king said, 'So, then, you do not know German, sir?' 'No, sire; but I shall soon have learnt it by the plan I have drawn up.' 'On the contrary, sir, I urge you very strongly never to learn it. It is fortunate for you that you do not know it. Were you in a position to speak it, you would speedily contract the habit of using the same Germanisms as ourselves. Indeed, you must be very attentive lest you should catch them from hearing us talk French. Now, the more you acquire our mode of speech, the less will you fulfil those duties for which you were summoned to this country. How can you preserve the pure taste and delicate tact of the finesses, beauties, genius, and character of your language, when day by day you grow more familiarised with different and frequently contrary

customs? Hence I ask of you as a gentleman jealous of performing your duties properly, your word of honour not to learn our language.' I could not refuse to make this promise, which I kept to the last with as much fidelity as regret."

During the conversation our author happened to mention Rousseau, when the king broke out, "Oh, he is a madman." The reason for this *boutade,* heard afterwards from M. de Catt, was, that Frederick had offered J.-J. an asylum in his empire, to which the philosopher answered, "Your majesty offers me an asylum and promises me liberty, but you have a sword, and are a king. You offer a pension to me, who have done nothing for you; but have you given one to all those who have lost legs and arms in your service?" Thiébault soon learned, moreover, that he did not earn his oats cheaply, for he was appointed to the critical duty of correcting the king's French. This delicate commission led now and then to a scene. Take, for instance, the discourse on the "Utilité des Sciences et des Arts dans un Etat:"—

"I returned with the corrected manuscript just as he was starting for Potsdam, and the interview commenced in a way that caused me alarm. 'Sir,' he said, sarcastically, 'I have to thank you for the remarks you have been kind enough to make on my thesis, and, more than that, I submit to nearly all. Yes, sir,' he added, 'I bow to your authority. I am glad to be able to prove to you that I can be docile, and wish you to be satisfied with me. There are only two insignifi-

cant points on which I should like to offer my humble remonstrances.' . . . . The first only appeared to me a Germanism, which very few readers would notice, and which was pardonable in a German prince. 'I'll let that pass,' I said to myself. 'You are a king, and I will not run the risk of offending you about a trifle.' The second fault, unfortunately, was graver, and contained a glaring solecism in the most striking part of the oration, where the writer expressed his admiration for Catherine of Russia. The king asserted that custom authorised the mode of speech I condemned; but at length, unable to conquer me, he yielded to an outburst of impatience, which he did not try to moderate, seized a pen quickly, and said, 'Well, we must insert another phrase for this.' And he wrote it on the spot. The most embarrassing thing to me was that the new phrase was considerably worse than the former. I saw the danger that threatened me, and resolved to brave it. I observed, therefore, that the substitution of the second phrase also contained a fault; I pointed it out and assured him it could not be tolerated. This new criticism put him beside himself. I saw him turn red, his eyes swell, and his whole face announce a man inclined to violence. He threw the pen into the inkstand, saying, 'In that case the sentence must be left as it was.' For a moment I was afraid he was going to give me a kick, as he had already done one of his ministers of state, but I reassured myself by the thought that he had never indulged in this vivacity save to his own subjects."

It is very pleasing to read that the king presently

cooled down, and accepted the new reading which Thiébault proposed, for it displays an enormous power of self-control under circumstances so closely affecting the vanity of a literary monarch. But these learned discourses were not the only ones on which Thiébault had to try his hand: he had also to correct the epigrams and satires. Curiously enough, the king always wrote at the end of each piece the date, and where it was composed. But he was good in heart: thus, having given our author one evening a biting epigram on D'Alembert to read, he suddenly recollected that they were intimate friends, so he assumed a most stern accent as he said, "Remember, sir, this is between ourselves; if D'Alembert heard of it——" Of course Thiébault reassured him.

It has frequently been a matter of speculation whether Frederick was amenable to those human feelings which are regarded as pardonable weaknesses. Our author was aware that, in his youth, he had kept the corpse of his friend M. de Knobelsdorff by him till his friends forced him away from it; but this might have been only youthful sentimentalism. M. Thiébault, however, obtained a satisfactory proof on the death of the youthful Prince Henry, younger brother of the heir-apparent. The king, who felt the loss most deeply, wrote a eulogium of the young man, which he proceeded to read to our author; but at the fourth page he broke down, and tears prevented him continuing. Again, on the death of his elder sister, the Margravine of Baireuth, the king shut himself up to read "Bourdaloue," and

at the end of two days handed M. de Catt a sermon which he had written on the mournful occasion. Our author sums up the king's character, in our opinion, very fairly:—

"The whole course of his life is resumed in two sentences: sensitive as a man, he was never so as a king. Such, in fact, was the empire he possessed over himself that, so soon as the king felt himself interested, he did not allow himself any appearance of sensibility, however deeply he might be affected: in such a case he was a good, just, and indulgent king, but always in accordance with his calculations and plans. A sensitive mind, and a head stronger than the heart—such is the only key I can find for Frederick's remarkable actions."

In 1777 our author paid a flying visit to Paris, and on his return was at once summoned to Frederick, ere he could change his travelling dress. On apologising for his appearance, the king replied, contemptuously: "When I send for you, you can forget your clothes if you like, and I should not trouble myself about that, so long as you did not forget your head." It afforded the king intense fun to hear that the Parisian "swells" had taken to wearing satin coats, and steel buckles on their shoes as large as cheese-plates, and he remarked that the French, who had hitherto been women up to their waists, had now become so to their shoulders. The king was a very slight stickler for etiquette, and would order Thiébault to sit down with him when they were reading French poetry. Only once, as our author tells us, did he use the words, "Hand a chair,"

and that was in sarcasm. He had taken into his service a M. de Neal, ex-governor of a Dutch establishment in India. On his first interview the king, as usual, began asking him questions. "I suppose you had a fine life of it as governor?" The worthy gentleman, wishful to offer a high idea of the importance of his grand post, replied, "Sire, I enjoyed in the Indies the honours your majesty receives in Prussia." "Bring up a chair," Frederick shouted, "for my cousin the King of Surinam."

In his library, Frederick carried out the system he had laid down in his youth. He divided his books into two classes, of instruction or amusement; the latter—by far the larger—comprised all the books he wished to be acquainted with by reading them once through; the former was composed of books he wished to study and re-read his life long, and he always took them down in the order he arranged them, when wishing merely to refresh his memory. He had five libraries exactly alike in his chief residences; hence, when moving about, he only needed to make a note where he left off and go on straight on his arrival. He possessed, as a chosen phalanx, all the classics, but in the shape of translations, for he understood but very little Latin, and not a syllable of Greek. When he occupied Leipzig, during the Seven Years' War, he called on the celebrated Ernesti, with whom he talked about Cicero and the ancients. As the king left the room, he quoted the line beginning *Felix qui nimium*. "Good gracious!" kind old Ernesti said, "if I had

known that he spoke Latin, I should have been much more at my ease." But Frederick had only uttered the words after the Parthian fashion, while retiring.

When he ascended the throne, in 1740, Frederick felt the importance of the work he had to do, and ordered his servants to call him each morning at four; but, as he was naturally sleepy, he found himself for several mornings in bed long past that hour. He flew into a terrible rage, and ordered his valet to throw on his face at that hour a napkin dipped in water; if he neglected he would be a soldier for life. He rose at this hour till he was sixty years of age, when, having lost several of his teeth, he left off playing the flute; thus gaining an hour from the evening. He thenceforth rose at five instead of four. He dressed himself so soon as he was up—that is to say, he drew on his boots; his curls and queue did not occupy more than three minutes. He had no slippers or dressing-gowns: now and then, when very ill, he put on wide trousers, but even on those occasions he never forgot the hat and boots. So soon as he was up, a page brought his basket of letters, which he read till eight, being careful to inspect the seals, to see they had not been tampered with. In the course of time he grew so well acquainted with blazonry, that he did not read those letters he did not intend to answer. The letters he did open he arranged in four separate parcels. At eight o'clock a secretary entered the room, and while the king breakfasted, ran through all the letters, saying what each asked very briefly, and the king generally gave his

reply with the same laconism. When it was a lady who wrote, he never failed to say, especially if the reply was a refusal, "It's a woman, so mind and write to her politely;" and the secretary noted the answer to be given in cypher at the head of the letter. Two things had to be observed in writing to his majesty: first, the contents must be on the first page, without turning over, or he would grow very angry; and secondly, the writer must give the postmaster the letter personally, with his address. These precautions had two objects—saving time, and the desire of not being deceived. As for the first, Frederick succeeded; as for the second, he was cheated, like most people. As for example:—

"The king had created twelve appointments for French surgeons in the army during war. These appointments were objects of jealousy to the Germans, and the gentlemen of the cabinet had a desire to hand them over to their countrymen. On a vacancy occurring, a French surgeon, at the time in Berlin, asked for it in two consecutive letters, and received no answer. This man was recommended to me; through his capacity he merited the king's kindness; so that, to oblige the one and serve the other, I dictated a third letter, to which he put his address. I sealed it with my own seal, and posted it as if coming from myself. The secretaries, having no suspicion of me, let it pass, and the Frenchman had the appointment the next day."

When the secretary left the king, he took with him all the letters that had to be answered, and there must

be no time lost, for the signature was affixed to all punctually at four P.M. Hence, the unlucky gentlemen of the king's cabinet rarely knew what a comfortable dinner was. When the letters were brought to Frederick for signature, he would look at one in twenty, to see that no trickery had been attempted; they were then folded, addressed, and sent off by courier to Berlin, when those for that city were at once delivered. Hence, whoever did not receive an answer the next day, had nothing more to expect.

By nine A.M. Frederick had got rid of his secretaries, and then ordered in his first aide-de-camp, and they arranged all military matters between them. At ten, the king would go at times to exercise his regiment of Guards, or some corps belonging to the Potsdam garrison, and this employment kept him till parade hour, after which he went to dinner; but often enough he would devote these two hours to literary composition, music, or writing private letters. In such cases, he might be seen walking in his gardens, with a book under his arm, accompanied by three small greyhounds, and followed by a page. It was at this time, too, that he granted his audiences, or performed those accidental duties which had no fixed hour. As he grew older, however, he more rarely appeared at parade, especially after the Seven Years' War.

Exactly at twelve he dined with the guests he had sent to invite two hours previously; they consisted of men of letters residing at Potsdam, a few courtiers,

generals, and the princes of Brunswick attached to his person. His breakfast usually consisted of chocolate and fruit; and his dinners were excellent, for if Frederick was naturally a plain liver, he was no less a *gourmet*. Besides, dinner was to him a period of relaxation, and he was nearly always gay and conversational. When he was not going out for a drive he prolonged the meal till nearly three o'clock; but when the weather was fine, or he had anything important to attend to, he would not remain longer than an hour. At dessert, one of the two maîtres d'hôtel handed him tablets and a pencil, on which he wrote his bill of fare for the next day. He was excessively fond of polentas, eel-pies, and celebrated cheeses, and was careful to have them brought from the most distant countries; and all his dishes had to be strongly spiced. In matters of wine, the king preferred French growths, and for a long period drank nothing but champagne mixed with water. He had twelve cooks, all well paid: German, French, Italian, English, and Russian, each having his especial dishes to prepare. These cooks were under the superintendence of two Frenchmen, Joyard and Noël, who waited at table, and always appeared in embroidered liveries. The king for many years had given each of them a bottle of wine a meal, but eventually suppressed it, thinking they got quite enough from the remains of the dessert. Poor Noël, our author tells us, was scandalised at the thought of being put on a water diet in his old age, but Joyard smiled and made no complaint. Besides,

they both made a very considerable profit by the arrangement Frederick entered into with them. At first he gave them a dollar a dish; this was reduced to 2s., then to 1s. 8d., and lastly to 1s. 6d. This way of paying the table expenses saved the king a good deal of trouble in inspecting accounts; he only paid by dish, and it must be observed that the head cooks received *gratis* all the wood they could burn, excellent butter from the Dutch dairy on the Havel, and game which the renters of the royal forests and estates were obliged to remit twice a week at their expense. Thus, then, the cooks had only to buy meat, vegetables, and fish, and these were cheap enough in that country. Anything extra was only supplied on the king's account, such as wines, liquors, tea, coffee, &c. Hence it was a falsehood to assert, as was done so commonly, that Frederick paid so much a head for his table expenses.

The king had also a decided predilection for all sorts of stone fruit, dishes of which were placed on the side-board, so that he could eat as he walked about. He paid very dearly for them, and was known to give as much as a ducat apiece for cherries, and nursery gardens very naturally sprang up round Berlin and Potsdam to satisfy the royal appetite. After the letters were signed, the king gave audience to the minister of state, and at six o'clock the concert began, and lasted for an hour, Frederick playing the flute. This custom seems traditional in the Teutonic blood, for who can forget the description of our good King George's con-

certs, in which he sawed away persistently, beating his family by a page or so of score?

After dinner Frederick usually walked from one of his châteaux at Sans-Souci to the other. This was a very decent distance, but he held out famously, though constitutionally not much of a walker. As he only took exercise from health considerations, he liked to occupy the time with fun, so that few cared to be selected as his companions. For a whole year he regularly chose the Comte de Schwerin, a plump little man of seventy, who followed the king with great difficulty, and was generally a yard or so behind. He could not conceal the annoyance these walks caused him, and, of course, the king was the more delighted. One day he took him further than usual, and returned without resting; and they had only about a mile further to go when they came across a sedan chair. Frederick compelled his equerry to get into it, but they had no sooner started than the king had a thousand questions to ask him, and kept dodging from one window to the other, so that poor Schwerin at the end was more fatigued than if he had walked the whole distance. This almost led to a quarrel between them, but at any rate gained the general a few days' rest.

After the walk, conversation occupied the rest of the evening till supper-time, or ten o'clock. But, after the Seven Years' War, Frederick gave up supping, and consequently there were two sorts of soirées: those to which he invited half a dozen guests, and gave them a supper of four dishes, exclusive of dessert, and those

at which no supper was served. In the first case he sent his guests to sup and went off to bed, or, if the conversation were very interesting, he would accompany them to the dining-room, but not sit down. He would hand one or two dishes while talking, and then disappear. Here let the author speak for himself:—

"In this distribution of every hour, we see that his object was to relax at night from the labours and cares of the day, in order to secure better rest and prepare himself for the next day's toil. He wished to clear his mind from all that could disturb it or worry him in the affairs he had to decide. If we consider attentively this regular and constant distribution of all his hours, it will be difficult to form a wiser plan. How much business a man like Frederick must have got through in the first four hours of his morning! And were the three succeeding hours less usefully employed? Let us observe, moreover, that the important affairs deferred to the afternoon would have sufficed to frighten less expeditious men, and that in spite of this it was rare that he did not contrive before his concert to give a few moments to his reading or correspondence."

His apartments at Berlin were not those occupied by his father, but much smaller. As most of our readers have probably inspected them, we will not dwell on Thiébault's account. Over the king's apartments were those occupied by the Marquis d'Argens; the second floor was left to the queen. In stable matters Frederick did not display any great luxury: he had six carriages, and about twenty saddle-horses; and as he was far

from loving field sports, he kept no sporting dogs. His sole extravagance was in snuff-boxes, of which he had fifteen hundred, many richly mounted. Our author never saw him without five or six in his pockets and on the table. His furniture was antique and very simple, but it showed that he preferred soft and tender colours, such as rose pink, and it was destroyed by his greyhounds. One day he said to Thiébault, "My dogs destroy my chairs; but what can I do? I must be patient, for, after all, a Marquise de Pompadour would cost me considerably more, and would be less attached and faithful to me." Curiously enough, the king was easily prejudiced against those whom his dogs greeted ill; for he fancied that their smell and instinct might make them feel if those who approached them had any sympathy with him. It also caused him infinite pain if any one trod on their toes, which was almost impossible to avoid, owing to the darkness of the room and the dogs' eager haste to inspect the visitors. In such cases the king would say, angrily, "Take care, can't you?" When travelling, and even when fighting, Frederick usually had one of his greyhounds with him, which he carried under his waistcoat. During one of his campaigns, having gone to reconnoitre the enemy, and being pursued by the Austrians, he hid himself under the arch of a bridge, over which the enemy passed without thinking of looking beneath, and the dog, generally very snappish, hardly ventured to breathe all the time. One day he requested M. Gothenius to order a remedy for one of his dogs which was ill. The

servants, who hated the doctor, took him the order to come and visit a sick dog. Gothenius fancied himself insulted, and would not go. The servants, in their report, said he answered angrily that he was not a dog-doctor, and this calumny entailed his dismissal. There are thousands of instances in these volumes of the free and easy way in which the king was treated by those around him, and one anecdote especially speaks in favour of his kindness. Young Cocciei, an officer in the Guards, constantly went without leave to Berlin, at which the king felt very angry. One day he met him on the road. "Hallo, Cocciei!" the king said, thinking he had him, "where are you off to?" "I am going to Berlin *incog.*, sire." This funny reply disarmed the monarch's wrath, and he let him pass. As for Frederick's wardrobe, it was reduced to a few uniforms, one or two coloured coats, the same number of velvet ones, six shirts annually renewed, and the rest in proportion. It was the rule with all the princes of this House to have but six shirts—at least, during war time. Our author saw Prince Henry start to command an army of one hundred thousand men with only twelve mules to carry all his baggage, tent, chancellerie, &c.

We must not forget what Frederick did for the arts; and among other Frenchmen he patronised was an architect of the name of Léger, with whom he quarrelled over the façade of the new Sans Souci. The architect would have a porch, the king none, and they got to such loggerheads that the king raised his stick, and the Frenchman laid his hand on the hilt of his

sword. They parted, never to meet again; but the palace was built as Frederick wished it. The king had, moreover, models of all the finest edifices, ancient and modern, which he carefully studied; but, strangely enough, every building erected during his reign had something *outré* about it, which spoiled the general effect. Still, he did wonders for Berlin, by repainting the houses in the principal streets, and, by the aid of his architect Baumann, ran up buildings so quickly that the Academicians christened them Frederick's Mushrooms. While fostering all the arts, he had some decided tastes, as, for instance, in jewellery, and hardly a year passed in which he did not order some work worth two or three thousand pounds; and he always returned to the same manufacturers, unless he found he had been grossly cheated. And he was so, as Thiébault sadly complains: as a reward for reading one of the king's essays, the latter presented our author with an English gold repeater, for which he paid one hundred louis, and wore it himself for a week to feel convinced that it kept time. It was, however, only a wretched Augsburg deception, so bad that in two years' time it was not worth mending. As a general rule, however, he tried to turn his own tastes to the profit of the state and his subjects, for he only patronised those traders who enjoyed the best reputation for their probity and skill.

The king had only for his personal service five footmen and two pages; he had also some half-dozen runners, who walked very slowly before him when he

went to the opera, or returned from a review at Tempelhof. Generally, nothing could be more simple and more modest than his domestic life. He certainly demanded the most perfect exactitude, and never forgave a departure from it; but those who did their duty were sure to find in him the most paternal, gentle, and kind master. He never addressed his servants in private without calling them "my child." During the Seven Years' War, while at Dresden, he one morning saw the servant turn pale who brought him his breakfast. "What makes you tremble so?" he asked, in his sternest voice; and the servant, fancying his crime was detected, fell on his knees and asked for mercy. Some animals were given the coffee to drink the wretch had brought, and they died at once. It was whispered at the time that Frederick held all the details of the plot, but the only notice he took of it was to send the guilty servant away to be a drummer. During Thiébault's residence, a very considerable robbery was committed in the king's private box. Various rumours were afloat as to the culprit, but, whether Frederick knew or not, he held his tongue, and took better precautions for the future. It was also said that when the poverty of one of his old servants was depicted to him, he answered, "The ass! I fastened him to the manger, why did he not pull the hay down?" This repartee seems to prove that he had no objection to his servants receiving presents; and, in fact, our author states, the persons who showed his palaces during his absence had no hesitation about asking for a fee. Still, matters

must not be pushed too far, and no scandal must be propagated; for, in that case, the 'culprit' was discharged. It was Frederick's principle to pardon so long as he could appear ignorant of the fault, or feign not to know the guilty parties; but if facts or names reached his ears at all noisily, there was no indulgence to be hoped for.

At times the king might be hasty; but it only needed a word to recall him to his natural goodness of heart. One of his coachmen upset him; fortunately the king was not hurt, but he was in a great passion, and darted at his old servant with upraised cane, when the latter said, "Sire, did you never lose a battle, although you are the greatest general in the world? Well, this is a battle I have lost, and it is the first in thirty years! Do you fancy I do not feel as annoyed as you do?" The king could not refrain from laughing, and his wrath disappeared.

When Beaumarchais bought Voltaire's "Nero," he made a copy of the piece that celebrated author wrote under the title of his "Will," in which he described, in his own way, his quarrel with Frederick, and his arrest, and that of Madame Denis, at Frankfort. Beaumarchais sent this copy to the King of Prussia, with a letter in which he presented this article as the one most adapted to excite the curiosity of readers, but added that he had not thought it right to publish it before laying it before his majesty, and was prepared to sacrifice it, hinting that he looked to this "Will" to recoup him in great measure for the money he had invested

in the MS. The king returned the document to him, thanking him for his offer, and assuring him of his wishes that his undertaking might answer his expectations. Beaumarchais, doubtless piqued at not having sold the king a manuscript which was safe to be printed in the long run, produced it in a separate edition, which he spread over Europe. Samuel Pitra, the Berlin bookseller, received twenty-five copies, and asked our author whether he might venture to sell them. A copy was forwarded to the king, who gave him leave to dispose of them on condition that he made no mystery about the affair.

Everybody knows the story of the two pages, so we need not repeat it here; but M. Thiébault gives us a new reading of it. The king, going to summon one of his pages, found him asleep. On his knees lay a letter, in which his mother thanked him for the help he had sent her. The king read the letter, and, much affected, slipped a rouleau of a hundred ducats into his pocket. The page was too honest to keep the secret, however, and the king told him his share in the transaction. But all the fable about the arrival of the mother and sister, and the king's appearance at the time, is simply absurd. Another anecdote Thiébault tells us is also worth quoting.

In a Hussar regiment stationed in Silesia there was a worthy soldier, whose only fault was that he was above seventy years of age, and the general was anxious to get rid of him. He urged him to retire on his pension, but as that was only three halfpence a day, he might look forward to starvation, and he therefore do-

clined. The general thereon threatened to deprive him of his son, who served in the same regiment and helped to support his aged mother, and at length wrote to the king, offering him a splendid soldier, too tall for the Hussars, but just the thing for the Guards. Frederick accepted the offer, and the lad was sent off to Potsdam, when the king took a liking to him, and offered to take him into his private service. The young man gladly assented, and the king gave him the money to buy his clothes, and a silver watch, for which he was to pay forty florins. The man, only thinking of his starving parents, resolved to send them the sum, and borrow of his comrades the amount to purchase the watch. He did so, but the affair reached the king's ears, and he gently upbraided him for his conduct, though actuated by a praiseworthy motive. In conclusion, he gave him forty more florins to repay his companions. This man was enabled ere long to do the king an essential service in return, which we will allow our author to tell in his own words:—

"The king, having a violent attack of gout, sent for a physician, who, finding him in an ardent fever and extremely dry, considered it urgent to produce a perspiration, and presented some recipe to that effect. But Frederick had, shall I call it the weakness or mania of great captains, who, like Mithridates, consider themselves very clever in medical matters? he rejected all the physician proposed, and even ended by dismissing him, with the hint that he was an ass. The physician, on reaching the antechamber, told the servants that the

king was very ill; it was important to make him perspire, but that the monarch would not take any of the remedies proposed. Under these circumstances, he, the physician, would write down what they had to do. They must induce the king to take the draught, for his life was at stake; and when he had swallowed it, they were to be sure and keep him carefully covered till he perspired. The servants, after consulting together, considered that the young hussar was the most likely among them to make the king give way, and he was, therefore, told to watch him through the night—a command he accepted not without fear, but without repugnance, and even with devotedness. The dose was brought at about ten o'clock at night, and the young man at once went into the king's bedroom, holding it in his hand. 'What have you there?' said the king. 'Sire, it is a draught ordered by the doctor.' 'Throw it in the fire.' 'But, sire, if it is necessary——' 'I will not take it.' 'Sire, the physician ordered us to give it you.' 'He is an ass.' 'Alas! sire, he declares it indispensable that you should take it.' 'I will not.' 'He said that if you did not, you would not perspire.' 'He does not know what he says.' 'Still, if he recommended us to beg your majesty to take it?' 'Child, you trouble me uselessly, so be off.' 'But, sire, is not the person who ordered the dose your physician, and attached to your person?' 'You will make me angry.' 'Sire, he said that your life was at stake.' 'I order you to be gone.' 'And does not our duty order us to induce your majesty to take the draught, which will cure you?' The king

flew into a passion: he cursed, ordered, sent him to the deuce, and threatened him. The young man, for his part, still holding the phial in his hand, implored, entreated, fell on his knees, wept, declared he would endure anything, provided he could save his majesty, and, in short, was not to be moved. This struggle lasted till midnight, when the king, quite worn out, consented to take the draught, in order to get quit of so much importunity. But, a short time after, a fresh conflict arose between master and servant. The remedy acted, and produced a hardly endurable heat all over the monarch's body. He threw off the bedclothes, but the valet would not permit it. If the king only tried to thrust an arm out of bed, the other strove to cover it as well as he could, while imploring forgiveness and clutching at the patient's bed, who was angry and threatened, but in vain. This new fight lasted till about three in the morning, when a profuse perspiration began. The king became calmer, and felt that the physician and the servant had been in the right; hence he said to the latter, 'My child, I no longer need you. I promise not to uncover myself, so you can go and sleep.' The servant pretended to obey, and withdrew into a corner, whence, unperceived, he continued to watch his master till he fell asleep. At daybreak the king felt much better, and got up. He then sent for the young valet, and said to him, 'My child, you are a good fellow; you do your duty properly, and I am quite satisfied with you; here are fifty ducats, which I give you to send to your parents.'"

The last period of Frederick's life and reign does not offer many anecdotes; he lived much more retired, though quite as busy. He had given up music, after losing a portion of his teeth, and he also abandoned poetry. His old friends had disappeared from this world one after the other; he was only surrounded by memories and only enjoyed the society of old servants, more interesting for the time their appearances seemed to recall than of themselves. The only exception was offered by the princes of Brunswick, always welcome and beloved; a few generals, whom lengthened service, peril, and great actions rendered commendable; Baron Hertzberg, Count de Goertz, and the Marquis de Luchesini. Frederick, moreover, felt that his strength was failing him, and was occupied with the part he played; he neglected nothing which could hide from others the knowledge of his failing strength. Only two days prior to his death, some Swiss travellers were presented to him; he received them affably, but standing, himself obeying the etiquette which allowed no one to sit in his presence. After a few moments he dismissed them; but on reaching the door one of them turned, and saw the king falling into a chair, with an air of exhaustion and suffering. A crushing look punished the young man for his indiscreet curiosity.

It has been asserted, that when he had to present himself to his troops or to the public, and fancied himself too pale, he did not fail to use rouge. If, in conversation, he felt any weakness or inactivity of mind, his right hand went, as it were, mechanically to his

waistcoat pocket, and then apparently wiped his lips, though in reality he put in his mouth some pastilles suited to revive him. Thiébault, though he left Berlin two years before his death, frequently detected this little manœuvre. The most remarkable thing in the last period of his life, however, was, that he never vacillated or varied in any of the principles he had previously professed. According to our author, who had opportunity for knowing, those who asserted that he at that time drew nearer to religion, and expressed his regret at having neglected it so long, were either deceivers or deceived. The truth was that Frederick, who was ever tolerant, at last gave up his sarcasms; he spoke much less frequently on such matters than he formerly did, and saw death approach, and submitted to its laws with all the strength of mind and calmness that might be expected from so great a man.

He governed his states to the end, and only a few minutes before his death he tried to sign a letter addressed to M. de Launay, but his sight and hand had already betrayed him, and his signature was only a daub of ink. Hertzberg, his old and devoted servant, passed the night by his side, and about three in the morning received his last sigh; it was this minister who at once went to summon Frederick William, nephew and heir of the great man who had just expired. The new king arrived almost immediately, and found Hertzberg weeping over the inanimate corpse. The new king, affected by this scene, and combining with his own grief the feeling for that of so faithful a minister, took off his

cordon of the Black Eagle, passed it over the neck of the man most worthy in his kingdom to wear it, while giving him the title of count. This action did equal honour to Hertzberg, because he merited this double distinction, and to the new king, who could not distinguish his accession to the throne by a deed more adapted to obtain the applause of nearly every Prussian.

The character Thiébault draws of his princely patron, though flattering, is in many respects just. If, as he considers, the truly great man is not the faultless man, but he who, despite his failings, raises himself above others by those transcendent qualities adapted to exercise a potent influence over nations, then truly Frederick fully deserved his title of "Great." The first of his failings was that extreme vivacity which, at times, urged him to form dangerous and even ungenerous determinations, but which, seconded by his genius, so often enabled him to emerge with glory from menacing situations, in which any slower person than himself would have succumbed. Soldiers, who have studied his campaigns, agree in asserting that Frederick was never greater, or displayed more astonishing resources, than when he had to repair any faults or disasters of a nature to ruin him. His second defect was his decided taste for ridicule and sarcasm, in which, however, M. Thiébault often fancied he saw skill and political design. He cannot be called avaricious, for he economised only through necessity, and yet he did so much for Berlin and his people. Remember his memorable words to M. de Launay: "Louis XV. and myself were born

poorer than any of our subjects; for among them there are few who have not some patrimony, and those who have none can, at any rate, acquire it; while, on the contrary, Louis XV. and I have nothing, and can acquire nothing, which does not belong to the state. We are merely the administrators of the public fortune; if, in that quality, we can take what our expenses require, it is only so much as state reasons may authorize; if we go beyond that, we become faithless and culpable." Nor can it be said that he was harsh and cruel, for he only remained true to the principle of firmness and constancy he laid down for himself. What man ever softened more than he did the severity of the laws? and he was only inflexible in punishing, in so far as that seemed to him necessary for the maintenance of military discipline, and the due administration of the finances.

It is evident that Thiébault must have had a strong personal regard for his royal master, for it is rare for the countrymen of Voltaire to write so liberally about Frederick. And yet, with all his laudation of the hero, he cannot refrain from giving us details about the military system which make the blood run cold in perusing. Owing to the continued wars Frederick carried on, he was obliged to collect soldiers how he could: thus, for instance, he had six hundred Frenchmen in one regiment alone when the Berlin garrison set out for the war of the Bavarian succession, and they went off gladly enough, in the hope of being able to desert. When the regiment returned, two years later,

the six hundred Frenchmen were reduced to six. Whenever Thiébault complained of the severity exercised in the army, the officers told him it was absolutely necessary, or they should all be killed. Even Frederick himself was obliged to recognise this fact.

"At a review of sixty thousand men the king held in Pomerania, he turned to the old Prince of Anhalt, and asked him what he admired most at that moment. 'Sire,' the prince replied, 'I admire simultaneously the beauty of the men and the regularity and perfection of their movements and evolutions.' 'For my part,' the king continued, 'it is not that which astonishes me so much; for with money, care, and time, that can be effected.' 'What is it, then, that your majesty considers most wonderful here?' 'It is the fact, my dear cousin, that you and I are both in safety. Here are sixty thousand men, who are all your enemies and mine: there is not one who is not stronger and better armed than we are, and all tremble before us, who would do wrong to tremble before them. Such is the wonderful effect of order, subordination, and watchfulness.'"

At a review near Potsdam, M. Thiébault saw a junker of about fifteen order from the ranks a soldier of more than fifty years of age, and beat him with all his strength over the back and loins, the poor wretch not venturing to utter a word. An unlucky Frenchman, who fell into the hands of the Prussian crimps, being asked, after his release, whether he had the stick during his enlistment, turned pale, and said, "For Heaven's sake, do not talk about that; I fancy I can feel it now."

Prince Henry of Prussia, to his credit be it said, attempted to introduce a more humane system, and would tell his officers that if their soldiers performed a movement improperly, it was because they were insufficiently drilled: by giving them another hour's exercise they would be punished sufficiently, but by beating them they suffered for their own officers' idleness. The severity, however, had its inconveniences. Thus the regiment of Guards had a chief so harsh that the soldiers swore, in the event of war, their first bullets should be his. The Seven Years' War arrived, and the general, aware of his soldiers' determination, felt frightened. Ordered to clear the enemy out of a wood, he went about it so slowly that Mollendorf, then a captain in the regiment, ran up to the Prince of Anhalt, begging him to give those orders which would save the honour of the regiment. The prince did so, and the general had scarce entered the wood ere he fell, pierced by fifty bullets.

Desertion was almost impossible from the Protestant hero's army, for the laws were excessively strict. The village in which a deserter was arrested received a reward of five dollars; those through which he had passed without being detected paid a fine of the same amount. Any citizen who gave them the means of escape was made a soldier and sent to the frontiers. Still a Frenchman did manage to escape very cleverly. Through his exemplary conduct he was appointed orderly to his captain, and contrived to get away in his master's clothes to Baireuth, in Saxony, whence he

sent the horse and uniform back with a polite note. With the French soldiers strange incidents occurred now and then.

"The Dowager Electress of Saxony wrote in 1767 to Lyons for a good surgeon, whom she could attach to her regiment of Guards. A young student accepted the appointment, and started for Dresden on a good horse and with a stout portmanteau. Beyond Frankfort he met the Prussian crimps bringing in a party of recruits, and, on hearing the purpose of his journey, they invited him to travel with them. When they reached Halberstatt, however, they threw off the mask, took his horse from him, and conveyed him to Berlin, where he was enrolled in an infantry regiment. He had been a soldier for more than a month, when M. Pernety, one of the king's advocates, going on foot to his office, met, and was greatly surprised to see in uniform, the young man he had known as a surgeon in Lyons. The poor fellow told him his misfortune, and M. Pernety undertook to liberate him. He consequently appealed to the general of his regiment, who referred him to the inspector-general, the latter in his turn sending him back to the general, who refused the request point blank. 'But,' the solicitor said, 'I do not ask his discharge for nothing; I will pay for a substitute.' 'And how can you ensure the substitute being equal to him? A good soldier who is a good surgeon is a treasure.' 'Well, then, general, I will pay for two recruits.' 'Very good; the only stipulation is that they must be French surgeons; if not, you need

not trouble me further on the matter.' At length we got the matter brought before Prince Henry, who arranged it with the general; and the prince no sooner had the surgeon, than he had him officially killed, sent a trusty non-commissioned with him to the Saxon frontier, and he joined his regiment safely at last."

'The terrible severity to which we have alluded, Thiébault tells us, drove many soldiers into a state of despair. A frightful maxim was established among them: they said to each other that it was better to die, but, in order not to ruin their salvation by suicide, they must kill a child, which would thus be sent to paradise; then they would go and denounce themselves; in this way they would have time to ask pardon of Heaven before being sent to the scaffold. Frederick himself was alarmed at this, and, in order to stop it, issued orders that no priest or pastor should visit any criminal guilty of such homicides. This remedy did not produce any sensible effect at first; still it was not useless, for the soldiers felt a repugnance to dying without any spiritual aid, and were afraid lest they should condemn their souls more surely in this way than any other.

Still, it must not be supposed that the position of the officers was any better than that of the privates. The Count von Reichenbach himself told our author: "During the eleven years I have served in the gendarmes, I have on no day been less than four hours in the stables; nor have I once been behind my time." On another occasion he remarked:—

"My position is a very cruel one; I never go to

sleep without saying to myself, 'To-morrow I may be condemned to the fortress for life.' For such is the punishment inflicted on the man who, under arms, answers, though ever so mildly, a superior who insults him most unjustly. If I am not in such a case a coward and insensible, I become a criminal; on the other hand, I must sooner die than endure even a slight or apparent want of courtesy from a friend. But I have another contradiction still to swallow: if I fight a duel with my comrade, and kill him, nothing is said about it, so long as I only use the sabre or pistol; while, if I have a quarrel with a bourgeois, I am expected to assassinate him. If I fight a regular duel with him, I should be dismissed and degraded, even though justice may be on my side; but if I contrive to make him assail my honour, and at the same instant bury my sabre in his body, I escape with two years' imprisonment, and am neither degraded nor dismissed. Such is the result of the law which prohibits all duels with those who are not officers or nobles."

The great safety-valve of Frederick's military system was in his non-commissioned officers, all picked men and natives. Their number was so great, that there was one cane to every six men, which made the Frenchman remark, "I can believe that you advance, for you are between two enemies, and the one who is nearer you, and whom you can least escape, is that line of men armed with canes always behind you, and never letting you out of sight."

It was long an accusation against Frederick that he

did not even possess personal bravery, and the name of the "coureur de Mollwitz" stuck to him for a long time. Schwerin, M. Thiébault now tells us, during that action, wished to undertake a manœuvre, which the king's presence impeded, and he begged him to retire. Frederick did so, and such was the foundation of the calumny, on the originator of which the king took a terrible revenge before Prague in 1757. He ordered General Schwerin to charge a battery placed behind marshes impracticable to cavalry; the general remarked on the fact. "Are you afraid?" Frederick asked. Schwerin started and was killed: Frederick erected a statue to his memory. Our author is of opinion that no man ever displayed greater bravery than did Frederick; he saw, for instance, the clothes he put off after the terrible war, and which Captain Favra bought of his valets: the coat and hat were pierced with bullets. Thiébault also saw in De Catt's possession a gold case, which the king carried in his fob at Zornsdorff, and which was flattened by a bullet. One evening after a great battle, he went up to a good fire just lit by his Guards; they asked him what had become of him all day, as he generally fought at their head. He told them not only where he had been, but why; and as he opened his waistcoat, a bullet fell out, which the men picked up, imploring him not to run such risks in future. He was on very familiar terms with his soldiers; thus, when he called in some Frenchmen to manage his finances, he happened to have a new cloak made, the collar of which was bordered with gold.

lace. The first time he reviewed his Guards, they were heard to say, "It is easy to see that our Fritz has become a French financier, for he has taken to gold lace." At a period when he had very few men left, and no money to procure others, a French grenadier was brought before him, who had been caught in the act of attempted desertion. "Grenadier," he said to him, "why do you want to leave us?" "On my word, sire, affairs are going on queerly." "They are not very brilliant; but listen: let us have one more fight, and if things do not go better after that, we will desert together." "That is a bargain, sire. I consent."

A striking instance of Frederick's coolness was imparted to the author by a General Müller, who, being aide-de-camp to some officer during an action, had to carry orders from the right wing to the left. As he was returning, he saw the king coming towards him, and he was forced to stop. Frederick asked him who he was, what rank he held, and what was the condition of the left wing. While they were conversing, a shell fired by the enemy fell between their horses, and while he was burning to get away, the king watched the shell turning on its axis till it burst, which it did without wounding either, and then rode off, saying, in German, "It is well."

We naturally cannot, in our limited space, describe one tithe of the interesting anecdotes Thiébault gives us. We have therefore confined ourselves to the king as a great captain, and in his private life. Thiébault gives us the fullest details of the Berlin Academy and

its members, of the whole court and their private life. Ministers, ambassadors, statesmen, soldiers, all find place in his deeply interesting Souvenirs. A large portion of one volume, we need hardly say, is devoted to Voltaire and his quarrel with the king, and Thiébault decidedly takes the part of the latter, as, indeed, most historians of the present day do. We think, at any rate, the little we have been able to collect is sufficient evidence of the vast store of amusement Mr. Carlyle is busily collecting for us. We believe that in the case of Frederick the Great, hero-worship is to some extent pardonable; in Berlin the spirit of the great Frederick stalks abroad in bright mid-day, and round his statue his citizens stand with uncovered heads, reverently admiring the great genius to whom Prussia is indebted for her splendid position among the nations of Europe.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STORY OF THE GHETTO.

THE triumphal arch of Titus is probably the most interesting of all Roman antiquities to the stranger, because the history of the Jews and Jerusalem is so intimately connected with the Christian religion. On the fricze of the arch may still be seen the river Jordan under the form of an old man borne along in triumph, and within the arch, through which no Jew was ever yet known to pass, the holy vessels of the temple are carved, among them being the seven-branched candlestick, the golden table, the ark of the covenant, in which the law was preserved, and the silver trumpets for the year of jubilee. Nearly eighteen hundred years have rolled on since this arch was erected by Titus, and nothing is left of the Rome, once mistress of the world, but ruins and dust, and the symbols of the old religion, which has passed away like a dream. On walking a short distance from the triumphal arch, in the direction of the Tiber, the visitor will enter the Ghetto, and find the seven-branched candlestick carved on many of the houses. It is the same which he had first seen on the arch of Titus, but here it is the symbol of a still living religion,

and the descendants of those Jews whom Titus led in triumph prove their vitality by keeping up that old religion in an unmutilated form. Here, too, is the Aula Octavia: its mighty pillars and arches tower over the Ghetto. On this spot Vespasian and Titus instituted their solemn triumphal procession over the Jews, while a Jew, the companion and flatterer of Titus—Flavius Josephus, the well-known author—stood by and looked on. He did not blush to be present at the humiliation of his nation, or to narrate it in the highest terms of flattery. We owe to the ignoble Jewish courtier a description of the solemnity.

Through the historical connexion subsisting between the people of Israel and the Romans, who destroyed Jerusalem and scattered the Jews over the world, the Ghetto of Rome is the most curious of all the Jewish communities in Europe. Other bodies, as, for instance, the Spanish and Portuguese Jews of the middle ages, and the Amsterdam synagogues that emanated from them, may be more remarkable for their scientific and dogmatic researches, but not one possesses the antiquity and historical succession of the community in Rome. They do not deserve our notice, however, through any learned disquisitions about the Talmud and the Cabala, but the Roman Ghetto is, as it were, a second Goshen, and its history is that of the incredible perseverance of a small slave community enduring persecution from generation to generation. Since the days of Pompey the Great, Jews have dwelt in Rome; repeatedly expelled by the first Cæsars, they ever returned, and

from the time of Titus to the present day they have retained their abiding-place, and nestled here in the most dangerous spot they could select; menaced by the Romans, who had destroyed Jerusalem, and then by the popes, as representatives of that Saviour they had crucified. From the time of Pompey they have endured abuse, contempt, dishonour; and, as a crowning disgrace, were confined like unclean pariahs within the Ghetto. Their history is a dark passage and foul page in the annals of Christian humanity. Still they lived on, hopelessly, yet not without hope, for such is the predominant character of Israel. Impotent to assail their enemies, they entrenched themselves behind the most powerful though mournful bulwarks of misery —association and their national obstinacy.

The history of the Roman Jews, which we purpose to glance at in these pages, is difficult to follow, as far as the earlier phases are concerned, and few allusions are made to them by Latin writers. With the forcible entry of Pompey into the holy of holies at Jerusalem, commences a permanent connexion between that city and Rome. Pompey seems to have brought the first Jewish slaves home: at least, it is indisputable that, dating from him, Jewish freedmen and others, seduced by the spirit of speculation, settled at Rome. They lived there peacefully, and as a separate sect with the privileges of its own law, while their princes and princesses, held in equal honour with the other conquered kings, appeared before the senate and at court to defend their own interests. Herod the Fortunate might be

seen, attired in all the pomp of a king, seated at the table of Cæsar and at the theatre. Antipas and Antipater, Archelaus and the Princess Salome, were often visible in the streets of the capital, and several Jewish princes were educated at court. Agrippa, Herod's grandson, a *chevalier d'industrie*, was brought up with Drusus, son of Tiberius, and was the bosom friend of Caligula, in whose revels he shared. The young Jewish *roué* had scarce been released from confinement for debt, when Tiberius cast him into a dungeon, where he pined for six months, until the death of the emperor released him, and Caligula made him king of the Jews. The lovely princess Veronica, or Berenice, sister and rival of Agrippa the younger, last king of the Jews, played a very brilliant part in Rome. After the destruction of Jerusalem she lived for a season with Titus; but, spite of her intrigues, she could not succeed in mounting the imperial throne. Herod Agrippa was the last Jew who flashed his splendour in ancient Rome, and from that period his people saw no Jew held in honour at Rome except Baron Rothschild, who had great fêtes offered him during the papacy of Gregory XVI., for reasons that may be easily guessed.

In the meanwhile the Jews had gained firm ground in Rome. Cæsar favoured them, as is proved by their lamenting the whole night after his murder. Augustus also tolerated them, and gave them full liberty to carry on business in Rome: hence they lamented his death too, and wept, it is said, during a whole week. At that time they were not confined to any particular

quarter, although we find in Philo that Augustus gave the Jews the Trastevere to live in. According to the Roman tradition, St. Peter lodged in that quarter, A.D. 45, near the present church of St. Cecilia, because the Jews resided there; but he also lived in the Aventine, in the house of St. Aquila and Prisca, a Jewish couple who had been converted to Christianity. How mildly Augustus treated the Jews is seen in Philo's curious book, "The Embassy to Caius." The learned Alexandrian Jew states that the emperor ever behaved to the Jews mercifully, and allowed them the exercise of their religion, although they were principally Libertini, or freedmen. A curious monument on the Via Appia, bearing the names of two libertine Jews, Zabda and Akiba, is still visible. The emperor knew, Philo continues, that they possessed synagogues, where they assembled weekly, and were instructed in the wisdom of their fathers. He also allowed them to send money to Jerusalem, that sacrifices might be made for them in the temple. He even, Philo adds, decorated the temple with splendid presents, and offered up sacrificial victims; and respected the Sabbath so much, that he ordered the *sportula* to be given the Jews on the following day, because on that holy day they were not allowed to give or receive presents. We know that Philo was sent in the year 40 by the Alexandrine Jews, at the head of an embassy to Caius (Caligula), to hand in their complaints about the shameful treatment the Jews received from the Alexandrians. He tells us how Caligula received the Jewish envoys at a country house,

where he ran like a madman from one room to another, while the Jews were forced to follow him, under a fire of shouts and laughter. The emperor asked them, mockingly, why they eat no pork. "The noise of those," says Philo, "who ridiculed and maltreated us with coarse jests, was as great as if we had been in a theatre." And thus we find at that early period the same scenes as those which were witnessed in the middle ages, and almost to the present day in Rome, where the Jews were drawn up on Monte Giordano, or at the Arch of Titus, to welcome the newly-elected pope, and were met by the shouts of the boys or the hoarse laughter of the populace.

Caligula had special reasons for being angry with the Jews. He had determined on having a colossal statue of himself erected in the sanctuary at Jerusalem, because he had learned that the Jews were the only people in the world who refused to pay him divine honours. He therefore gave Petronius, viceroy of Phœnicia, orders to have his statue erected. "Then," as Josephus and Philo tell us, "all Judæa proceeded into Phœnicia—men, women, and children—and covered the country like a cloud. Their lamentation and weeping were so great that, even when they had become silent, the echo shook the air. They threw themselves at the feet of Petronius, imploring him to murder them all, but they would never suffer the sanctuary of their God to be defiled." Petronius was greatly moved, and wrote an apologetic letter to the emperor: King Agrippa also proceeded to Rome to intercede for his nation.

Philo states, doubtlessly with exaggeration, that his horror at Caligula's threatened desecration of the temple was so great that he was carried away in a fainting condition, and was attacked by a dangerous illness; then he wrote a masterly letter to the emperor, in consequence of which Caligula, to whom the whole world had erected temples and altars, gave up his design, and the temple was spared. His speedy death alone saved the Roman Jews from feeling his vengeance. We regret that Philo gives us no details of the Jews then residing in Trastevere; it appears, however, that they formed a separate synagogue of Libertini, or "Strangers in Rome," the name by which they are alluded to in the Acts.

When the mysteries of Christianity had penetrated into Rome, Jews and Christians were regarded as a common sect, which was the more natural, as the Christians were chiefly converted Jews. Both suffered the same persecution. In the year 51, Claudius expelled them all from the city, after Tiberius had already ordered them to be deported to Sardinia by the advice of Sejanus, in order to stop their abominable usury, which proves that they had already learnt the advantages of lending money. Still they constantly returned, and their number grew so that it is stated to have been eight thousand under the earlier emperors, or double the present amount; but this estimate appears extreme. With the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, who brought a number of Jewish captives to Rome, the people were dispersed, and, as a natural conse-

quence, numbers flocked to Rome. Vespasian then built a magnificent temple to peace, in which he placed the sacred utensils brought from Jerusalem. The triumphal arch, on which the sacred vessels and the invasion are depicted with such wondrous fidelity, was not completed till after the death of Titus. In the middle ages it was called the Arch of the Seven Candlesticks, or, as the book on the "Mirabilia" of Rome says, "Arcus Septem Lucernarum Titi et Vespasiani, ubi est candelabrum Moysi cum arcâ." Its appearance was greatly altered by the powerful Frangipanni in the middle ages, when they held the Forum and the Coliseum, for they converted the triumphal arch into a fort, and built a tower upon it, called the Turris Cartularia. During the papacy of Pius VII., in the year 1821, the arch was restored to its present state, as one of the most remarkable antiquities in the city and most modern renovation.

Titus, after the triumph, spurned the name of "Judaicus," to which he had a claim—a proof how much he despised the Jews. But both himself and Vespasian tolerated the Jews in Rome, and they were allowed the full exercise of their religion, on condition that they paid the old temple-tax of half a shekel to Jupiter Capitolinus. To the present day the Jews pay their tribute to the Camera Capitolina. In the reign of Domitian, this Fiscus Judaicus, as Suetonius tells us, was sharply looked after. The Jews resided at that time in the Trastevere, but were mercilessly expelled by Domitian, who ordered them to live in the valley

of Egeria and pay ground-rent.* Juvenal saw the Jews in a very poor condition, as it seems, going in and out with bundles of hay and baskets, and living a thorough gipsy life. The hay served as a bed, and in the baskets they carried their provisions and any unconsidered trifles they could pick up. In the fourteenth Satire, Juvenal complains of the disgraceful superstition which induced some Romans to be initiated in Judaism. At that time, too, the Jews, like the gipsies among ourselves, indulged in fortune-telling, preparing charms, &c., as our author tells us in his sixth Satire, where he gives us such a vivid description of Jewish customs that we fancy we see the gipsy woman standing before us. And just as in Domitian's time, Jewish women crept in by night from the valley of Egeria to satisfy the aspirations of some love-sick Roman lady, they appear to have gone on to the present day; for many Hebrew dames have before now glided from the Ghetto into the city to explain dreams and sell love-philters. The bull of Pope Pius V., bearing date 1569, and commencing "Hebræorum gens sola à Deo electa," bears especial reference to this fact. This remarkable document, which expelled the Jews from all the cities of the Papal States except Rome and Ancona, is a very valuable historical memorial, from which we will quote a few passages for comparison with the verses of Juvenal to which we referred. We read in it, "After that this people had lost its priesthood, and the authority of the law had been taken from it, the Jews were scattered

* Cf. Juvenal, Sat. iii.

from their own residence, which a merciful and generous God had prepared from the foundation of this nation, as a land flowing with milk and honey. Since that period they have been wandering over the face of the globe: odious, bedecked with every infamy and vice, they exercise all descriptions of nefarious and scandalous arts by which they may satisfy their hunger." Then follows a list of these arts. "For, not to mention the numerous varieties of usury by which the Jews swallow up the fortunes of poor Christians, we believe it to be sufficiently well known that they are the accomplices of robbers and thieves, and receive all manner of stolen property, not only profane, but even that belonging to the holy faith, which they conceal for a while, or even dare to transform, so that it may not be recognised. Many of them also creep into the houses of respectable women, and seduce them to commit all sorts of immorality, and, what is worst of all, they delude many unsuspecting and weak persons by Satanic lures, such as fortune-telling, charms, magic arts, and witchcraft, making them believe that the future can be revealed; that theft, hidden treasures, and concealed things can be made known, and much more brought to light that no mortal was ever yet able of even conjecturing." So far the papal bull, but we doubt not that Jewish women carry on their iniquitous schemes even to the present day in Rome, in defiance of the bull.

The circumstances of the Jews under the later emperors are obscure; we read that Alexander Severus permitted them to remain in Trastevere, which must

have been inhabited by Jews far into the middle ages, for Hadrian's bridge, the Ponte San Angelo, was known as the Jews' bridge. Hadrian completed the destruction of Jerusalem, and swarms of Jews were sold in the markets of Syria at the price of cattle. This indubitably increased the number of Jews in Rome. So soon, however, as Christianity became the state religion of Rome, the Jews began to hold a very dangerous position, for to the contempt of the Romans was added the hatred of the Christian religion towards the enemies of Christ. Constantine the Great issued a decree forbidding the Jews to keep Christian servants, which proves that a demarcation between Christians and Jews was beginning to be regarded as a religious duty. The Theodosian code contained very stringent regulations against any fusion of Christians and Jews, and forbade the Hebrews holding a festival in which they had been wont to express their rancour against the crucified Saviour. It was the festival they held to commemorate the fall of their enemy Haman, whom they exposed on a cross and burnt with shouts of fiendish joy, as if it had been Christ in person. So long, however, as the Roman senate was maintained as a merely civic authority, the Jews enjoyed an endurable fate; but with the sway of the popes, they were the victims of a fanaticism which gradually increased to legalised barbarity. In the beginning of the middle ages the hatred of the Jews had not attained such a pitch that they should be treated as outcasts of humanity; and even in the time of Alexander III. there were free and respected Jews

in Rome, more especially physicians, and even servants of the pope. Benjamin of Tudela tells us in his Travels that, during Alexander's pontificate, he found at Rome nearly two hundred Jews, tributary to none, among whom several were papal officers. "Among them were some very wise persons, the first of them being the great Rabbi Daniel, and the Rabbi Dehiel was the pope's minister—a well-favoured youth, clever and well read, who performed the functions of steward."

But still more curious is the announcement that the anti-Pope Anaclete II., Piero Leone, was a baptised Jew or the son of one. The family of Piero Leone was one of the most respected in Rome for several centuries; so, while Jewish women were prowling about the city, telling fortunes and selling love-philters, the Jews had free access to the popes, became the ministers of their secret pleasures, their bankers, and finally their physicians. All the Jewish physicians attached to the popes are enumerated in Mandosio's work, "Degli Archiatri Pontifici," which Marini completed and published in 1784. The first of the goodly company is Joshua Hallorki, physician to the anti-Pope Benedict XIII.—a man who seems to have had a good liking for the Jews, as we read that a Jewish woman had the washing of his linen and robes. Hallorki was afterwards baptised, and took the name of Hieronymus de Santa Fede, adding to his crime by writing a book against the Jews;*

* Hieronymi de sanctâ Fide, ex Judæo Christiani, contrà Judæorum perfidiam et Talmud tractatus, sive libri duo ad mandatum D.P.P. Benedicti XIII.

he was publicly cursed in the synagogue, in the same way as Uriel Açosta. Innocent VII. also gave the Jews civil rights in the Trastevere in 1406. Among others, to Maestri Elia di Sabbato, Mose di Lisbona, and Mose di Tivoli, who were all physicians. As such, they had great privileges, and were freed from the degrading brand of Judaism. Martin V. Colonna favoured the Jews greatly, and Elias, from the Ghetto, was his private physician. Till far into the sixteenth century we find Jews attached as physicians to the popes, in spite of all the bulls that fanatic popes fulminated against them; for, as Orientals and kinsmen of the Arabs, the Jews stood high in repute with emperors and kings. Samuel Sarfadi, a Spanish rabbi, was physician to Leo X., and was a very learned and eloquent man. It is to be hoped that the favour these men stood in was employed by them to alleviate the misery of their unfortunate brethren.

Owing to the nature of the papal government, which is quite personal and dependent on the temper of the ruler, the Jews were kept in a state of constant irritation, hoping or fearing a change of condition. At the commencement of the middle ages, numerous councils had recommended the separation of Jews from Christians by some special badge; and this order was renewed by Innocent III. in 1215, and by many of his successors, as may be seen in the "Dizionario di Erudizione Storico Ecclesiastico," under the article "Ebrei." But the Jews generally managed to evade these sumptuary laws, or purchased exemption; in fact, it was impossible to

carry them into effect, for a merciful pope would overthrow the bigoted decrees of his predecessors. John XXII. had persecuted the Jews, and finally burned their Talmud publicly; Innocent VII., on the contrary, was very kind to them, as was Martin V. Colonna, a Roman by birth. He restored them the privilege of practising as physicians, and decreed that all the Jews in the Papal States should pay their quota to the Carnival-tax, which had hitherto fallen exclusively on the Roman Jews. But his successor, Eugene IV. Condolmieri, a Venetian by birth, and naturally hostile to the mercantile race, restricted their privileges. Jews were forbidden any intercourse with Christians, or even to prescribe for them. They were not allowed to walk about the city, and their testimony was invalid against that of a Christian. In addition, they were ordered to pay the Capitoline treasury an annual sum of 1130 florins. In this reign, too, began the custom of rendering the Jews objects of ridicule at the Carnival feasts. Paul II. Pietro Barbo, a Venetian, in 1468 ordered the Jews to take part in the Corso races, after they had already suffered the indignity of seeing a band of their elders walk in front of the senators, dressed in tightly-fitting gaberdines. Races were instituted for horses, donkeys, and buffaloes, old men, boys, children, and Jews. They were given an abundant repast before starting, that the race might appear more ridiculous. The wretched men ran from the Arco Domiziano to the church of St. Mark at the end of the Corso, accompanied by the shouts of the Roman mob, while the Holy Father stood on a

richly decorated balcony, and laughed heartily. From this date the Romans would not give up the Jews' race, and we find in Sprenger's "Roma Nova" that the Jews ran naked, with only a girdle round their loins, just after the donkey race. For two centuries the Jews endured this disgrace, until Clement IX. Ruspigliosi listened to their prayers and freed them from it in 1668, on condition that they paid 300 scudi annually, and, instead of walking in the procession, they were to do homage to the conservator. On the first Saturday of the Carnival, the chiefs of the Jews appeared as a deputation before the conservators of the senate at the Capitol. They knelt down and offered a bouquet and 20 scudi, with the prayer that they might be expended in decorating the balcony in which the senate sat on the Piazza del Popolo. Thence they proceeded to the senator, and kneeling before him, asked in the customary manner that they might be permitted to remain in Rome. The senator placed his foot on their foreheads, then ordered them to rise, and said that they had no claim to reside in Rome, but were tolerated through a merciful motive. This humiliation has also been abolished; but, on the first Saturday of the Carnival, the Jews have still to appear at the Capitol and do homage, while they hand over the tribute for the prizes which they have to pay in memorial that horses are allowed to run in their stead.

With the papacy of Paul IV. the Jews began to suffer a martyrdom, compared with which all their past misery had been an Elysium. This Neapolitan

monk, of the fanatic family of the Caraffas, a Theatine, inquisitor, establisher of the martyr cells and the censorship in Rome, and a merciless reformer, had scarce ascended the papal throne in 1555, ere he issued the bull "Cùm nimis absurdum," to regulate the position of the Hebrew community in Rome. He withdrew all their privileges and increased their tribute, while, to prevent any mistake, he ordered that no Jew should appear in public except in a yellow hat. To this pope, too, the Jews owe their confinement in the Ghetto. Till this period they had generally resided in the Trastevere, and on the banks of the river as far as Hadrian's bridge. The pope, imitating the example of the Venetians, allotted them a distinct quarter, comprising a few narrow and unhealthy streets on the river's bank, and extending from the bridge Quattro Capi to the present Place of Tears. Walls or gates that could be guarded enclosed the Jews' Suburb. It was at first called "Vicus Judæorum," then the name of "Ghetto" was substituted, which does not seem to have any connexion with the Venetian Giudecca, but is probably derived from the Talmudic word *ghet*, signifying separation. On the 26th July, 1556, the Jews entered the Ghetto, weeping and lamenting, like their ancestors when led away into captivity.

On the death of this modern Pharaoh, in 1559, the Roman populace vented its fury upon him, and plundered the Inquisition and the Dominican monastery the Minerva. The Jews, generally so timid, and who had taken no part in Cola Rienzi's insurrection, rushed

from the Ghetto and displayed an unwonted spirit. One of them even dared to place the yellow hat on the papal statue at the Capitol; the populace laughed, destroyed the statue, and dragged the head, with the papal crown still upon it, through the mud. But the Inquisition soon took its revenge on the unfortunate Jews, and many of them were burnt on the Campo dei Fiori, in front of the Minerva monastery, where the autos-da-fé were held.

When the Jews migrated to the Ghetto, they were found to inhabit houses belonging to Romans, and a law was consequently passed by which the houses were let to the Jews for a certain rental, which could not be raised under any pretext. This law was, and still is, called the *Jus Gazzagà*, and is regarded as a very valuable privilege: the Jews being at liberty to sell their leases or leave them to their children. A Jewish maiden who possesses a gazzagà need not have any apprehensions about obtaining a husband. Paul's bull was confirmed by Pius V. in 1566, and the Jews were ordered to return to the Ghetto by nightfall. After Ave Maria the gates were inexorably closed, and any person found outside was punished, unless he could bribe the watchman. In 1569, the same pope forbade the Jews dwelling in any other cities than Rome and Ancona, though they had hitherto been tolerated in Benevent and Avignon. Fortunately for the Jews, his successor, Sixtus V., was a merciful man, and restored them all their privileges, and strove to protect them from insult. But, a few years after his death, Cle-

ment VIII. revived all the old decrees, and the Jews were worse off than ever. Through the whole of the seventeenth century they were wretched outcasts, and the edicts of Clement XI. and Innocent XIII. during the eighteenth century only added to their misfortunes. The latter revived Pius IV.'s bull, and decreed that the Jews should have no other trade or profession than in old clothes, rags, and broken iron, which was called *stracci ferracci*. In 1740, Benedict XIV., by an apostolic breve, allowed them to add to this the trade in new cloth wares, which they carry on to the present day.

The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, during which the Medici gave such concessions to the Jews in Tuscany, were probably the season of the greatest oppression the Ghetto Jews endured. In a pamphlet published at Rome in 1667, and called "Stato degli veri Ebrei in Roma," Stamperia del Varese—it is stated that "the number of Jews in Rome amounted at that date to four thousand five hundred, among whom were two hundred families in comfortable circumstances." The author of this book says that the Ghetto during the sixteenth century had to pay a tribute of 4861 scudi; while in the seventeenth it only amounted to 3207 scudi. Although the whole book breathes that hostility to the Jews so national at the period, it would be unjust to say that it was utterly untrue. For instance, the author states that, "despite the complaints of the Jews, the Ghetto was rich, and that, after payment of all imposts, it laid by 19,470

scudi every five years, and that it possessed a fortune of at least a million." Doubtlessly, there were rich Jews in Rome; for among the receivers, accomplices of thieves, and necromancers of the Ghetto, lived the usurers, the arch-rogues, who piled up interest on interest. No pope was able to suppress usury; the impoverished nobili protected the Jews, and while the Ghetto was the mark of scorn, the Roman noble received the Hebrew money-lender secretly into his palace. The author of the above-quoted work says: "The Jews have made 235,000 scudi out of the Christians, and not an evening passes but that at least 800 scudi are carried off from poor Christian pockets into the Ghetto." It is evident that the crafty nation employed all its talent to make money; and this usury only inflamed the hatred of the Christians. John de Capistrano had once offered Eugene IV. a fleet to carry the Jews in a body over the sea. "Now that he is dead," writes our author, "it is to be wished that he would send Pope Clement IX. a fleet from heaven to remove all these thieves from Rome." The Jewish usurers received eighteen per cent. for their moneys; and this was the revenge they took for all insults.

During the whole eighteenth century it was a strict rule that the Jews should visit a certain church on certain days to listen to sermons on the Christian religion. Gregory XIII., so far back as 1572, issued a decree that the Jews should be forced to hear a sermon weekly. A Jewish convert introduced this custom. On the Jewish sabbath the police proceeded to the Ghetto,

and drove the Jews to church with whips. Men, women, and children—if the latter were above twelve years of age—must appear to the number of one hundred males and fifty females, but the number was eventually raised to three hundred. At the church door an inspector counted the persons who entered, while in the church itself the sbirri made the people attentive, and if any Jew was careless or sleepy he was roused by blows and kicks. A Dominican generally preached, and took care to select a text from the lesson the Jews had just before heard in the synagogue. The host was always carefully removed from the altar on these occasions. These services were, at the outset, held in the church of San Benedetto alla Regola, but afterwards in the church of San Angelo in Pescaria, which is built on the ruins of the Aula Octavia, and is the spot where Cola Rienzi first held his enthusiastic addresses to the Romans. Eventually, the service was limited to five times a year, and the custom was dying a natural death, when Leo XII. Genga revived it in 1824. It was finally abolished in the first year of Pio Nono's papacy.

The Jews who were converted to Christianity were naturally rewarded by release from the Ghetto, and by civil rights and privileges. It was frequently the case for Jews to be converted, and then, as a natural consequence, they were more fanatic than their converters. On a chapel opposite the Ghetto, on the bridge Quattro Capi, may still be seen a picture of the Crucifixion, with the following verse from Isaiah in Latin and Hebrew: "I have spread out my hands all the day

unto a rebellious people, which walketh in a way that is not good."

This was a warning to the Jews which a converted Jew, in order to flatter his new creed, had painted on the outside of the chapel. According to mediæval custom, the Jewish neophytes received the names of their sponsors, and as these were selected from among the first Roman families, the Jews contrived by degrees to smuggle themselves into society. As we have already seen, an anti-pope was of Hebrew origin, and many baptized Jews called themselves after the names of the barons who had been their sponsors. Hence there were Jewish Colonnas, Massimis, and Orsinis, and it is even asserted that many a proud Roman family has died out, and been continued by Jews from the Trastevere.

Leo XII., who, as we have said, was no friend of the Jews, granted them, however, the privilege of owning house property, if they were amenable to the *jus Gazzagà*. He also enlarged the limits of the Ghetto, and gave it eight gates, which were guarded and closed every night. During the French occupation of Rome under the first empire, the Ghetto was thrown open, and the Jews were allowed entire liberty to reside in the city and carry on any trade they pleased. Pius VII., however, closed the Ghetto again on his return in 1814, and things remained in the old state till the present pope mounted the throne. It redounds to the honour of Pio Nono that he proved himself more philanthropic and liberal than his predecessors. He pulled down the walls of the Ghetto before the revo-

lution broke out, Cicerovacchio taking part in the good work. The Jews are now at liberty to reside where they please in Rome, and carry on any trade; but the Ghetto still remains the most wretched district in Rome, a lurking-place for dirt and poverty; and the Jews have displayed no great inclination to take advantage of their newly acquired liberty, for the prejudices to which they have ever been victims are irradicable.

The political reform of 1847 may be regarded as indicating the end of that fearful slavery which the Jews endured for so many centuries in Rome, and we may hope that the power of public opinion will be stronger than prejudice, and that the slight liberty the Jews have now gained will extend so widely as to ensure them a fair share of the blessings of civilization. The prospect is certainly distant, but, at any rate, there is hope.

In conclusion, we may add that, at the present day, the total population of the Ghetto district is estimated at 3800 beings, a disproportionate number, regard being had to the restricted limits of the Ghetto. The entire Jewish community (università degli Ebrei) is governed by the supreme congregation of the Inquisition, and the special magistracy for all criminal and civil affairs is the Cardinal Vicariat. The tribunal to which these are referred is composed of the cardinal-vicar, the prelate-vicegerente, the prelate-luogotenente, and the criminal lieutenant. Local police affairs are entrusted to the president of the district of San Angelo and Campitello. The Hebrew community have also

the privilege of regulating their internal administration by three fattori del Ghetto, who are elected twice a year. These officers look after the proper cleansing of the streets, the lighting and fountains, arrange the taxes *pro ratâ*, administer the hospitals, charitable donations, &c. The Ghetto pays annually to the state and the various religious bodies the sum of 520*l*.

We will offer our readers no apology for giving them these somewhat dry details, for the Jewish question has been so long before them in their own free country, that we think our bede-roll of Hebrew persecution will furnish them a useful lesson in toleration. It is hoped that the Jewish question is finally solved: if so, we ought to feel a pride in proving that we will not be outstripped in generosity by the most bigoted government on the continent. If Pio Nono has found himself forced to make concessions which aim a fatal blow at intolerance, surely we, as the liberal nation *par excellence*, cannot regret the compromise which has at length allowed Baron Rothschild to take his seat.

CHAPTER V.

MEDIÆVAL DEMONOLOGY.

THE recent revivals in Ireland appear to indicate that religion is subjected to certain crises among us which return with all the regularity of the trade winds. Within the memory of most of us, certain strange manifestations have taken place which can hardly be referred to a superior agency, so curious have been the modes in which the victims have displayed their feelings. American camp-meetings and love-feasts were the predecessors of the spirit-rapping and table-moving, for the appetite of the patient grew with what it fed on, and excitement had to be kept up at fever heat. The wonderful scenes that took place at Belfast some three years ago have been beneficial in so far as they have to a certain degree checked the consumption of whisky; but, on the other hand, the madhouses have been supplied with a large contingent.

During the middle ages the same scenes took place, and caused equal excitement, though from a very different motive. Religion was then regarded as an object of terror, and gloomy ascetics profited by this feeling to mould the people to their own purposes. It was a species of fetish worship, no better nor worse than now

goes on in Africa, and the poor victims regarded Satan as the great arbiter of their destinies. They knew little, and were taught less, of that Divine charity which would have secured them from evil, and the consequence was, that any peculiar natural ailment was ascribed to the agency of Satan. How deeply this feeling spread will be seen in the fact that Luther himself firmly believed in the agency of Satan; and in his writings will be found repeated instances where he wrestled victoriously with the Evil Spirit. The consequence of this naturally was, that diabolical manifestations soon became quite common in the New Church; but Luther at length succeeded in inducing his followers not to pay so much attention to external apparitions, but to wrestle mentally with Satan. In the Old Church the idea of the Evil Spirit was combined with personal suffering and danger, while Luther taught that man through the original sin was the bondsman of Satan, and, unless he repented sincerely, he must fall eventually into his snares. Hence it came that, during the tenth century, those men who had formed a compact with Satan were generally assumed to have been fetched by him. In confirmation of this, we have the story of Dr. Faustus, but he was far from being the only instance. In too many cases men were murdered by their enemies, and the report was spread that the devil had fetched them. There is hardly one celebrated man of the sixteenth century whom one side or the other did not accuse of having entered into a compact with the demon. In the previous century, the compact which the Duke

of Luxemburg, the opponent of William of Orange, subscribed, was fully printed, and it is characteristic of the age that one of the conditions was, that the demon should always appear before the duke in a "pleasant character."

It is comforting to find that in this gloomy age the Church treated possessed persons after the dictates of the Scriptures. Luther and his successors assumed that they had fallen into the clutches of Satan through some sin, and that it was the duty of the pious to expel the Evil One by prayer and conjuration. Not every epileptic person was considered the devil's own, but as his presence was everywhere suspected, it was a satisfaction so frequently to find him: the most extraordinary manifestations of his presence were observed with credulous zeal. As a general rule, weak-minded women fancied themselves tormented by Satan, and it was a natural result of their fancy that they should express themselves in very strong terms against clergy and ceremonial. How far a prejudice can carry the judgment, not merely of the erring, but also of healthy natures, we may find in the numerous reports of eye-witnesses who in other matters deserve the fullest belief. Thus, during Luther's time, a maid-servant at Frankfort-on-the-Oder was possessed by the devil in a very wonderful way: whatever she caught hold of at once dropped coins of various values. This story is vouched by many credible witnesses, and was at length referred to Luther. He was rather doubtful, wished to know were the money good, and at length gave his

advice to take the girl constantly to church and pray fervently for her. Of course she was soon cured, and left off her tricks; but many an insolvent tradesman would like to have such a servant in the present day. He would be in no hurry to cure her.

The most curious part of the affair was, that as one clear case produced a hundred others, the Protestant and Catholic clergy outvied each other in expelling Satan, and blowing their own trumpet. So soon as a case occurred, both confessions seized upon it, and there was often a scandalous quarrel as to which party should have the credit of defying the devil and all his works. The Protestants employed the prayers of the clergy and the parish, while the Catholics pinned their faith on exorcism. The saved soul naturally belonged to the conquering confession. Among the many cases that occurred, the following, which took place among the Catholics at Ingoldstadt, deserves honourable preservation, not merely for its detail, but also for some interesting psychological features. The original, which fell into our hands by accident, bears the title, "Erschröckliche gantz wahrhafftige Geschicht, welche sich mit Apollonia, Hansel Geisslbrecht's Bürgers zu Spalt inn dem Eystätter Bissthum, Haussfrawen, verlauffen hat, Durch M. Sixtum Agricolam, &c. Ingolstatt, 1587?" The story begins as follows, and we shall supply suggestive extracts as we go along:—

"Hans Geisslbrecht, citizen of Spalt, after the decease of his first housewife, married Apollonia Francke, a widow, and lived with her several years.

At last, however, the accursed marriage devil brought it to such a pitch that they quarrelled night and day, and, worse than that, much blasphemy and bad swearing took place. Now, the said Geisslbrecht came home one Friday, the 19th October of the past year '82, very tidily drunk, began his old games with his wife, and they went on cursing and swearing nearly the whole night, as the neighbours heard. On Saturday morning Apollonia comes to her neighbour, Anna Stadlerin, and says, 'Dear Stadlerin, did you not hear how my husband behaved all last night most disgracefully?' 'Yes,' replies the latter; 'I and my Stadler heard it all, to our sorrow; and the whole neighbourhood will be robbed of its peace if folk live so unchristian.' On this the aforesaid Apollonia fell into a tremendous passion, and said, 'Eih! if our blessed Lord will not help me from this savage man, I wish that the devil would come and do it.' Now, mark what happens! As the aforesaid Apollonia comes home from the meadow the same afternoon with the cows, two birds like swallows come first, although at that season there are none left, and fly quickly round her head. All at once a tall man (it was, unhappily, the devil incarnate) stands by her side, and whispers in her ear, 'Dear Appel, how sorry I feel for thee; thy life is so hard and miserable, and thou hast such a bitter, bad husband, who treats thee so badly; he intends to spend everything, so that after his death nothing shall be left thee. Do one thing—promise to be mine. Lo! then I promise to lead thee this very hour to a glorious spot,

where thou shalt have nothing to do but eat, drink, dance; in short, spend such happy days as thou hast never yet known. For Heaven is not so as thy priests describe it. I will show thee something different.'

"On this mighty promise of the incarnate fiend the wretched woman gives him her hand incautiously, and promises to be his. The aforesaid Apollonia is from this moment possessed by him, and then he suggests to her that she shall hurry with him to the loft, in the hope that she would hang herself there. As the said Geisslbrechtin springs up from her milking, and hurries to the house door, her neighbour sees her, and cries to her husband, 'Oh, Ulrich, come, the neighbour has lost her senses!' On this the two married folk run up, and before they reach her she lays herself full length in the trough, to drown herself in it. When she is taken out, and other neighbours run up and carry the poor possessed woman into the house, she merely desires the steps to the loft, and shouts, 'Oh, let me go! Do you not see how gloriously I live? that I have plenty to eat and drink, and need only to amuse myself?' When Apollonia was carried into her room, four men had quite enough to do in holding her down. In the meanwhile, a messenger reached just at midnight the reverend and learned Master Wolfgang Agricola, dean and rector, bidding him come in all haste, as the Appel had gone mad. But the sensible dean fancied that the matter was not nearly so violent as described, would not go out so late on so sacred a night, but stated that he had expected the constant quarrelling

would have such an end. He, however, ordered that if the Geisslbrechtin was so mad that she could not be held, two chains should be put on her; which was at once done.

"The next morning, after performing mass, the dean, as a man already experienced in such matters, took up a tablet in which was a piece of the true cross and of the pillar at which Christ the Lord was scourged; further, an *Agnus Dei*, blessed in the year of the Jubilee, and a piece of white wax, consecrated by the *Summus Pontifex*, which he placed about his person. When he reached the house, and Apollonia, with her treacherous inmate, who treated her so cruelly, perceived the dean, only those who were present could have believed the noise and disturbance that commenced. For, although the woman was kept down by two chains, four men had their work in subduing her. The dean began, and said, 'Oh, Appel, God in heaven pity thee that thou sufferest so much!' On this the wife said, in a masculine and unusual voice, 'Fie, priest! what do I care for thee and thy Christ? I have enough for life; dost thou not see how gloriously I fare?' To which the dean replied, 'I see, to my sorrow, how well thou livest. I would not wish such a life to a dog, let alone a human being.' And as a proof whether she were really possessed, or only mad, the dean produced the aforesaid relics, and, on her turning her back, laid his hand containing them on her head. Those who were present in the room, and saw how the woman bit like a mad horse at all round,

can better describe the scene than can his reverence. Her cry was constantly, 'Oh, priest, priest! take the thing off my head; if not, I swear that I will tear thee piecemeal.' (Here the demon becomes too prononcé for the present decorous age.) 'Take the thing away, and lay in its stead long sacks full of stones, they will not be so heavy.' 'Tell me, then,' the dean continued, 'what is the matter with thee, and then I will at once remove the relics.' On this the Evil One replied, 'I know very well what it is, but I would sooner do the other thing—*salvâ vênid*—than tell thee.' 'What!' the dean replied, 'thou wilt not out with it? Quick! bring me a white cloth, and I will fasten this slight matter tightly on thy head.' The devil said, 'Ah! thou mayest call it a slight matter, but, were it so, it would not burn so terribly!' 'I conjure thee by the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, say what is the matter?' But he made no other reply than speaking of certain unsavoury food, which he recommended the dean to eat. In the meanwhile, the poor tortured woman began to grow very thirsty, and, on a sign from the dean, holy water was given her, but with that she would have no dealings. The dean asked her why she would not drink it, as it was only water? and the Evil One replied, 'Thou liest, priest! it is thy consecrated water.' On this the women gave her to drink from the great fountain, which is blessed annually on the Golden Trinity Sunday; but this did not suit her either, for she knew all about it, she said. When, however, common water was handed her, she, or the

devil that was in her, said, although there was no difference in the vessel, 'That is the right stuff.' On this, we mixed the three waters together, forced her mouth open with a ladle, and it took a dozen of us to make her swallow it, she all the while exclaiming, or he in her, 'Oh, thou accursed priest! what art thou doing to me?' Replied the dean: 'If you like one sort, you should like the other; I know what a troublesome guest you are, and we shall exchange pleasanter words before we part.' 'What, priest! thou wouldst expel me? I would sooner tear thee to pieces.'

(From this point the dean and the other party continue a Billingsgate colloquy not at all advisable to reproduce. Among other things, the worthy priest puts his adversary through a strict examination on his theological acquirements, and it is clearly seen that the devil can quote Scripture when it suits his purpose. At length the dean finds himself temporarily defeated, and retires to invent fresh plans for carrying the enemy's stronghold. After leaving directions that the patient should be carefully watched lest she should do herself or others a hurt, the dean arranges his batteries, and suddenly, to his horror, finds the foe reinforced in the following fashion:)

"In the meanwhile," the learned Agricola proceeds to report, "a young Lutheran preaching scamp, a son of a tanner in this town, who had just arrived fresh from examination, and fancied that he had received by it full powers—in this resembling the wretched playwright who, in anno 1545, at the sacristy of Witten-

berg, expelled and introduced devils into those possessed—this preacher had heard from his mother all about the terrible affair, and seen us go in and out several times. He had, indeed, been once or twice in the room, although we had not recognised him, owing to his huge beard, in which all his art, like Samson's strength, lay. He goes several times in our absence across, and sees how fearfully the wretched woman is tormented by the Evil One. He speaks to her, but, good Heavens! Hans would not come out for his dead, impotent words, but the Evil One only makes a mock of him. At length, he summoned the miserable woman's husband, and addressed him in these words: 'My dear Hans Geisslbrecht, it is impossible for your Papist priests to help your wife and expel the Satan who treats her so badly. But I,' said the bold sword, 'will fetch a servant of the Office and expel him with the clear word of God.' Such was revealed to us by the aforesaid Geisslbrecht. It annoyed all the clergy, and not unreasonably, from a man who had been born, christened, confirmed, confessed, and brought up in this town, whose father, mother, and relatives had lived, and some died, as good Christians. But he alone had apostatised from them; so that we all agreed he must go with us into the church on the Thursday, when the exorcism was to be performed very quietly, even if we threw him in chains like the poor possessed woman; not that we intended him any harm, but only that he should see what a careful, great, and dangerous labour this was,

and not, as he perchance imagined, a thing like calling the cat from behind the stove. He, however, was warned in time, and went out of the town for a season."

(On the next Wednesday the patient grew so bad that his reverence the dean was again summoned in all haste, and condescended to a personal controversy with the Evil One. Most horrible was the effect when Lucifer could be positively felt between the poor woman's skin and bones in the shape of a large viper, and moving about at unexampled speed, warming her fearfully in the passage. The only sensible thing in the whole affair appears to have been when the dean ordered her head to be shaved, and recommended that she should be washed.)

"Upon this the dean returns home and sends for me; his brother, Magister Sixtus, then Master George Wittmeier; his confessarius, Master Bernhardt Eisen, who was at that time deacon; the student Wilibald Platteling, just arrived from the German College at Rome; and the student Leonard Agricola; and explains to us that, unless we helped the poor woman that night, the devil would kill her, were she worth a thousand men. 'Hence, come quickly with me,' the dean said; 'bear a bold, courageous heart, and no harm will happen to you; and, if it be requisite that your priests should help me in the exorcism in responding to the *cum spiritu* or the Amen, pray be very attentive.' After this he gives a studiosus to carry under his cloak what was requisite for the operation, and goes with us to the church, where he

takes from the sacristy a single blessed particle from the Viaticum, wraps it in a cloth, puts on his gown, and proceeds towards the house. Here he orders the man who bore the other equipment to remain in the yard till sent for. He then enters the room, kneels by the side of the poor woman, and lays his hand, as usual, on her hand. The reviling began again, worse than before; so he takes, unnoticed, the most blessed Hostia out of his bosom and lays it on her head. Soon as she feels this, she makes three tremendous bounds in the bed."

(From this point the dean has decidedly the best of it, and, after a long wrestling, compels the Evil One to confess that his name is Sponge; to which the dean wittily replies, "Well, we shall send you back to your master, that he may wipe his shoes with you." The Evil One begs for forgiveness, but it is of no avail. The dean binds an old red stola round the woman's hands, bids her chains be removed, and the exorcism commences in the following way:)

"After prayers were ended, the dean arranged all of us students round the poor woman, gave one a book, the other a candle, and commenced, in the name of God, such a glorious *modus conjurationis*, based on the Scriptures, that our hearts began to tremble and our hair to stand on end. During this period, the Evil One remained tolerably quiet, but on a boy showing his teeth through the window, he demanded permission to smash in his teeth, but of course this was not allowed. Gradually the woman's eyes, which were naturally black, but had grown grey and fiery like cats' eyes during her

trials, returned to their former colour, her limbs re-assumed their proper position, and the colour came back to her face. Some of those who stood around declared that they saw a black bird issue from her mouth. This we offer without guarantee, as none of us witnessed it, for we do not wish to make any statement which we cannot confirm, in case of necessity, by our priestly oath and with a good conscience. This act was quite successful—the Lord be praised for it!—and the said Apollonia began clasping her hands. On this the dean stooped down to her, took the stola from her hands, and said, 'Dear Appel, how art thou now? Dost thou recognise me and these people?' On this the liberated woman tried to leap up in bed and embrace the dean. This made many an eye wet; but her limbs were so weakened that she was unable to do it. So she smote her hands over her head, and said, thrice, 'The Lord forgive me for having been so grievous a sinner. Now I am ready to die!'"

We need not pursue our extracts. The end is edifying: the brave dean reaps the reward of his dangerous enterprise, wins the soul of Apollonia to his Church, and he warns her husband against his evil courses, who promises to perform a pilgrimage, and they lived on better terms for the future. It may be remarked that the religious zeal of the narrator is not so perceptible in this instance, when describing the cross-examination of the Evil Spirit, as in many similar cases.

The tenderness with which both Churches treated the possessed, and the pious sympathy revealed by the

faithful for the victims of Satan, soon rendered it a matter of speculation. Thus, in 1560, a Thuringian shepherd excited a great sensation. He asserted that he had fallen into the power of Satan by eating some bread which a man of evil character had forced upon him. He was harshly treated by the demon, and displayed his stripes: hence he was zealously recommended to Christians in numerous pamphlets. But when he appeared some time after in Nüremberg, with a bleeding ear and hands tied behind his back, and declared that Satan had done it all, the citizens took up the matter seriously, and the man was convicted of deception, exposed in the pillory, and expelled from the city. Of course, this discovery was also made known in a pamphlet.

Most barbarous was the hatred shown during the last half of the sixteenth century to all those persons suspected of witchcraft. Luther also believed in witches. He stated, on one occasion, that one of these women had injured his mother, and complained that the lawyers did not punish such creatures. Still, in no instance do we find the great Reformer advocating that extreme of cruelty of which his followers were guilty; and Protestantism was not a bit better in this respect than the old faith. The victims cannot be counted, but they probably amounted to hundreds of thousands. The plague first broke out in the territories of the ecclesiastical princes, and it desolated entire districts in Eichstadt, Wurzburg, and Cologne. In twenty villages around Trèves, during seven years, three hundred and sixty-

eight persons were executed, without taking into account those who perished in the city itself; while in Brunswick the burning stakes stood as thickly side by side as a small forest. The ecclesiastics and secular judges employed the most frivolous grounds of accusation, in order to extirpate entire villages. No rank or age was a protection: children and old men, learned men and councillors, were fastened to the stake, though women formed the great majority of the victims. For so great was the fanaticism or wickedness, that the accusation was almost sure to kill. Torture was employed on the most absurd pretexts. Any one who endured it without confessing, thus proved his guilt: fortunes were confiscated and divided among the judges. And these horrors did not end with the century, but continued to the middle of the eighteenth, when they were finally abolished by Frederick the Great.

Still, Protestantism injured the Prince of Hades, for reason began, though slowly, to assert its claims. The Reformers could not refrain from speculating on the extension of his authority. In this way his power soon became limited, and he grew to be regarded as a Minister of Heaven, only able to obey the instructions given him for the punishment of mankind. He can no longer create any living thing, but is still a very clever "Physikus," able to perform a variety of astounding experiments through his skill and intimate knowledge of nature. He it is who makes the milk flow when witches and magicians drive an axe into the wall and milk the haft. But, as a general rule, the arts of

the demon were merely regarded as illusions, and a special branch of demon literature set the pens of the learned in active motion, and created great excitement. These consisted of small tracts, generally written by theologians, and employed as a medium to condemn the follies and crimes of the age, from a moral point of view. They are somewhat tedious reading, and throw no great light on the social condition of our ancestors; but in nearly all of them the devil appears as the synonyme of the distorted views of human nature. And, although not one of the pious writers confessed to any doubt in the reality of Satan, still it is evident that he was gradually becoming an abstract idea.

Far more important than these were the pamphlets enlightened men wrote, at the peril of their lives, on behalf of humanity. They had to apprehend fire and imprisonment, or, in the best case, the hatred and malice which prosy fanatics are wont to pour out on their opponents. A name is preserved in connexion with the sixteenth century which must always be gratefully remembered—that of the Protestant physician, Johann Weier (Piscinarius), who was attached to the household of Duke William of Cleves. He wrote, in 1563, his six books, "De Prestigiis Dæmonum." He, too, believes in magicians who produce evil by the agency of the demon. If they do so, they should be amenable to the laws; but the witches are poor wretched creatures, who fancy they are doing the devil's work, but in most cases are perfectly innocent. The warm expressions he employed against the prevailing brutality

aroused an extraordinary impression, and the savage hounds of the orthodox church opened on him, while the good effects produced by his work were gradually done away by a deluge of opposition writings. In the midst of the desolation produced by the Thirty Years' War, Frederick Spe, the best German Jesuit, wrote in privacy his "Cautio Criminalis," which he brought out in an assumed name at a Protestant press.

During the long wars that desolated Europe, the demon assumed another character, and was repeatedly invoked by the rough soldiery to render them bullet-proof. With the return of peace he retired to the forests, where he taught his arts to the poachers, while the impoverished nation greedily hailed him as the keeper of subterraneous treasures. No little wealth had been buried during the long wars, and some portions had been found by accident. The nation, averse from all healthy toil, was greatly excited by such discoveries, and thirsted for more. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the wandering scholars were the usual treasure-seekers, demon-invokers, and cheats, and they were followed in the seventeenth century by cunning Frenchmen and foreigners, who remained a curse to the country for many a long year. With disappointed hope, the belief in the supernatural powers of the demon died out, and he was handed over to the tender mercies of the author and the dramatist.

It is curious to notice, however, that the sixteenth century commenced in Germany with a profound religious movement, and ended by rendering Satan more

powerful than before. The constant allusions made to his devices, both from Protestant and Catholic pulpits, led many persons to believe in the approaching end of the world. Instead of this, the nation was cursed by a religious war, more horrible in its results than anything the demon had ever effected on earth, and he retained undisputed sway over the minds of men for upwards of a hundred years. Now-a-days the Germans are too enlightened to allow his existence, but their last stage is in some respects worse than the first; for religion has been entirely sapped among them, and they do homage to a system of rationalism more dangerous than the old fetish worship.

CHAPTER VI.

GODDESSES—FREE AND EASY.

THERE is an anecdote told of one of the most illustrious composers, that whenever he set about a new opera, he first attired himself in full court-dress and floating powdered wig. We cannot help fancying that whenever M. Capefigue commences a new compilation, he first dresses in the livery of a lacquey of the time of Louis XV. M. Capefigue is unique; he is probably the only Bourbonist left in the world; and he ignores anything that has occurred in France since the decease of Louis XVI. At the same time he throws the whole blame of the Revolution on that monarch, because he did not shoot down his beloved subjects when they made any tentatives for liberty; and though he bears no liking to the Emperor Napoleon I., whom he would probably call the "Corsican Ogre" if he dared, still he cannot help admiring the sternness which assassinated the Duc d'Enghien and bookseller Palm.

M. Capefigue, although known by many compilations of various merit, has rendered himself conspicuous—we might say notorious—by his defence of royal mistresses, whom he christens *reines de la main gauche*, in allusion to the fashion in vogue among Continental

potentates of marrying ladies inferior to them with the left hand. We need hardly say that in M. Capefigue's eyes everything connected with these ladies assumes a *couleur de rose;* for by a curious ratiocination he considers that contact with monarchy condoned all moral offences. It is very possible, he will admit, for instance, that there was something rather fie-fie about Madame d'Etiolles; but as soon as the Marquise de Pompadour found favour in the royal sight, she was legitimated. In this way he has whitewashed some ten ladies who were no better than they should be, including, by a strange concatenation, Aspasia and the Duchess of Portsmouth, and has completed the series with the curious volume which we now propose to notice.* ;

According to our author, the golden age of society terminated with the "charming" reign of Louis XV., what time the sentimental school of Greuze succeeded the beribboned elegances of Watteau and Boucher. Morals might be no better, but simplicity and candour were affected; and though ladies were not a whit more inclined to give up their lovers, they preferred to make love in an imitation Swiss cottage, or while tending carefully-washed sheep in a very stage-pastoral costume. All this M. Capefigue ascribes to the tendency of the "Nouvelle Héloïse," "a work of wearisome depravity." This fashion extended to the court: Marie Antoinette herself concealed her fair hair beneath a broad-brimmed straw hat, and shook off that etiquette

* "Les Déesses de la Liberté." Par M. Capefigue. Paris: Amyot.

"which is a guarantee of respect and rank." The garden of Trianon still displays all the spirit of the age: there were the dairy, the mill, the temple of Love and Friendship, the small pond, the lake, the factitious rocks, &c. The costume of Marmontel's "Shepherdess of the Alps" took the place of Madame de Pompadour's brilliant toilette; the witty madrigals of Voltaire and Boufflers were laid aside on behalf of dissertations on political economy and philosophy; there were no more "divine" suppers, with a thousand wax tapers; and, horror to tell, tea and milk were substituted for the precious wines which sparkled in the cups of the gentry. We must be very obtuse, for we cannot see what crime M. Capefigue can detect in this last circumstance.

The next blot which our author hits is certainly of a graver nature. Up to the reign of Louis XVI. actresses had only exercised over society the influence of grace. They were liked for their talent, their beauty, and sometimes for their wit. In the whole range of tragedy, from Racine to Crébillon, actresses had displayed a certain moral restraint and delicacy in their amours. Take the case of Mdlle. Gaussin in proof. Bouret, the celebrated farmer-general, had, when a very young man, signed a blank promise, which he gave the lady. When he had made an enormous fortune, he began to grow anxious about it, and begged the lady to fill it up; the charming actress wrote the words, "I promise always to love the little Gaussin.—Bouret." If gentlemen now and then made fools of themselves about

actresses, the latter were never publicly *affichées* as mistresses; they were sent to Fort l'Evêque, with no other formality than a whim of the pit, or an order of the lieutenant of police; and the haughty Mdlle. Clarion underwent the common law, in spite of her protestations "that she only yielded to force, and that her honour remained intact," which remark induced Louis XV. to say, "Where there is nothing left, the king loses his rights."

In the reign of the pious Louis XVI., however, a good deal of scandal sprang up in connexion with actresses; and princes and noblemen did not hesitate to keep them with costly pomp, and no fear of Mrs. Grundy before their eyes. The worst blow to morality was dealt when Marie Antoinette introduced the fashion of amateur theatricals; for the theatre soon became more powerful than the court: people took greater interest in the young Raucourt, Mdlle. Maillard, or Mdlle. Desgarcins, than in the Queen of France. When the dawn of the Revolution arrived, many of the queens of the boards harangued the mob, and declaimed enthusiastic verses for the triumph of the insurrection. Very naturally, the contagion of this evil example soon spread to the bourgeoises. They got rid of religion as a vulgar prejudice, and girls aspired to play the part of Rousseau's Julie, or to the masculine devotion of the women of Sparta and Lacedæmon. A striking example was Lucille Duplessis, of a highly respectable family, who became the wife of Camille Desmoulins. At the most solemn moment, Lucille had rationalistic

doubts about Deity; and yet she was an excellent wife, adoring her children, and courageous in the presence of death. A truer belief existed among the work-girls, who, though they liked to visit dance-rooms, were very regular in their attendance at church. To quote Capefigue: "In these gentle and ravishing distractions of the Sunday of the old *régime*, there prevailed an honesty and decency which defied the Richelieus and seductive marquises, who received more than one lesson at the wine-shops of the Barrier. Sometimes, through caprice or drunken fits, the great gentry visited the Porcherons; if they were too free there in their amorous insolence, they were set upon and turned out by the sincere and strong lovers of the pretty dancers."

The dames of the Halle, too, who eventually became such bitter foes of monarchy, were in reality most devoted, and indeed almost bigoted, churchwomen, whose rule of faith was to fear God and honour the king. The change was produced in them, according to M. Capefigue, by the attacks made in high quarters upon the queen, and which gradually filtered through the populace. Thus "Monsieur" designed the monster found at Santa Fé-de-Bogota, devouring men and flocks. This monster was simply the queen, whom "Monsieur" hated. The name of Madame Déficit was given to Marie Antoinette by the courtiers during the administration of M. Calonne, but soon made way for the hateful one of Madame Véto.

"Madame Véto avait promis
De faire égorger tout Paris."

This odious carmagnole was merely a translation into ignoble language of some court couplets composed by great gentlemen at the elegant banquets which followed on the convocation of the States-General. The Marquises de Lameth and de Lafayette, once the *protégés* of the queen, represented their mistress as an obstacle to the movement of 1789, as a foreigner, an Austrian who sacrificed France to her family. Emissaries propagated these reports in the faubourgs and the Halle so artfully as to make them accepted as true. In this way the *poissardes*, whose privilege it had been to offer a bouquet to the queen, were found in the end offering one to Madame Guillotine. The Revolution naturally attracted to Paris many foreign women, among whom Théroigne de Méricourt was destined to play a somewhat prominent part. She was the daughter of a rich farmer near Liége, short in stature, and remarkably graceful. She had come to Paris some years prior to the Revolution, and had been beloved by several gentlemen, principally authors, who dragged her into the vortex of the Revolution. She was a regular visitor at the Constituent Assembly, where she appeared dressed as an Amazon. She eventually descended to the streets, where her attire aroused great admiration amid the Gardes Françaises and the soldiers of Flanders, who fraternised with the people. Thus attired, she gave the signal on the day of August 10, and displayed such a thirst for blood as to point out

the Vicomte de Suleau to the massacrers, who tore him in pieces. This charming fury had become the idol of the Gironde, and the most intimate friend of Brissot. Attempts have been made to justify her conduct to Sulcau, as the vengeance of deceived love; but Théroigne was long past that stage. She was angry with M. de Suleau, who was a witty writer, for his rude epigrams about her, and for christening her the mistress of the Deputé Populus.

We will not follow M. Capefigue through his judgment on Mesdames de Staël and de Genlis, as he says nothing about them which our readers do not know already. A revolutionary heroine, who attained some notoriety, was Olympe de Gouge, a literary lady, known by a few plays and the publication of some fashionable romances. Olympe suddenly affected the title of a political writer, in order to exalt the Duc d'Orléans and Mirabeau. Foundress of the popular society of women—a somewhat hotheaded and grotesque association—she singularly aided the French Revolution. She improvised odes and cantatas, which created a popular *furore;* and being well known to the Assembly and ministers, she was sent on a mission to Dumouriez, in Belgium, whom she found at the head of his army, with two young ladies as his aides-de-camp, the Mdlles. Fernig, friends of the mysterious "Pamela," and puppets of Madame de Genlis. Dumouriez was fond of good living and gallantry, and people were already beginning to talk about the goddesses of liberty.

The constitutional ladies, who were well educated, we must do them the justice of saying, did not foresee the sanguinary consequences of the doctrines which they developed. They were too high-bred to imitate women like Théroigne de Méricourt, who induced soldiers to desert by singing the Carmagnole. When Olympe de Gouge founded the Ladies' Club, she did not think she was paving the way for scenes of debauchery and immorality. The Jacobins, too, acted from virtuous motives when they sought to impose on women ideas of abnegation and sacrifice. In every patriotic song of Chénier we find a mother or young wife exciting the warriors to combat. There may be something absurd in this plagiarism of Spartan antiquity, but nothing immoral or unchaste. The women regularly went to the Assemblies, knitting in hand, to display the image of labour in the accomplishment of a public duty, and, while suckling their babes, frantically applauded their favourite orators.

The Revolution multiplied public festivals and solemn demonstrations, and women were summoned to play an artistic part in them. A school of pure materialists had sprung up in the middle of Paris, who studied principally beauty and form; and in their eyes the world ought to have but two idols—Reason and Liberty. In order to personify these two ideas, and render them sensible to all, the Commune of Paris sought at the theatres or in society the most perfect beauties, and gave them parts to perform in this new paganism. Reason must be a masculine, stern, and

strong beauty; Liberty, younger and more lissom, must be represented by the features of grace and loveliness. These divinities were not allowed any other costume beyond nudity and drapery. Incense and perfumes burned in golden censers in front of the altar; and as artists were all in all in the Revolution, they draped their models in the antique style, in order to consecrate them to the new worship.

The National Convention held festivals in honour of Nature and Reason: when the Constitution of 1794 was proclaimed at the Champ de Mars, altars were everywhere erected to the new divinities. On the Place de la Bastille, on the top of a high mound, stood an immense statue, with the form of the ancient Isis, from whose breasts flowed pure water and milk. The President Hérault de Séchelles, one of the handsomest men in the old Parliament, collected this water and milk in a cup, and drank it in celebration of the kindness of Nature. On each of the private altars, from the Boulevards to the Military School, young *citoyennes*, scantily clothed, represented bountiful and generous Nature. But the divinity Reason was at the head of all the rest, and her worship became public and national. The Commune of Paris chose, to honour Reason, the high altars of St. Roch and Notre Dame, whose holy statues were removed. There was on this occasion a solemn festival, and the whole of the Convention were present at the inauguration of the new temples. Very serious men regarded these theatrical ceremonies as earnest; for they believed they were

doing a service to humanity by elevating Reason on the ruins of what they called prejudices. At Notre Dame, Nature was represented by a pretty actress, Mademoiselle Maillard, who was adored by the fanatic Republicans. The following couplets were written to celebrate the event:—

"Sur les autels de Marie
Nous plaçons la Liberté:
De la France le Messie
C'est la sainte Egalité.
Nos forts sont nos cathédrales,
Nos cloches sont des canons;
Notre eau bénite des balles;
Nos *oremus*, nos chansons."

We know not whether Mdlle. Maillard felt happy amid this adoration, or whether the incense intoxicated her, —she was an actress, and playing her part; but it is certain that a great number of respectable women were compelled to act in these pagan pomps the character of the Goddess of Reason. If some of these *citoyennes* did so spontaneously, through love of display, others were led into it through a fear of compromising their families by refusing to give a public proof of their civism. At this period the slightest actions were attentively scrutinised; life was in the streets; respectable women and girls, therefore, transformed themselves into Goddesses of Reason or Liberty, and took part in public processions, or danced round the trees of liberty. In this class of Republican women must be placed Madame Momoro, the daughter of a clever engraver of the name of Fournier; when quite a girl, she had married the

printer Momoro, the coryphæus of the club of the Cordeliers, and friend of Hébert. In the midst of the solemnities of the Revolution, Madame Momoro represented the Goddess of Reason, as Mdlle. Maillard did her of Beauty and Nature. She was an exquisitely-formed woman; her black hair fell to her girdle; she wore the Phrygian cap on her head; in her hand was a pike; and a blue star-spangled mantle covered her, so as to display her antique grace. Before these two plastic figures of Reason and Nature the entire Convention and the people knelt down and worshipped.

Passing over Madame Roland, the Egeria of the Revolution, and Charlotte Corday, the murderess of Marat, we come to a woman who played a very remarkable part in her day. Thérèse Cabarrus, daughter of a Spanish speculator, accompanied her father, at the age of fifteen, to Paris; her beauty was soon noticed, and in the early part of 1789 she married the Marquis de Fontenay. In 1792 the elder Cabarrus was arrested at Madrid, and his daughter resolved to fly to him. Stopping on the road at Bordeaux to visit her brother, she was arrested by the orders of Tallien, who, with Isabeau, was pro-consul in the Gironde. Attached to him as secretary was a young spy of Robespierre, known as Jullien of Paris, a man of twenty years of age, who had the art of combining the songs of the Carmagnole with the prettiest boudoir madrigals. Tallien, on hearing of his lovely prisoner, "desired to see her, as one has the curiosity to salute the statue of the antique Venus." Tallien hurried to the prison,

and Madame de Fontenay addressed him with that air of distinction which is always striking. Tallien, who was ardent, polite, and well educated, though only a house-steward's son, was struck not only by her beauty but by her mental charms, and he at once ordered her liberation on bail. From this time Tallien gave up his former bloodthirsty conduct, and was denounced by little Jullien, the agent of the Committee of Public Safety. At this strange period love-affairs went on very rapidly, and Thérèse Cabarrus, without blushing, confessed herself the lady friend of Tallien. In those stern Republican times the wielders of authority did not carry out the Lycurgan sobriety which they held up; and Tallien and his lady soon rendered themselves conspicuous by the splendid banquets which they gave at Château Trompette. Gallantry had retained its old empire even in the Reign of Terror; and if some of the revolutionists behaved after the fashion of the ancient satyrs and goats, the majority were polite, and made love as J. J. Rousseau described it in the "Nouvelle Héloïse." The sea-green incorruptible, *alias* Maximilian Robespierre, himself was a victim of the tender passion. His heart belonged to the daughters of carpenter Duplay, his landlord, in the Rue Saint Honoré. Eléonore, the second-born, appeared best beloved by Robespierre: he read to her, in an accent of indescribable tenderness, the "Nouvelle Héloïse;" he spoke about the charms of innocent love, purity of the soul, and chastity of feelings, and meant it,—for he severely reproved Camille Desmoulins for lending the young lady

a book containing improper pictures. With Eléonore the amorous Maximilian took walks in the remote and solitary country. He liked the wood of Meudon; above all Ermenonville, where Rousseau built his hermitage: he plucked flowers there, and made them into coronals.

Robespierre, however, was not contented with these innocent amours. Barrère tells that he had his "little houses," a handsome garden near the Avenue de Clichy, and a pleasure-house at Charenton, where the great measures against the opposition were prepared. Henriot and his *aides-de-camp* were constant guests there. He saw company, and supped in town at some of the *salons* still open, sometimes in the Faubourg St. Germain. In connexion with these *salons* M. Capefigue tells a story of unexampled atrocity, which we will condense.

The Sainte Amaranthe family, which had not emigrated, lived in a fine hôtel in the Rue du Bac. Mdlle. de Ste. Amaranthe had married the son of M. de Sartine, ex-lieutenant of police; her mother received a great number of people, and some say that she kept a sort of *table d'hôte* and gambling-house for the representatives. Robespierre often went to her house with St. Just, who was greatly in love with Madame Sartine. St. Just had lively passions behind his inflexible features, and in him could be found at times the M. le Chevalier de St. Just who had commenced his literary life by a licentious poem in the style of Ariosto. Trial, the actor, one of the most charming of Colins, and whose wife played *soubrettes* in comic operas enchant-

ingly, was also a guest. Madame de Ste. Amaranthe's suppers were gay, and excellent wine was drunk amid the fire of conversation. One evening Robespierre was led away by the fumes of Clos Vougeot and champagne, and talked about his plans and designs of dictatorship. When the vapours were dissipated, Trial, who had not forgotten himself, called Robespierre's attention to the imprudence he had committed; for it was the period when the future dictator was observed and watched by a thousand enemies, who had sworn his downfall. On the inflexible proposition of St. Just, who showed the dangers which might result from such revelations, the Sainte Amaranthe family were arrested and led before the Revolutionary Tribunal, along with the guests who had overheard the projects of dictatorship,—mother, son, sons-in-law, without excepting a young actress of the Opéra Comique, who had been invited to enliven the supper-party. All the guests were condemned and mercilessly butchered, along with Cécile Rénaud, a girl who had asked an audience of Robespierre. The women who watched over the dictator seized her, searched her, and found a knife on her: this simple fact entailed her death.

The tyranny was at its height, and soon stretched its hand out to clutch Thérèse Cabarrus, whom Tallien tried in vain to protect; for the period was at hand when Tallien himself was to be proscribed. The Marquise de Fontenay was taken to the Prison des Carmes, which was at that time full of good company, among them being Josephine Beauharnais, with whom she

became very intimate. The prisoners of that day were remarkably cheerful, and spent their time in making verses, from which they were often summoned to the guillotine. One morning the whole *troupe* of the Théâtre Français were brought to the Carmes as *suspects*, having been denounced by the "cowardly" Talma, who was a great Jacobin and friend of Danton and Marat. Talma, says our author, was a bad fellow, and jealous of the talent of others. The Marquise de Fontenay had but a poor prospect of escape; for little Jullien every morning urged Fouquier Tinville to draw up the act of accusation. This young man was frightfully opposed to the marchioness, and clung to his prey with indescribable tenacity. Was it from fanaticism and devotion, or hatred of Tallien? About this man M. Capefigue supplies a curious anecdote.

When Thérèse Cabarrus, after becoming the Princess de Chimay, came to Paris during the Restoration, she went one night to a ball. A man of middle age, carefully dressed and well received—for he was a Liberal and a journalist—was conversing very brilliantly. The Princess de Chimay had scarce cast eyes on him when she fainted; and when a friend went to her assistance, she said to him, in a low and choking voice, "The man you see there is the one who devoted me to the guillotine, and I was only saved by the 9th Thermidor." The Encyclopedic journalist, during this period, smiled gracefully, spoke elegantly, and dashed into a waltz with considerable swing and gaiety. Such is the way of the world.

It was a very close shave for the marquise; for the act of accusation was to be signified to her on 9th Thermidor. At this supreme moment the Spanish character in her was revealed in all its energy. She wrote to Tallien a letter of fiery indignation at the cowardly delay which was going to cost her her life. "Why such hesitation? Is a tyrant so very difficult to strike?" On that day Tallien, in a state of great excitement, told some friends of his plan of killing Robespierre, if necessary, in the Convention itself. On the eventful morning of the 9th, the bailiff of the Revolutionary Tribunal read the act of accusation to three women of remarkable distinction—the Duchess d'Aiguillon, the Marquise de Fontenay, and the Viscountess de Beauharnais. As the Conciergerie was too crowded on that day, however, the prisoners were told that they would not be removed till the next day. The duchess was heart-broken; the marchioness calmly and firmly awaited the hour when the dagger would be plunged into the tyrant's heart; but the Viscountess de Beauharnais did not for a moment lose her charming gaiety, for she still placed entire faith in the prophecy of the Negress of Martinique. The Duchess d'Aiguillon, vexed at her inopportune gaiety, said to her, rather angrily, "Well, why do you not appoint your household at once?" "That need not disturb you, duchess; you shall be my lady of honour." When the gaoler told Josephine that it was not necessary to make her bed, as she would be transferred to the Conciergerie in the morning, the Viscountess de Beauharnais burst

into so loud a laugh, that all the prisoners thought her mad.

The readers of Carlyle know how Robespierre fell, and we need not repeat the story here. At the decisive moment, Tallien brandished the dagger which Madame de Fontenay had given him. It was a knife forged at Albacete, such as Castilian women wear in their garter. Tallien's first care was to effect the liberation of his mistress, and on the 11th Thermidor she appeared at the sitting of the Convention, where she was received with tremendous applause. In spite of her sufferings and sorrows, Madame Tallien had remained the fairest of the fair; hardly twenty years of age, she excited admiration by her loveliness, vivacity, and nonchalance; she was a Virgin of Murillo, toned down by the gentleness of Raphael's Madonnas. Tallien declared his marriage with Madame de Fontenay before the civil office—it was so easy in those days to be married and divorced. Madame Tallien opened a delightful *salon* in the hôtel which belonged to her father, and all the decent society left in Paris flocked to it. *Prima inter pares* was Josephine Beauharnais, to whom Tallien had restored a part of her confiscated property. Fortunately for the *bons vivants*, a decided reaction set in against the Spartan broth; people danced and sang as under the *ancien régime*, and the French character returned to its accustomed levity. Even in the Reign of Terror, a party of young men had been formed to whom the unbreeched gave the name of Muscadins; and after the 9th Thermidor they added to their dandy costume the

coiffure aux guillotines—namely, the hair cut behind as if they had undergone the fatal toilette. Tallien and Fréron, renegades from the clubs, placed themselves at the head of these "gilded youths," who filled the Palais Royal, the Tuileries, and the theatres, where the strangest reactionary scenes took place. One day they destroyed the bust of Marat; on the next they made any actor or actress who had taken part in the pomps of the Terror kneel down; Talma the Jacobin, Dugazon, and Valcour were compelled to recite verses composed by a wild reactionary party.

The *salon* of Madame Tallien was visited exclusively by the reactionists. Belonging herself to an old Spanish family, people could visit her without derogation: her friends called her *Notre Dame de Thermidor*, in memory of her energy and devotion; while her enemies christened her *Notre Dame de Septembre*—a terrible accusation which hung over the head of Tallien, the secretary of the Commune of Paris during those blood-stained days. In Madame Tallien's *salons*, the poets who had exalted Robespierre now denounced the tyrant to indignant society. The citizen Desorgues, the same who had celebrated the festivals of the Supreme Being, recited the song of 9th Thermidor:—

"Levons-nous, un tribun perfide
De son orgueil foulé nos droits:
Pour subir un joug homicide
Avons-nous triomphé des rois?
Réveillons-nous, de sa furie
Arrêtons le coupable essor:
Entre un rebelle et la patrie
Pouvons-nous balancer encore?"

On other occasions was sung the touching romance of the "Petit Nantais," music by Méhul, which Madame de Staël accompanied on the harp; this complaint recalled the crimes of Carrier and the drownings of Nantes, which everywhere aroused indignation and horror; this touching romance was recited in all the *salons* as a manifesto against the Jacobins :—

"J'aimais papa plus que moi-même,
Des barbares l'ont fait périr:
Dans ma douleur extrême
Il ne me reste plus qu'à mourir.
Ecoute l'ombre de ton père:
Elle te dit: Mon fils, calme ton désespoir;
En vivant, console ta mère:
D'un bon fils c'est le devoir.
Maman, ô souvenir funeste!
Dans les flots elle a dû périr;
Elle n'est plus; il ne me reste
Que l'espérance de mourir."

At this reactionary period the trial of the Terrorists, Carrier, Barrère, Billaud-Varennes and Collot d'Herbois, was actively carried on; the Convention proved implacable against the men whose accomplice it had been; for, as Barrère said, "If there was crime in the Terror, everything was guilty, down to the president's bell." It seems to us, who regard the matter impartially, that the overthrow of Robespierre was a mistake, because he alone could have prevented a military dictatorship; he stood well with all the courts of Europe, for they were convinced of his sincere desire for peace, and had he lived matters would probably have been very different. Bonaparte always spoke in the highest

terms of the conduct of the National Convention in this matter, and *pour cause*. Still it is absurd to praise the enemies of Robespierre for what they did on Thermidor 9; for they merely acted thus to save their own heads, and were all terribly implicated in the atrocities which had already taken place.

So soon as the incorruptible one had been rendered harmless, a swarm of *émigrés* returned to Paris, and the old aristocratic society was spontaneously reproduced. As, however, the nobility had lost their fortunes, they let off their enthusiasm in public balls, one of which received the strange name of the "Ball of the Victims:" no one was admitted who had not lost a relative or a dear friend by the guillotine. Ladies and gentlemen wore their hair there short behind, as if to recall the fatal toilet prior to execution, and dressed in long robes of diaphanous muslin; and the ladies danced *à la grecque*, which was slightly absurd, we confess. After the Directory was established, luxury began to be quietly displayed, and the consulship of Bonaparte caused a very considerable change. Of all the republican *salons*, the only ones tolerated by the jealous first consul were those of Mesdames de Staël, Tallien, and Récamier; and he very soon put an end to these also. The campaign in Egypt had been the period of the most dissolute morality; for wives separated from their husbands certainly behaved very strangely. A celebrated trial teaches us that between 1798 and 1802 Madame Tallien had three children, who were registered by her family name of Cabarrus. What a strange period! the

law of divorce thus gave three families to Thérèse. On April 8th, 1802, at her own request, a divorce was pronounced from Tallien; and with two husbands still alive, she married, on July 14th, 1805, Count Joseph de Caraman, soon after the heir of the Prince de Chimay. In 1814, the happy couple wished to have their marriage recognised and blessed by the Holy Pontiff, who politely stated that, as the marriage with Tallien had not been consecrated by the Church, the only obstacle was that with the Marquis de Fontenay. On the death of the latter gentleman, the union of Thérèse Cabarrus with the Prince de Chimay was declared legitimate, and blessed by the Catholic Church.

From this period the prince and princess retired to their splendid château, where they lived in grand style. Their hôtel in Paris was visited by many persons, although the Faubourg St. Germain kicked against the pricks. When she became older, the princess, as a Spaniard, turned very pious, and died in the odour of sanctity, on January 15th, 1835. The youngest of the ladies of the Directory, the cold Madame Récamier, remained longer on the world's stage. Of this lady we need say nothing, because a long account of her *salons* was recently offered to the English reading world. At the present day not a relic of the Directory is in existence: for a time novelists used to employ Conventionalists as bugbears, just as was the case with the executioner of Charles I.; but the fashion died out, till it was revived by Victor Hugo in "Les Misérables," who, striving for effect, allows his good bishop to be "shut

up" by one of the condemners of Louis XVI. After all, this is a plagiarism; the thing was better done by Horace Smith many years ago, when he introduced Ludlow into a novel, and showed how the regicide gradually pined away under the influence of remorse. Not that we believe he did anything of the sort; but at any rate it read well, and satisfied that mild aristocratic tendency of the English, who liked to keep January 30th as a solemn fast-day, although they would most bitterly regret the fact, had not that awful *regum flagellum* been inflicted. The French Revolution is, in short, one of those affairs of which the least said the better. It was a fearful necessity in order to restore the world's balance; and, as is usually the case, innocent persons were the most sorely dealt with.

CHAPTER VII.

WAS WALLENSTEIN GUILTY?

The period of the Thirty Years was the most melancholy of all those chronicled in the pages of Germany's history, not alone through its external ruinous result, but also by its disastrous effect on the morals of the nation. In the foregone century, a deep and holy enthusiasm had seized on the noblest of the land, and aroused a glorious spirit of emulation for the amelioration of the condition of Church and State, and the foundation of permanent prosperity. Those solid principles, which kept selfishness at bay, merged into existence, and while the Reformer himself, by the simplicity of his life and his disinterestedness, afforded that rare ensample of virtue which may be traced through his whole career, many of his adherents signalised themselves by their devotion to the cause of the Reformation, and even by joyfully undergoing a martyr's death. No sign of such a spirit was manifest during the whole of the religious war, but the energies of man seemed solely concentrated on self, and the satisfaction of his unbounded covetousness. Many Protestant princes only saw, in the progressive amelioration of the Church, a prospect for their own aggradise-

ment, and the augmentation of their territory; they ravenously stretched forth their hands on every side to satiate their rapacity by the confiscation of church lands, and such an example was not calculated to moderate the selfishness and cupidity of the lower classes. When the religious war broke out, this feeling displayed itself in the lukewarmness shown by many as to the interests of the common cause, and in the want of active co-operation, which eventually brought the work of reformation to the verge of destruction. Foreign nations mixed themselves up in the war: the system of maintaining Lanzknechts was carried to an immoderate extent, and an anarchical character impressed on the struggle. While the hope of plunder and booty alone caused the mercenaries to take up arms, many leaders continually stimulated their wild bands by the promise of robbery and good cheer. And even when this did not occur, still rich estates, out of the conquered territory, were hinted at as the rewards for action. Greed for money and rank among the Lanzknechts, for territorial aggrandisement and high dignities among their leaders, were, for the most part, the sole enticements to enrol themselves under one banner or the other. Every principle of morality had been so utterly subverted, that it was a frequent occurrence for a mercenary to fight against his own creed, although mentally avowing it. In Friedland's army there was a whole mass of Protestants, who served the duke or the emperor most zealously, and employed their utmost efforts to over-

throw the Swedo-German party, and consequently, the Reformation itself.

Albert of Wallenstein was not the man to raise himself above this universal corruption of the age; indeed, he was as much subjugated by the promptings of selfishness as the lowest mercenary in his army. It is true, he never degenerated to sordid covetousness, but was frequently (of course, for the furtherance of his own designs) remarkably liberal; but he recognised nothing beyond his own interest which could impel him to action; fellow-feeling, love of his fatherland, the prosperity of his country, were to him words without meaning—virtues in which he placed no belief. He certainly struggled with and combated difficulties, privations, and dangers; but then it was only for his own advantage.

This the whole history of his life proved. Although he employed a large portion of his private fortune in the service of the emperor, still his riches ever grew with his years. We must not forget to add that, as is frequently the case, the more his fortune increased, the less was he satisfied. After his landed property had been enormously extended, he raised it to the value of several millions; and when he had been so far successful, he did not rest till he had secured a princely revenue. In his ambition he displayed a like want of moderation. After he had been raised to the rank of count, he directed his wishes towards a princely mantle; and after being invested with this, he aspired, through the possession of the duchy of Mecklenburg, to the

enjoyment of actual and independent sovereign authority. Through his mighty fortune accustomed to pomp; through his military position, to unbounded domination; through the homage paid him by crowned heads, to a rank equal to theirs; called by the emperor himself "uncle;" by the King of France "cousin," he could not longer support the idea of being a subject; and the choice was left him between utter ruin, and taking his place by the side of the princes of the empire as an independent sovereign.

If, then, the accusation against Albert of Wallenstein is grounded on the fact of his aspiring to the Bohemian throne, his feelings and principles, behaviour and actions, and finally, his conduct during the whole course of his life, justify us in deeming him capable of entertaining such designs. In Bohemia he had great estates and family connexions; there he carried out all his political schemes; in that country he ever preferred, at the decisive moment, to concentrate his whole army. Just before the attempted completion of the deed of which he was accused, he withdrew his forces into Bohemia, against the express wishes of the emperor. Grave circumstances, therefore, give weight to the probability which generally supports the charge.

As regards the immediate proofs, in the first place, it is shown by documentary evidence that Count Kinsky was in treaty with the court of France, for a considerable portion of the year 1633, touching the elevation of Friedland to the Bohemian throne. His defenders assert that such schemes were carried on

without the privity or assent of the duke. This palliation is primarily opposed by the serious fact that, coincidentally with these negotiations, Friedland himself suffered the suspicious remark to escape him in the Silesian camp, "That peace must be concluded, and the emperor compelled to restore the right of free election to the crown of Bohemia." Another still more serious circumstance may be added, that Friedland offered, through Marshal Arnim, to join the Swedes. When his defenders object that this was only done with a view to delude the enemy, in the first place, such an answer is utterly without proof, and the *onus probandi* is on them; and secondly, it is fully controverted by the letter addressed by Field-Marshal Holk to Bernhard of Saxe Weimar, quoted in Förster's "Wallenstein's vertraute Briefe."

However, supposing it to be the case that Kinsky, in all his negotiations with France, acted without the knowledge of the Duke of Friedland, assuredly the latter would have publicly declared himself irresponsible for all the steps taken by his brother-in-law, in his capacity as imperial general, immediately informed his master of all that had occurred, and have exerted himself to the utmost to stop Kinsky's equivocal machinations. But no; Friedland acted exactly in the opposite way. On several occasions he was officially informed of his relative's schemes—first, through the memorial of the Marquis de Feuquières, which the latter sent to Wallenstein immediately after his first interview with Kinsky, and again by the letter written to

him by the King of France, *manu propriâ*, in which he terms him "cousin." In the face of all this, Wallenstein neither protested against Kinksy's negotiations with France, nor informed his court of them: his brother-in-law, on the contrary, remained in his perfect confidence, assisted him in the most weighty affairs, and even accompanied him when he at length set out to join the enemy.

"This circumstance is decisive," as Mailäth justly says in his "History of the Austrian Empire." "Since Friedland listened to the proposals of France, without informing Ferdinand II. of them; since he knew that his brother-in-law was negotiating on his behalf with France, and since he, nevertheless, neither protested against them nor attempted in any way to thwart them; from these reasons, Albert of Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, was guilty of treason towards the emperor."

All subsequent events only served to furnish further proof of the existence of this treachery. Wallenstein was no admirer of prompt action, but was wont to be above all measure scrupulous, and almost vacillating, that he might seize on the decisive moment. His superstitious belief in astrology, which ever required a favourable conjunction of the planets for such a moment, went far to nourish this predisposition. Though determined on deserting the emperor, he hesitated for a length of time before carrying it into effect, in order to unite every circumstance in his favour. That he might not be prematurely detected,

he concealed himself behind Count Kinsky in his negotiations with France, and reserved to himself the subterfuge, that the latter acted without his cognisance. After his return from the Silesian campaign in the autumn of 1633, his whole conduct seemed to presuppose a design for an eventual rupture with the emperor; for he gave up Bavaria to Bernhard of Saxe Weimar without a blow, turned a deaf ear to all Maximilian's entreaties for assistance, and disobeyed the emperor's most authoritative commands to him to aid the elector. Each day he advanced slowly to the consummation of the deed: the treaty with France was to have been ratified on the 1st of January, 1634, but still he employed Kinsky as a cloak. At length the emperor received an official statement of the negotiations with France, and immediately Friedland's hesitation was changed for energetic action. Preparations were made to estrange the army from the emperor through the memorial the colonels were pressed to sign at Pilsen; when this failed, an attempt was made, to invest this proceeding with a halo of innocence, through a pretended protestation; he sought to concentrate his partisans, first at Prague, then at Pilsen, and to break the ground for the army's desertion to the enemy by his order that it should only obey him, Illo, and Terzka. After all this had been essayed in vain, Wallenstein set out for Eger with the *reliquiæ* of his once colossal army, in order to deliver this important fortress at least into the hands of the enemy, and by the help of the Swedes commence re-

cruiting a new body of forces. All these facts stand in such peculiar connexion, and are accompanied by such remarkable circumstances, that it is rendered evident that Wallenstein's intention was to complete the treaty with France at the commencement of the year 1634. We must enter a little further into details.

Friedland based his plans pre-eminently on the pecuniary embarrassments of the emperor, through which the latter would be rendered incapable of reimbursing the advances made by his general officers, and punctually paying his army. With calculating zeal he aroused in the commanders the fear of losing their money, and in all his speeches showed, in glowing colours, that not only the emperor would not be able to keep his promise, but that, however good his will might be, he could not possibly fulfil it, as his finances were in such a dilapidated condition. On the other hand, he sought to show how watchful he had ever been of the interests of his soldiers, and how much he was still disposed to do if he remained at the head of the army. In order to accomplish this, Wallenstein required great pecuniary resources: the aid of France in the contemplated alliance was to consist of subsidies of money. Twelve days, then, prior to the attempt on the fidelity of the officers at Pilsen, Kinsky had tried to conclude the treaty with France. The union among the officers was, from its very tendency, in the highest degree improper, and evidently a preliminary attempt to withdraw the army from its obedience to the em-

peror. Though it is incapable of proof, still it is highly probable that foul play was at work to do away with the reservation contained in the memorial as to serving the emperor. So many rumours were in circulation about it, that it would be difficult to regard the whole affair as a pure invention. Besides, it must be added that menaces were employed to induce those officers who still hesitated, to attach their signature to it. In the examination afterwards made into the matter, Duke Julius of Saxony denied, it is true, that persons had been forced to sign by threats of strangulation, or of being hurled out of the window, or that swords were drawn; but still he allowed that Losi had called all the other colonels present cowards. Now, as Losi was one of Wallenstein's most unscrupulous partisans, he was necessarily angered because others raised serious objections about signing the memorial. Although all this does not positively go to prove anything, still it furnishes "*indicia*" which acquire importance when taken in conjunction with the many other immediate proofs—such, for instance, as the treaty with France.

Wallenstein's defenders do not attempt to deny his formal desertion to the enemy, in his march to Eger; but in his excuse they allege that the Duke of Friedland was driven to this step, when he received the information that he was deposed from his command, and placed under the ban of the empire. We will be more reasonable than others, and would not deny *in toto* the validity of this excuse, if it admitted of proof; but, in truth, there is none, and every circumstance leads us to

quite the opposite conclusion. We will attempt to explain this.

According to the narrative of Quartermaster-General von der Grün, Duke Bernhard of Saxe Weimar, in consideration of Wallenstein's repeated and pressing entreaties, assembled his troops about the commencement of February, 1634, in order to march through Wieden to Eger. For the sake of impartiality, we must certainly remark here, that some doubts have been raised as to the time at which Grün states that Bernhard commenced his march. If the duke heard of Wallenstein's death, which took place on the 25th of February, while still at Wieden, it is very improbable that he set out to join him at the commencement of that month. But we fortunately possess a letter written by Duke Francis Albert of Saxe Lauenburg, addressed to Illo, and dated February 24th, 1634, from Ratisbon, in which he announces that Bernhard of Saxe Weimar was concentrating his whole force on the frontier, and that all his arrangements would be completed in a very few days. This clearly shows that Bernhard commenced his march at a later date. It appears, too, from Grün's narrative, that Wallenstein had laid his prayer for assistance before Duke Bernhard long prior to the 19th of February, the day on which he received news of his deposition. Grün assures us, too, that Bernhard had at first declined, and only consented when he received a very detailed account of all Wallenstein's designs. This evidently has reference to many and longer negotiations—at least to such as must

have been commenced long before the 19th of February. Other considerations must lead us to precisely the same result. If it was true, as Förster so confidently asserts, that both Sweden and France only saw in Wallenstein's proposals a design to entrap them; if, further, Friedland had not, till three days antecedent to his murder, done anything to do away with that opinion,—it is quite inconceivable they would hurry to help him in the extremity of his danger. Instead, then, of marching to Eger, and there awaiting the arrival of the Swedes, Friedland would necessarily have sought to save himself in quite a different direction. The march to Eger was the open rupture with the emperor; and Wallenstein, through the ill success of his attempts on the army, irrecoverably lost, could he not calculate on the help of the Swedes. Friedland was quite aware that he must soon be attacked in Eger; he was, further, much too conversant with state business not to see, that without preliminary negotiations the time was much too short to complete a treaty with the Swedes; under such circumstances it would have been more than a mere error of judgment to shut himself up in Eger, and actions of this character do not resemble Wallenstein's usually cautious and reflecting policy.

In consideration, then, that a number of concurrent circumstances revealed Prince Friedland's settled design of deserting the emperor, and gaining the crown of Bohemia by a coalition with France and Sweden;

That such a design was primarily, though obscurely, visible in Wallenstein's remarks to Field-Marshal

Arnim during the first Silesian armistice, and openly expressed during the second;

In consideration, also, that negotiations were commenced with France for the purpose of carrying out the scheme, to which Wallenstein silently assented;

And fourthly, that the desertion was openly displayed in the march to Eger, and the attempt made to form a junction with the Swedes;

Albert of Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, was guilty of treason towards his emperor, Ferdinand II.

On the other hand, it has been laid to the emperor's charge that, without conceding Wallenstein a judicial hearing, he ordered him to be not merely executed, but basely assassinated. Such a deed, if committed in Germany, would appear in the sight of history a grievous crime, even if done by an emperor. It is therefore fitting to make an impartial inquiry into the subject. The accusation against Ferdinand II. is mainly grounded on a justification of Wallenstein's death, which appeared in print by authority of the imperial court. In it was stated, among other matters, that, concurrently with the decree of deposition, dated 24th of January, 1634, an order was sent to Gallas to possess himself of Wallenstein's person, either alive or dead. Count Kevenhüller affirmed this as well, and wrote that Wallenstein, before his death, had been placed under the ban, and declared "vogelfrei." This served to propagate the idea of the emperor's complicity. On a nearer examination of the true state of the case, we shall be led to form quite the opposite opinion. The

reasons are as simple as they are numerous and decisive.

Both Ferdinand II. and his confidential Camarilla entertained serious apprehensions as to Wallenstein's power and influence with the army. When Friedland's negotiations with France became the subject of public conversation, in December, 1633, and his deposition had been already decided on, Ferdinand was in great difficulty about what he should do with his rebellious general, as simple imprisonment appeared hazardous. Even after Wallenstein's deposition, he did not dare to make it publicly known, but only imparted it to his stanchest adherents. The various precautionary measures taken by the emperor prove how much he feared, even at that hour, Wallenstein's power. Besides these circumstances, it is highly improbable that orders had been issued for Wallenstein's murder, even in secret. In the imperial manifesto, it is true that Friedland and two of the chief conspirators were excluded from the general amnesty; but this could not well be otherwise, when we consider its comprehensiveness. Again, too, it was added, in regard of Illo and Terzka, that they were shut out because they were reported to be organisers of the conspiracy; and this seems to indicate the reservation of the power of further examination. We possess no document in the German archives by which Wallenstein was placed under the imperial ban, or his assassination authorised.

After the decree of deposition of the 24th of January, 1634, a second manifesto was issued by the emperor,

conceived in much sharper terms, and in which Wallenstein is openly accused of treason. It bore date 18th of February, 1634; but it is highly probable it was only drawn up after Wallenstein's death, and purposely ante-dated. Even in this document there is no mention of Wallenstein being placed under the ban, or any order to capture him dead or alive. This raises serious doubts as to the moral complicity of Ferdinand II. in Wallenstein's murder; and, besides, various facts furnish conclusive evidence that Colonel Butler designed and executed the deed without any settled plan or previous authority, and specially without any proposal from the emperor. This we will proceed to prove.

After the assassination of Wallenstein had been irrevocably determined, still, at the moment of action, the conspirators felt great repugnance. This was very natural, for up to that time the Duke of Friedland had ever been to them an object of the greatest reverence; the severe commander, whom none dared to approach with the slightest mien of insubordination, least of all of insult. Though his majesty was at an end, still a holy awe of his will and person, through long association, remained on the mind of his inferiors. This *prestige* had a powerful effect even on Butler, Leslie, and Gordon. After Wallenstein's confidants had been murdered, these three consulted together whether there was no method left open to spare the general's life, and render him harmless by imprisonment. Then, however, one reminded the other of the dangerous speeches they had heard at table. Illo, namely, was not satisfied

with merely expressing his joy at the speedy approach of the Swedes, but even asserted that within three days the duke would be at the head of a greater army than ever. Rittmeister Neumann also said, that as the emperor had so shamefully oppressed German liberty, he would, for his part, take such vengeance that he would shortly wash his hands in the blood of the lords of Austria. The conspirators, therefore, considered the danger so pressing, that it could only be averted by Wallenstein's immediate death. Thus, then, they were driven to adhere to their previous decision. All this is selected from various narratives; and Butler's letters prove most clearly that he determined on the deed without persuasion from other parties, and solely through consultation with Leslie and Gordon. His letter to Gallas explains, quite calmly, why he determined on murdering the Duke of Friedland. It does not contain the slightest reference to any commission he had received, and Butler appears in it the sole and independent suggestor of the deed. Had he received any authority from the emperor, he would have most certainly made some allusion to it in this letter. At that day, men were only prone to act from the hope of reward, and had he been authorised by the emperor, he would certainly have laid claim to payment for the speedy completion of the deed. Butler promised himself great gain from the murder, as his letter to Gallas testifies: had he had the slightest encouragement from higher quarters, he would have pictured in glowing colours his zeal in the emperor's cause. His letter to

Ferdinand II. does not contain the slightest allusion to such a subject; but, on the contrary, shows that Butler hoped to surprise the emperor with some perfectly unexpected news.

Count Piccolomini, it is true, had intended to command Butler to possess himself of the person of the Duke of Friedland, either dead or alive; but while remarking that this does not furnish any proof of the emperor being implicated, it is seen from Publicius Taafe's statement that Piccolomini's orders never reached Butler. The suspicion that the emperor was an accessory before the fact in Wallenstein's murder arises mainly from the fact that, after the deed was done, the imperial court not only expressed its approbation, but sought to justify it in the sight of the world. The inference naturally seemed to be, the man who can approve of such a deed after it has been done, might easily be capable of authorising it, or even of being *particeps criminis*. But Ferdinand, as it appears, knew nothing of it beforehand. After it had been accomplished, he doubtlessly approved of it, and certainly burdened it on his own shoulders. In that lawless age, the supreme authority usurped the right of passing a sentence of death on a culprit, even though he might no longer be among the living; and this was called *sententia post mortem*. The emperor's eldest son, Ferdinand, who had already been crowned King of Bohemia, gave it as his opinion that the murder of Wallenstein should be converted into a legal act by such a reflective sentence. This took place through the public justifica-

tion of the deed, and through this arose the belief in the emperor's moral complicity.

Ferdinand II. was, therefore, guiltless of the murder of the Duke of Friedland; the severest reproach must, however, be cast on him for the simulated friendliness which he displayed in his letters to Wallenstein, from the period of his deposition up to February 3, 1634. We cannot consider it a crime that, from precautionary motives, he delayed to publish his manifesto; but to maintain a confidential correspondence with the duke was a piece of hypocrisy altogether unworthy an emperor.

The Italian generals in the imperial army behaved also in a very reprehensible manner. Förster is perfectly in the right when he ascribes to them mainly the downfall of Wallenstein: we allude especially to Aldringer, Maradas, Piccolomini, Suys, Colloredo, and Marzini. They were not actuated by zeal for the public good, but instigated by implacable personal hatred. Piccolomini's passion, indeed, carried him so far, that he wished to eke his revenge on the corpses of Friedland and his companions in crime, by publicly exposing them in the most ignominious quarters of Prague. Ferdinand II., however, would not suffer this barbarity to be executed on any of the main actors, with the exception of Rittmeister Neumann, "on account of his foul tongue;" another proof of the authenticity of the preceding narrative.

CHAPTER VIII.

A RUSSIAN STATESMAN.

No state in recent times has so rapidly attained power and influence as the Russian. This was more especially owing to the genius of Peter the Great, who dragged his resisting nation on to the path of European civilisation. The activity of this marvellous man excited a degree of enthusiasm which was evidenced by the numbers who flocked to aid in his labours. Many of these, it is true, were adventurers, but, on the other hand, many were men of decided character and brilliant genius. The newly-founded capital on the Neva enticed a multitude of persons, who were thence scattered over the country. When the master departed this life, they fairly earned the reputation of supporting the edifice, and gradually adding to its size. Britons and Frenchmen, Danes and Dutch, rivalled the natives in carrying out this heavy task, but the Germans were the most prominent of all. The conquest of the Baltic provinces had enlisted the services of thousands of these, from which Russia derived great benefit. But Germany proper did not remain behind. She sent the cautious and polished Ostermann, whom Russia has to thank for the peace of Nystädt, and for the regulation of her

foreign relations; she gave the terrible Münnich, whose restless zeal created a new army organisation so good, that on the first engagement between the Russians and their arch-foes the Turks, the former were enabled to blot out the disgrace which had clung to them since the treaty on the Pruth. Probably, however, no one exercised a more beneficent influence in Russia than JACOB JOHANN VON SIEVERS. And yet, who speaks of him now, or who knows his transcendent merit? He shares the lot of the others who, since Russia has fully entered into European history, did the most towards augmenting her dignity and power by their silent activity and devotedness. Their deeds, however, are forgotten by an ungrateful nation, or, worse still, purposely ignored and misrepresented.

Sievers was descended from an old family resident in Holstein till the commencement of the Thirty Years' War, but which eventually settled in Esthonia. He was born on the 19th of August, 1731, and was fortunate in having parents who taught him to fear God and honour the king. To his mother he was utterly devoted, and in his old days was fond of comparing her to Lady Holdernesse, "whom good old George II. always treated with greater respect than other ladies, because she was the best of mothers—suckled her own children—was for years envoy at the Hague—and so soon as a child had to be quieted, she retired." His father, too, was a sturdy, upright man; and the first words he taught his son to write on his slate were, "Do right, and fear nobody." It was at first intended that the lad should

be sent to Sweden, where a relative had promised to adopt him, and he actually got as far as Revel, whence his great-aunt, however, carried him off in triumph, and bore him back home. So this project was knocked on the head. Soon after, however, an uncle who held a high position at Petersburg, and who, it was whispered, was a favourite of the Empress Elizabeth, visited his brother's estate, and took a liking to the subject of our memoir. He offered to take him with him to the capital, and this offer could not be refused. His father gave him his blessing, and the advice, "Whatever you have to do, do it willingly." In 1744, we find young Sievers, as ensign in the College of Foreign Affairs, taking the oath in the Lutheran church of Moscow, and busily engaged in his official duties. In the meanwhile his uncle had married a lady of spirit, and had got well before the world, and young Sievers went to live with him and profit by the lessons his aunt gave him in the ways of the world. That she was competent to do so will be seen from the following anecdote:—"Some splendid silk stuff was once sent from Paris, which the empress would much have liked to purchase, but found it too dear. The Baroness Sievers immediately purchased it, and appeared in it on the empress's birthday. The latter had scarce noticed the splendid dress, ere she exclaimed: "Ei! ei! that stuff was too dear for me!" The baroness cleverly replied, "How could anything be too dear to me in celebration of my empress's birthday?"

The first foreign embassy to which young Sievers

was attached was at Copenhagen, which he joined in the beginning of 1748. The travelling directions his uncle gives him are instructive enough for quotation:—

"The uncle writes that his nephew had by this time, he hoped, safely reached his parents' house. On his departure, he and the aunt had recognised his good heart, and both felt comforted, that his faithful servant Ossip was accompanying him. On German ground he must not let himself be cheated with his money; plenty of swindlers would soon flock round him, as he had himself learned. In Dantzic he could consult with the Russian resident Scherer as to the continuance of his journey. Ossip must be careful, though, not to get quarrelling with the postillions in Pomerania or elsewhere, for they did not understand a joke. 'If he reminds you,' the old gentleman goes on to write, 'whenever you may forget to commend yourself to God night and morning, do not be angry with him, for I bade him to do it. . . . . Son of my heart, beg thy dear grandfather with all reverence for his blessing, and remember the father's blessing builds the children's houses; what, then, will not a father's father's blessing effect? It is surely powerful, you may believe me. Have thy life long God before thy eyes and in thy heart, and guard thyself lest thou consent to any sin or act against God's command. And when thou canst help the needy, if thou hast much, give abundantly; hast thou little, so give that little with good and faithful heart. For alms absolve from sins and from death, and leave us not in our need. Share thy bread with

the hungry, and cover the naked with thy clothes.' In this manner the uncle goes on for a while, and embroiders his teaching with the best passages from the Bible. A pleasing proof, it seems to us, of the way of thinking at that day, when coming from the mouth of a perfect gentleman, who was afterwards to perform the functions of Supreme Marshal of the Court. But that these are not mere words is continually proved by the way he treated his nephew."

Sievers, but a youth of seventeen, was fortunate in being attached to an ambassador like Baron Korff, who was a literary Mecænas, and devoted to the *belles lettres*. We have no details, however, as to the mode of life our hero pursued in Copenhagen, and, indeed, ere long he was transferred to the English embassy, at the request of Count Czernischew, who was a friend of his uncle's family. George II., who was then seated on the British throne, had such a longing for his native land that he visited it nearly every year. His château of Herrnhausen, near Hanover, was his favourite residence. Here he had spent the summer of 1748, thence guided the concluding negotiations at Aix-la-Chapelle, and among his other amusements visited Gottingen in state, and founded its university. Princes and courtiers flocked into the brilliant court, which Sievers also received orders to join. George II. returned home on the 25th of November. Admiral Anson, the celebrated circumnavigator, had conveyed the king out, and on his return the truth of his title, "Foul-weather Jack," was con-

firmed. A storm assailed the fleet, which was in greater danger than Anson had ever experienced on his longest voyages. Sievers, too, was in imminent peril, but at last succeeded in landing at Lowestoft, as the packet-boat could not put into Harwich.

A strange change awaited the young man in London. He had been educated in a capital where all seemed to hang on the nod and the smile of a mistress, and had just come from a court where the law itself freed the monarch from every restraint. In London he found, to his surprise, the mob apparently governing, and he did not dare to walk the streets in clothes of a French cut for fear of being insulted. His mode of life in this country will be best seen from a letter he wrote his father:—

"On Sundays he went to church in the morning or afternoon, generally to the English, in order to pursue his studies in that language. His evenings he spent in a coffee-house, and read the English papers over a cup of chocolate. Monday morning an English teacher came to him; in the afternoon he visited the fencing-room. Tuesday was post day, and he spent it at the count's. Wednesday and Thursday the teacher came again. He went every day to the coffee-house, and spent half an hour in the way he described, and his sole pleasure was to argue with somebody about the news. He also visited the park two or three times a week. This was a spacious ground near the court, in the centre of which was a large canal, surrounded by promenades, not particularly agreeable, but greatly visited because

there were no others. The king was often wont to enjoy the fresh air there. In Copenhagen he had played a little, but he had left it off here, for the play was so high. The theatre, too, was terribly dear—three shillings in the pit, and five in the boxes; hence he only visited it once a week, for the sake of the language. Fencing was very necessary, but cost him, although his master was the cheapest in London, two guineas for the first month, and one for the next. This monotony was interrupted by his summer residence at Kensington, whither Count Czernischew had gone in the spring. Sievers considered it advisable to follow him there, both for the sake of the fresh air and to prove his zeal to the count. Kensington was the place where the king held his court in summer, and though his lodging cost him as much as in London, he had a larger room, and dined at the count's table, which was not usually the case. Hence he was enabled to live for seven or eight pounds a month, and his only difficulty was where to get the money from."

In another letter to his uncle, who, while not refusing to send him money, wishes to know how it was spent, Sievers gives a more detailed account of his expenses. He begins by saying that as he was known to be the nephew of a great gentleman, he was expected to make a figure. Although he dined daily at the count's, he was invited out to other houses generally once a fortnight, and had to give the servants more money than the dinner was worth, two or three shillings or more, if the house was large and the number of servants

great, was the least that could be given. This custom was so general, that when a guest was about to leave a house the servants barred his way, and impudently held out their hands for vails. He took care to go out as little as possible: still he must reckon these presents at four pounds. In the same way he must, every Christmas, give vails in his own house, at the count's, and wherever he visited, and these amounted to at least four pounds more. Although he frequently supped with the count's children, still it was not an every-day occurrence, and then he ate some bread and cheese at home, or supped at a tavern. This he would put down at about five pounds. At New Year he gave the head of the Lutheran Church in the Savoy one guinea for his chair, and also, for the support of the school and poor, a whole or half a crown at each quarterly collection—as well as what he laid every Sunday in the collecting-box—in all, amounting to two or two and a half guineas. He paid for his lodgings at Kensington during the summer six shillings a week, making in six months more than seven pounds. Tea, sugar, and breakfast during that period came to about five pounds. He wore out yearly eight or nine pairs of shoes, each pair costing six shillings. He had been obliged to buy two pairs of white silk, two pairs of black silk, and two pairs of woollen stockings, without reckoning several pairs of under stockings, costing three pounds ten. "Every year," he continues, "I have been obliged to buy half a dozen fine shirts with ruffles, which cost me ten pounds. The English pay great attention to linen,

and often judge a man by it, without looking at his coat. Hence I am forced into expense for my linen, as I dine nearly daily at the count's, where there are guests who notice this. I calculate my linen at six guineas."

From the rest of his letter we find that the cry of "Reform your tailors' bills!" had not yet been heard in England, for a plain frock-coat cost fourteen guineas. For his court coat Sievers was obliged to pay twenty-five guineas, and a half-mourning frock-coat cost eight pounds. A hat cost a guinea, and a peruke three guineas. Circulating libraries were reasonable enough, for Sievers only paid one guinea a year for that indulgence. Philosophical lectures could be visited at an outlay of one shilling each time.

In 1752 a dangerous illness compelled Sievers to give up his appointment and return to Petersburg. Among the acquaintances he formed in London was that of the celebrated Baron Neuhoff, once king of Corsica. He visited him in prison in the company of Stanislaus Poniatowski, who was then making his grand tour through Europe. On recovering from his illness, Sievers consented to follow his uncle's wishes and enter the army. He obtained his commission as first major, and was appointed quarter-master of divisions by Count Schuwalow, grand-master of the artillery. His services were soon required in the field, and at the battle of Grossjägerndorf a ball struck him in the chest, but his gorget saved him from a mortal wound. Apraxin, the commander-in-chief, to every

body's amazement, did not follow up his success over the Prussians, but fell back on Memel, while Sievers was sent on to Petersburg to give the empress verbal explanations of his conduct. Apraxin, however, was recalled, and his place taken by General Fermor. When Sievers rejoined the army it had already crossed the Vistula, and was marching on Cüstrin, but Frederick came up with it at Zorndorf and gave the Russians a tremendous thrashing. Fermor was forced to retreat, and consoled himself by closely investing Colbert. Hence Sievers was summoned to Petersburg, ostensibly as a mark of favour, but in reality to give the empress a full account of the battle and the relations existing between the generals.

His health still continuing in a dangerous state, the doctors advised Sievers to obtain a furlough and proceed on a tour through Italy. This advice was followed, and in 1761 he arrived at Vienna, whence he proceeded, *vid* Schaffhausen, to Turin. After making the grand tour through Italy, we find him comfortably settled at Naples. In a letter he writes home to his father about this time on money matters, he says: "For Heaven's sake do not disappoint me in this, for a nephew of the archbishop of Petersburg ran into debt 3000 roubles in Naples and then disappeared. The credit of Russians is so ruined here, that, on my arrival, I could not have obtained a glass of water for nothing." A year's stay in this glorious land quite restored Sievers's health, and he returned home without thinking of the hearts he had broken. Still he was not in a condition to

serve: he therefore finally retired from the army with the rank of a major-general and a pension of 300 roubles.

The accession of Catherine II. to the throne of Russia was destined to produce a great change in Sievers's career. The empress determined on appointing the best talent she could find to the governorships, and her choice fell upon Sievers to be the first governor of the province of Nowogrod. There was ample work for a governor who desired the welfare of his country, for Nowogrod was 1700 versts long and 800 broad. It was bounded by Poland, Lithuania, Esthonia, Finland, Russian Lapland, and Sweden, and when Sievers undertook his new duties he found the government in a deplorable condition. In the report he sends in to the empress, Sievers goes into a full detail, from which we shall extract, as furnishing an idea of the state of Russia one hundred years ago:—

"I found the archives of the government covered over with the ruins of a vault in an old arsenal, where they had been deposited. There were arrears of more than two and a half millions. Of two or three hundred civil petitions addressed to the governor, hardly four a year were decided. There was no police through the whole extent of the country. These duties were performed by the centgraves (sotzkis) of the several parishes. The commands of the voivode were addressed to these men, of whom there were two or four. As, however, they could neither read nor write, the sexton explained the orders to them, and wrote the report.

There was no post except that of the yamtshiks between the two capitals. The entire trade of the empire with the Baltic was carried along a single road, and the canals and harbour of Vishney Nolotschok were the property of minors, for whom the senate had appointed a guardian. Since the freedom of the nobility, the governor could not entrust them with any useful work, or they would only take that which was profitable—which it was dangerous to give them. Letters were carried through the secretary of the yamtshiks, who paid twenty roubles annually into the chancery as postal revenue. There were from 1100 to 1200 criminals in prison, and more than a thousand let out on bail. Among the prisoners were at least twenty gentlemen. The salon of the government clerks was used as their prison. Only one, Prince Jeltschnoi, was in the common prison with the other criminals, with a block on his foot and his hands bound, and in each of the five provinces there were at least fifty wretches under torture."

The new governor set to work indefatigably, and we must do the empress the justice to say that she did all in her power to further his views. She maintained a constant correspondence with him on every possible subject, and her letters, though written in heart-breaking French, reveal an infinity of sympathy and sound sense. Here is one we will quote *in extenso*, as proving the truth of our remarks:—

"Monsieur le Gouverneur de Novogrod. Il y a deux jours, que je vous ai écrite une longue pancarte,

que vous aurés reçu j'espère, apresent je m'envais répondre à la vôtre du 3 Mars. J'ai lue d'un bout a l'autre votre rapport du senat, je suis persuadée qu'il n'en reçois pas souvent de pareilles, celles çi vous ressemble, elle est nèe sensée et remplite d'esprit d'ordre et même de la bonté de cœur de mon gouverneur et elle ma fait plaisir, faché q'ua Stararoussa l'on batise si faire ce peut sur des fondement de pierre que a vuë de pays porter des batimens pareil, et pour touttes les petites ville suivé ce plan: a un second incendie dont les villes de bois ne manquent jamais, s'est autant de fait et l'on pourra çelon les circonstances obliger les habitans a des meilleures batisses les fauxbourg de Twer sont bati ainsi apresent dans le gouvernement de Smolensk quoiqu'il n'y ait que 90 maisons. Je vous ai parlé dans ma precedentes de Karostina. Je vous souhaite des patates et moins de voleurs adieu je vous ecrit tout d'une traitte apres une lettre de six page au General Braun.

"CATERINE."

But while Sievers was receiving these marks of kindness from the empress he served so well, the expenses entailed on him by his repeated progresses through his government brought his finances into utter confusion, and the Russian authorities, even at that day, had a convenient mode of paying in promises. Hence we find, in the governor's correspondence with the empress, repeated prayers for small gratifications to enable him to pay his way, which the empress generally evaded.

He was too honest to make money by the thousand-and-one crafty means known to Russian officials, and, strange to say, the empress could not appreciate such characters as his. If a man did not rob when he had the opportunity, she considered him a fool, and deserving penury. As a chance of extrication, Sievers determined on marrying a young lady, as he supposed of large fortune, but here he was again disappointed, for her father was over head and ears in debt, and she was herself naturally extravagant. While in this dilemma, which pressed so feelingly upon him, Sievers thought of his country, which was much in the same condition from the want of currency, and he induced the empress to establish the first national bank, which proved at the outset a great convenience, although eventually diverted to such discreditable purposes. This was the last great work Sievers could carry through for some time, owing to the outbreak of the Turkish war. It was the policy of the empress to carry on war at any cost, for she knew herself hated in the army; and that if the officers were allowed time to plot, she would not remain on the throne a week. How great was the consumption of troops is proved by the fact that Sievers's government supplied close on fifty thousand recruits during the six years' continuance of the war.

At the outset of the campaign the Russians were triumphant on land and sea. General Bauer defeated the Turks severely in the same neighbourhood where Peter the Great had been on the verge of destruction

sixty years before; while the great naval victories at Chios and Chesme, gained for the Russians by the bravery of British officers, added much to the renown of her arms. Alexei Orlow, the pretended commander-in-chief, gained all the glory. Catherine found it advisable to flatter the vanity of the nation, and satisfy the ambition of dangerous men like the Orlows, at the expense of truth. It is true that all her contemporaries were not deceived, for we read in Falkenskiold's History that Orlow, who had never been to sea in his life, on receiving orders at Venice to take the command of the fleet, cried in amazement, "They must all have gone mad in Petersburg!" Admiral Elphinstone, whose bravery really gained the victory, told even worse stories, when he said that the man who had been so bold at the downfall and murder of Peter III., crept, at the decisive hour, pale as death, into the cabin, that the terrible cannonade might not injure his delicate nerves.

Before long the plague began to rage fearfully in the frontier towns of Poland, and Sievers was immediately ordered to proceed and check its ingress into Russia. During his absence his wife supplied him with all the court news. Here is a specimen of the way in which Russian ladies mourn the absence of their lords:—

"Petersburg, 18th October, 1770.—Your description of the town of Savoltche is pleasing and surprising; it really causes me pleasure to travel through such well-built and populous towns as those of your

government. I shall never forget that charming Stara Russa; it made such a deep impression upon me that it is quite indelible. Yesterday I attended the court for the first time: it was crowded. I wore my mourning still. I thanked the empress and the grand-duke in a black dress, and yesterday I was also dressed in black from head to foot, with numerous jewels. I had a good look at Prince Henry: he is not handsome, I must confess, but ugly beyond his fellows; he squints fearfully, is very short and thin, his heels are wonderfully tall, and so is his powdered *toupet*; but he is said to possess talent, and that renders him handsome in comparison with those whose personal appearance does not offend you. He received a costly sable jacket as a present, and the queen gave him the brilliant St. Andrew's ribbon, all in diamonds, as well as the epaulette—in all, worth over 30,000 roubles. The day before yesterday he visited the monastery, and it is said he was delighted with all he saw. It has been noticed that at first he scarce saluted people, but he has already grown much more polite, and makes deeper bows, &c."

For six months the pestilence raged incessantly in Moscow, and three-fourths of the population had quitted the city to bear the seeds of the plague to other parts. The authorities fled too, and the populace gradually gained the upper hand. Then the most frightful excesses took place, and superstition was fated to add to the horrors. A serf-merchant asserted that an image of the Virgin over the Barbara gate

had restored his health, and complained of the little reverence paid her. The rumour soon collected thousands round the gate, and the archbishop, who knew the danger of infection, ordered the statue to be removed. This kindled the people's fury: the archbishop was forced to take shelter in the monastery of the Don, but it was broken open, and the archbishop dragged out and murdered. So dangerous was the temper of the people, that Catherine thought it advisable to send Gregory Orlow to Moscow to exercise his personal influence. On his return to the capital, Catherine received him with a triumphal arch, over which was inscribed, "Moscow saved from misery to Orlow," and a medal was struck, on one side of which was Curtius leaping into the gulf; beneath it the words, "Russia, too, has such sons." Sievers, however, who had exposed himself for months, did not receive the slightest acknowledgment. Further favours were bestowed on Orlow, and he was eventually sent as plenipotentiary to negotiate peace with the Turks. How magnificently he behaved on the road we find in a passage from one of Madame de Sievers's letters: "Count Gregoryevitch supped on passing through Kiew with our uncle, and was friendly or good enough to make little Jacob a corporal in the Horse Guards." Sievers no sooner conquered the plague than the cares of his government fell heavily upon him, and he knew nothing of domesticity. His wife, however, kept him always *au courant* with all that was going on, and her letters constantly reveal

her anxiety as to how the empress is disposed towards him. All this while the correspondence between Catherine and Sievers was continued, and she at length attained such confidence in him, that she took scarce any step without having first consulted him.

The empress was not reclining on a bed of roses: the grand-duke was rapidly approaching his majority, and many fears were combined with that event. When the conspiracy against his father broke out, it was the design of the leaders to make him emperor, with his mother as guardian. Alexei Orlow's boldness gained her the throne, which she had managed to keep for ten years. Panin, the grand-duke's instructor, detested Orlow, and had produced the same feeling in his pupil, so that, after much irresolution, the empress found herself compelled to give her favourite up. But Panin had no wish to leave her without a favourite, and he looked round the court for a substitute. A handsome officer of the Guards, to whom he made overtures, had, however, the boldness to decline them. Count Manteuffel—such was his name—preferred to retire to his estates in Livonia. But Panin soon found a willing tool, and the court learned to its amazement that an unknown young man, Wasilschikoff, had thoroughly ousted the favourite. The news reached Orlow at Fokshani, and utterly overwhelmed him. Hoping that his presence at court would regain him his power, he threw himself into a kibitke, without servants or wardrobe, and travelled day and night to the capital. He was recognised, however, at

the last station, and an imperial order was handed him to retire to his estate at Galchina. Soon after, the empress, to break his fall, procured him the patent of a prince of the German Empire, and offered him which he pleased of her summer palaces. He immediately pounced on Czarsko Zeloe, where he amused himself exceedingly well with gambling and drinking. The following letter, relating to his goings on, written to Sievers by his brother, is highly characteristic of the age :—

"I have just quitted a masquerade which began this morning at ten, and will last till the same time to-morrow. Prince Orlow gave it gratis to the nobility and largest merchants: the day before yesterday the Prince of Holstein gave a public masquerade; last Wednesday was one to which admission was paid. Seventeen couples of nobles, dressed as Esthonian peasants, with two starosts and a bagpipe-player at their head, pretended to come from Count Orlow's estate, Lode. They all commended themselves to the protection and favour of their gracious master, and the women and girls gave him flowers and other rustic presents. The prince received them very kindly, danced with nearly every lady, and then regaled them at a table where only these peasants were allowed to sit. Each fellow had a letter on his coat, which made up the words as they sat at table, 'Vivat, es lebe Prinz Orlow!' How do you like this honour? it seems to me only suited for the highest personages. Three days later the prince regaled his serfs, as they are called here, at

his own house. After the supper, his kubias drew a lot for each lady, representing sixty, seventy, up to eighty roubles. Had not the time been so short, he would have sent for 10,000 roubles' worth of brilliants from Petersburg. In addition to the amusements the prince offers the town, every one is full of the favours which, as a half-exiled man, he dispenses. Count Tiefenhausen received the Anne order through him, and is beside himself for joy. Not long ago the conversation at the old prince's was about a piece of sandy land belonging to the crown, on which the prince was building a house and spending some thousands on the garden. When Orlow heard this, he asked the prince if he would like to receive the piece of land as a present. The old prince was startled: but Orlow said he would give it him, and he might be sure of having it. The last post brought the ukase giving the prince the land."

In the correspondence kept up between husband and wife, while Sievers was busily engaged in carrying out his great canal system, which was of such vital importance to Russia, we find about this time the first mention of the terrible Potemkin, who retained his place as favourite till his death. He was evidently the only man Catherine feared, and he managed to keep her in first-rate order. Again we notice the name of Pugatschew, whose rebellion caused such terrible excitement and alarm. The empress had cause for feeling both: the growing discontent of the nation at her wanton expenditure had been augmented by pestilence and famine. In vain did the great Frederick implore her

to stop on her mad course: although his influence was so great, his warnings availed nought. Hence the nation caught eagerly at the chance of emancipation offered by Pugatschew, and thousands had flocked to his banners, almost ere the news of the insurrection had reached the capital.

This man, a simple Cossack, aroused a storm which spread with terrific violence through the whole of Southern Russia. He had been engaged in the Prussian and Turkish campaigns, and was present at the storming of Bender under Count Panin. Then he had wandered about the country as an adventurer and robber, until he was at length taken prisoner and carried to Kazan. His gift of narration soon attracted the attention of his fellow-prisoners, and thence spread through the town. The commandant's wife, Frau von Brandt, no sooner heard of this, than she ordered the prisoners to be brought before her. As the Cossack pleased her greatly, she soon induced her husband to take off his chains. Suddenly he disappeared, and was not seen again till he emerged among a gang of his friends at the fair of Makariew. Some Guardsmen just arrived from Petersburg asserted that he was the exact image of Peter III. This made a deeper impression on Pugatschew than on his comrades. The Raskolniks, his co-religionists, honoured Peter's memory, as he had been severe against the orthodox Church, and thus avenged their sufferings. They found the bold adventurer a refuge among the Cossacks of the Jaik, where a degree of fermentation had been perceptible for some

time. A bold and enterprising man like Pugatschew soon kindled the ashes of sedition into a flame. He made his appearance publicly as Peter III., promising to rescue the nation from the oppression and misery it had so long endured. At the same time he stated that he would extirpate the puffed-up nobles, and this brought swarms of serfs to join him. The workmen in the Ural Mountains, mostly criminals, no sooner heard the cry of freedom than they joined the rebels by thousands. The Mongols and Tartars thought the hour had arrived for their old supremacy, and the Bashkirs also rose in arms. In this state of matters, Sievers wrote an affecting letter to the empress, which she answered on the 11th of September:—

"My Governor of Nowogrod,—I perceive with satisfaction, from your letter of the 3rd, that you are engaged with the preparations for my voyage to Moscow. The reports you have heard about the rupture of the peace are utterly false. Prince Repnin, who will proceed to Constantinople as envoy, was delayed in the camp by the illness of Marshal Rümanzow; he also sends a letter from the new vizier, which confirms the peace, and evinces much zeal for the exact performance of the treaty. Marquis Pugatschew was utterly beaten on the 25th August, 100 versts beyond Czarizyn's, by our hero Michelson. The Cossacks of the Don were following on the villain's heels, and Major Duve, who brought the news, will not hear any doubts as to his capture. Still the bear's hide must not be sold before the beast is caught. So much is certain, though: guns,

booty, men, and brutes, all fell into Michelson's hands. The traitor fled with loosened rein, accompanied by his usual tail of fifty Jaik Cossacks, towards Astrakan. There he will not trouble the water; but 1500 Cossacks of the Don with fresh horses on his heels, give a hope of seeing him captured. Adieu! Fare ye well.

"CATHERINE."

And this took place, although not so soon as was anticipated. Treachery on the part of his friends gave the fugitive up. Thus Russia was freed from a plague which had raged more furiously than the real pestilence. But another cause of ruin was now slowly growing up, which caused Russia more serious injury than any natural misfortune: this was the sudden elevation of Potemkin, to whom we have already alluded. When Catherine drew to her side one of the Orlows, to whose boldness she owed her power, every one perceived in this step the offering of a reward for services rendered. Although their connexion could not be morally justified, still it was natural that she should summon her friend to share in her splendour and enjoyments. Before long it was generally believed they were married, and great was the surprise, even in an age when morality was regarded as an incumbrance, at her suddenly quitting Orlow for a younger favourite. But this was not the end of it, and the caprices she displayed brought irreparable injury on her country, as her history only too plainly teaches us.

On the day her husband was overthrown, Catherine

placed herself at the head of the troops who came over to her. She suddenly perceived that her sabre wanted a sword-knot, and she asked for one. A young sergeant sprang forward, gave her his, but, while in the act of retiring, his horse began plunging wildly. The empress regarded the bold rider with a smile, and his marked features and colossal figure attracted her attention. The next day he was appointed officer of the Guards and chamberlain. For a time he could not overcome the jealousy of the Orlows, and Count Panin saved him by sending him on a mission to Stockholm. On his return he behaved more discreetly, and at length re-entered the imperial circle. Suddenly, however, he retired to the Newski monastery, and bade adieu to the world, as it seemed. Russian and German writers have generally placed this comedy six or seven years later—viz., at the close of the Turkish war—but our author has papers to prove the truth of his statement. Catherine sent her confidante, Countess Bruce, to arrange for her a private interview, and the immediate consequence was Potemkin's restoration to the brilliant world. But the empress had not yet broken with Orlow, and she thought it better to send Potemkin to the war, with letters of recommendation to Rümanzow, who tried in vain to make a general of him. The troops knew least of all about those heroic achievements with which Russian historians credited him. With the fall of Orlow, Potemkin thought it time to return to court. This took place in February, 1774. He was immediately appointed adjutant-general, and the prey he had been

waiting twelve long years for was at length in his clutches.

On the day that Pugatschew was executed in Moscow, the empress commenced her celebrated progress to that city. No glad shouts greeted her from the populace, although they welcomed enthusiastically the young grand-duke, against whom Potemkin had already begun to turn his mother's heart. It was at this period that Catherine terminated her plans for the new government of the country, and Sievers was raised to the rank of Governor-General of Twer and Nowogrod. At the same time he was presented with 20,000 roubles and the Alexander Newski order—the first reward he had received for twelve years' indefatigable service. But all these honours did not prevent him doing what he considered his duty to the empress. Thus he writes to her the following postscript:—

"What I now say to your imperial majesty will serve to you as a new proof of my feelings for your sacred person. You, too, are the only one to whom I dare to speak. The Moscow reports which reach us here give the post of favourite to another fortunate mortal, and assert that Prince Potemkin, to hide his indifference and want of capacity, will travel through his governments and only return in a monk's gown, which, as they say in Moscow, suits him even worse than the blue ribbon. This says that city which he loves so heartily. The wish of your good subjects—and they are a considerable number—is that the successor to the favourite may have no further function

entrusted to him than that of pleasing his amiable benefactress; and this is the wish, too, of a man who will have the name of Catherine engraved on marble, jasper, and granite."

The empress replied to this: "Zeal dictated your postscript: I have burnt it." These mutual naïve confessions show the intimate terms on which they stood. But in all probability she showed the billet to Potemkin, for from this time he pursued Sievers with a rancour which eventually caused his downfall. But Sievers was in the seventh heaven of business: he was earnestly engaged in carrying out all the reforms the empress desired, and created himself a rare number of enemies by his exertions to stop corruption. His chief enemy was the procureur-general, Prince Wäsemski, who thwarted his plans in every possible way. The character of this prince will be found admirably portrayed in the Princess Dashkoff's Memoirs, which created so great a sensation some twenty years back.

In the meanwhile the empress was losing all feelings of womanly dignity, and the people were growing more and more disgusted at the reckless extravagance. It seemed Catherine's misfortune to be continually giving to the nation with one hand and taking away with the other. The rejoicings produced by the new constitution had scarce terminated when the Russians saw themselves more than ever humiliated by the uncontrolled passions of the empress. Hence they joyfully greeted the unexpected appearance of Alexei Orlow at court, for they saw in him the only man who could

make a stand against the omnipotent Potemkin. Catherine immediately sent for him, received him in the most flattering manner, and implored him to become a friend to Potemkin, in order that the "marvellous man," guided by him, might not utterly embitter her life.

Alexei, true to his reckless character, declared himself her slave, and his life at her service. If Potemkin disturbed her peace of mind, she had only to command: he should disappear at once, and she would never be troubled by him again. But he could not enter into court intrigues, to gain the attachment of a man whom he must despise and ever regard as the greatest enemy of the state. Here the empress burst into tears. Orlow retired, but returned in a few moments, and continued: 'I know for certain that Potemkin has no real devotion to your majesty. He only regards his own interest: cunning is his prominent talent; and he is striving to withdraw you from business, and lull you into a state of careless sloth, that he may assume the power himself. He has injured your fleet, ruined your army, and, worse than all, lowered your reputation in the eyes of other Powers, and turned away the hearts of your subjects. If you decide on removing so dangerous a man, you may dispose of my life; but if you cleave to him, I can be of no service to you in the execution of measures in which flattery, falsehood, and corruption are the most necessary qualifications.' 'The empress,' Harris continues, who has treasured up this terrible scene, 'was greatly affected by this extraordinary speech, confessed her belief in all he said of Potemkin, thanked him most

fervently for his zealous offer, but said she could not endure the idea of such harsh treatment. She wished that the count would not think of leaving Petersburg, as she felt sure she should require his counsel and assistance.

Potemkin soon upset her resolutions by asserting that the Orlows had gone over to the grand-duke. Catherine was so weak as to insult Count Orlow seriously, and embittered both brothers to such a degree, that they spoke openly against her. This only drew her closer to Potemkin, who now began to carry out all his infernal designs. In the first place he closed up all access to the empress, and then he pursued his machinations to get rid of Sievers, for he was jealous of his long and confidential correspondence with Catherine. Before long an opportunity was afforded him to sever the two old friends: Madame de Sievers refused to accompany her husband to Twer, and soon after quitted his roof for ever with Prince Putiätin, to whom she was eventually married. The empress mixed herself up in the matter very zealously, and certainly behaved with great injustice to Sievers. She had been gained over to the opposite party, and she would hear nothing he had to say. He was condemned without the evidence being heard. In his fury, Sievers took a precipitate step, which utterly ruined him: before the arbitration was terminated he went to the house of one of his brothers-in-law, and carried off his three little daughters. This drew from the empress a very severe letter, in which she heaped reproaches on Sievers, and

drove him nearly mad. Still, in the midst of his domestic misery, he did not neglect business; but the determined way in which the empress thwarted his every wish compelled him to demand his dismissal, which was eventually partially conceded. He gave up his governorship, but was obliged to retain the supervision of the water communication.

In the meantime the empress was more and more losing her taste for the administration of her kingdom, and her caprices drew from Potemkin the following just appreciation of her character: "She has sunk beyond all description; never remains of the same opinion for a day; was unacquainted with the wants of her own kingdom; suspected her friends and trusted her enemies; was so jealous of her own opinion, that she would follow no advice that did not agree with it; she had become quite careless of renown, and only listened to the grossest flattery. In short, her character yielded to the first blast of passion, and healthy counsel and logical sequence were lost upon her." Sievers, indeed, grew so convinced of the fallacy of attempting to carry out any of the great designs he had at heart, that he begged for his entire dismissal, which was granted him, and he retired tranquilly to his estate in Livonia, whence he watched the progress of affairs with an aching heart.

With the death of Frederick the Great, Potemkin had full scope to carry out all his ambitious designs, and his first step was to subjugate the Crimea, which had been declared independent in the last treaty of

Kutchuk-Kainardji. In this campaign Potemkin displayed all his tiger-like propensities. Out of 50,000 fighting men the Crimea possessed, only 17,000 were left alive. The hero received the title of the Taurian, and, in addition to other presents, the Tauric palace. He also had an opportunity of pocketing three millions of roubles which the empress had given him for the administration of the new territory. When Catherine decided on her journey to the Crimea, he was obliged to confess the peculation, but the empress was so engrossed by him, that she advanced still larger sums, which he again appropriated. On the 7th of January, 1787, she swelled Potemkin's triumph by commencing her progress to the Crimea. At Cherson she was joined by the Emperor Joseph, who accompanied her to the end of her journey. Ten millions of roubles were expended in festivities, and yet these were found insufficient. In 1788, the Turks were goaded into a declaration of war by the brutal conduct of Prince Bulgakow, and Potemkin assumed the command of the Ekatherinoslaw army. His exploits, however, were confined to the capture of the fortress of Otschakow, which nobly withstood him till the 17th of December of the same year. In the meantime, Russia was threatened on the other side by the Swedes, who prepared to attack Petersburg itself. In such a state of things Sievers could not remain quiet, and he addressed a long letter of advice to the empress, followed by another soon after, in which he makes the following curious remark relative to Cronstadt:—

"I congratulate your majesty on the victory lately gained. Admiral Gregh fulfilled my expectations. But in my former letter, referring to the open roads to the capital, I forgot to speak of the most dangerous—namely, the shallows between Cronstadt and the Sisterberg; gun-boats could easily pass through these, and possibly half-galleys as well. I heard this from the late Admiral Mordwinow, when accident enabled me to see a ground chart of this portion of the gulf on his table. And will not such vessels pass between Cronstadt and the coast? Pardon, most gracious lady, the zeal of your faithful subject."

Gustavus III. was betrayed by his nobles, and Russia saved from this danger. In the south the war terminated after the fourth campaign with the capture of Ismail, and Potemkin hurried to Petersburg to induce the empress to further his ambitious views of utterly destroying Turkey. He was most brilliantly received, but the empress was in great embarrassment. All the great powers were pressing her to terminate the war, while Potemkin wanted to carry it on. His presence was, therefore, necessary with the army, but he could not make up his mind to go. She wished him away, but did not dare tell him so. So great was the terror of his name, that no one would venture to hand him his orders for departure. At length the empress took heart, and gave him directions to make peace at any price, and the order to depart at once. Strange to say, the violent man yielded without a word, and set out for the army immediately.

In the meanwhile, Repnin, to whom he had entrusted the command of the army on his departure for Petersburg, had gained a brilliant victory over the Turks at Matschin. The grand vizier sued for peace, and Repnin signed the preliminaries at Galatz. The next day Potemkin arrived, and bitterly reproached Prince Repnin, who had gained such a magnificent victory for his country. Potemkin's plans were thus utterly thwarted. He felt that his charm was broken. The court, which had hitherto obeyed his nod, had dismissed him. Now the reins of the army even slipped from his grasp, and he had been building his boldest schemes for years on holding these. How far his plans went, who can say? People talk of princely berrets, and royal, nay, imperial crowns, at which he aimed. He was capable of anything. He had gradually crushed or removed every one that stood in his path by that impudence peculiar to himself. He had exhausted the resources of the empire, and had gained possession of all the remaining strength. And for what purpose? Evidently to deal a traitorous blow, for which his courage deserted him at the decisive moment. Catherine understood him thoroughly: she knew what she might venture against him, and, when the hour arrived, threw him overboard with the greatest gentleness. Repnin would certainly not have acted as he did had he not been confirmed by privy instructions from his mistress.

Potemkin was forced to put up with everything. He could not even prevent the conclusion of the separate treaty between the Turks and the court of Vienna.

He must even offer his assistance in paving the way for peace at Jassy. But his hour arrived before this was completed. He had appeared at Jassy with all the Oriental pomp in which he revelled. It was not difficult to foresee that such indulgences must overcome even a stronger man than himself, and it had been noticed, on his last visit to Petersburg, that he was strangely altered. When he arrived at Jassy, the Moldavian fever was raging there, and it attacked him too. Still this put no bounds on his luxurious course of life, as the best physicians recommended: he ate and drank all he thought proper. The restlessness which always tormented him now became insupportable, and drove him away from Jassy. But he had hardly travelled twenty miles before he asked to be lifted from his carriage. He was laid on some carpets beneath a tree. Here, in the arms of his niece, the Countess Branicka, who had lived with him for the last few years, the death overtook him which he had tried to fly from, on the 15th of October, 1791.

We really shudder on a closer examination of this man. We know not which most to admire, the man who, without any particular talent, managed to remain at the pinnacle of fortune for years with the dexterity of a rope-dancer; the empress, who, in spite of the cares and sorrow he ever occasioned her, looked with renewed satisfaction on the antics of the creature she had raised; or, lastly, the people who were robbed, oppressed, and trampled on by him, thousands of whom he led to death as victims of his hollow ambition and

infantile vanity, and which yet treasures him in its memory as a national hero. The news of his death drew from Sievers the remark: "So then, the fearful man who once said in jest he would yet become a monk and archbishop, is dead; but how? naturally? or did Providence find an avenging hand? or was it the Moldavian fever—a present of the land which he had rendered so miserable before he had the government of it?" We can see that in those days everything was thought possible.

CHAPTER IX.

THE HERMIT OF GAUTING.

A MAN has recently passed away from among us who rendered himself notorious in his day, not only through his eccentricities; but also through his lengthened voyages and his works. Theodore Maria Hubert von Hallberg-Broich was born on September 8, 1768, on his father's estate in the duchy of Juliers. In his eighth year he was sent to the Gymnasium of Cologne, and he proceeded thence to the French cadet school of Metz, as Germany was blessedly ignorant of military colleges in those days. When he was fifteen years of age, his father purchased him a commission in the army of the Elector of Bavaria, but he retired from the service on the death of his father, when he was two-and-twenty years of age. After travelling for several years through Switzerland and Italy, and attending medical lectures at Oxford, Paris, Vienna, and Heidelberg, he sailed to America, where he only remained a short time, and then proceeded to Scotland. Here he became engaged to a Lady Stuart, who, however, died just before marriage. He returned to his estate, and lived in retirement for a season, busily engaged in historical researches. At the same time he played many a mad

prank which delighted the worthy citizens of Julich. He used to go about his fields in rags, with the holes in his velvet coat fastened up by seals. When his home became too narrow for him, he removed the scene of his wild pranks to Cologne, where he performed so admirably during the Carnival Saturnalia, that he was unanimously appointed "Doctor of Folly," and "Knight and Member of the Academy of the Mounted Arts."

Endowed with the most cheerful spirits, rich, frank, and free, he at length left his home on the Rhine in order to see the wide, wide world. At one moment he was heard of at the North Cape, and then turned up again quite unexpectedly in the Danubian Principalities. After a lengthened tour in Asia Minor and Greece, he found his way home again, where he roused the peasants of Juliers, Cleves, and Berg against the French, and earnestly implored the Elector of Cologne, Maximilian Archduke of Austria, to arm the people against the invader. In order to carry through his patriotic design, he proceeded to Vienna, but was confined in a lunatic asylum there till he was supposed to be cured of his mania for fighting the French without a uniform. After his discharge he returned home, but was carried off from his château at night by the French, and removed to Paris. He was accused "of the intended murder of French officials at the head of a disguised robber band." His liberation was effected eight months later by the intercession of his mother and wife with the Empress Josephine. Before

his arrest, Hallberg had married a Baroness von Olm, who had only seen fifteen summers, and he owed his liberation mainly to the heroic love of this lady. He was scarce a free man again, however, ere he was arrested once more by the Préfet of Mayence, who fancied that he had broken out of prison, and he was not liberated until despatches arrived from Paris. We next find Hallberg (according to his own journal) at Naples, scattering money among the lazzaroni, and arousing them against the French. He then went to Tunis for the same laudable purpose, where he asked the Dey to supply him with troops for an expedition, and promised to reward him with the kingdom of Italy. Suddenly orders arrived from the French government that he should be turned out of Tunis. He went aboard a ship bound for Europe, but, under way, was captured by the English, who conveyed him to London as a French spy. He was not liberated until six months had elapsed, and was then sent home with six hundred ducats to defray his travelling expenses.

In 1813 Hallberg received authority from Stein to place the whole country between the Maas and the Rhine on a military footing by arming the peasants, and the title of "field-colonel-captain" was given him. While the allies still believed that Bonaparte would defend the Rhine, Hallberg was the first man to cross that river at the head of a band of volunteers. He brought together, as he states, two hundred and fifty battalions of decently armed and equipped men, who,

according to his assurance, were animated by the best spirit, and would have fought splendidly if they had found the chance. His wife, Caroline, acted as his adjutant, attired in male clothing. At a later date, Hallberg received some important appointments, such as the placing Cologne in a state of defence, and the commissariat of the Russian army, and in the latter capacity he is generally allowed to have done excellent service. In recognition of his patriotic exertions, he was nominated a count of the Bavarian order of St. Michael in 1814. In 1816 he received the second class of the Russian Anne order, while Prussia gave him the Red Eagle third class. The latter, however, he sent back, saying that he could not wear it, as it had been so frequently given to Bonapartist officials in the Rhenish provinces. The truth was, though, that the ambitious man had hoped to see his services rewarded with the duchy of Berg. This led to an order for his arrest being issued at Berlin, and he was compelled to leave his estate, which, with the peace, had come under the Prussian authority. He asked the King of Bavaria for protection, which was granted him, and that country remained his home for the rest of his life. The real reason for his arrest, however, was not the return of the order, but a pamphlet called "The Political Cookery-book; or, the Noble Kitchen for Gourmets and Rogues," which Hallberg wrote with his brother, and published. Frederick William III. was very much offended by this piquant work, and ordered General von Hübner to read the book and lock up the author.

We will not assert that this was magnanimous conduct towards a man who, however strange and dissatisfied he might be, had displayed his patriotism so thoroughly as Hallberg had done. Some time later, the king asked Hübner whether he had read the book and taken steps against the author. Hübner replied in the affirmative, but confessed to the king that Hallberg had bolted, and nothing more was done in the matter.

Accompanied by his wife, Hallberg travelled, in 1817, for the second time, through Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. On his return, he was invited (so he tells us) by the nobility of Stockholm to expel Bernadotte, and establish "his own claim" to the throne of Sweden. His grandmother's sister was related by marriage in some way to the House of Vasa, be it understood. Hallberg demanded of the malcontents thirty thousand troops to carry out the plan, but was soon after placed under police supervision, and finally expelled from Sweden. He then returned to Germany, and purchased an estate called "Fussberg," at Gauting, in Upper Bavaria. The peasants there christened him the Hermit, on account of his long beard; and he consequently signed his literary efforts "the Hermit of Gauting," by which name he became known almost universally. At this estate he resided for many years, and acquired a fair claim to his sobriquet. Still, his old love of wandering drove him out into the world again. In 1821 he proceeded to Italy, whence he returned as citizen of Rome. In the following year he travelled through Holland. About this time, too,

the pope appointed him and his son Knights of the Golden Spur and Counts Palatine of the Lateran. On his return to Fussberg, he made himself very notorious by drawing up for the peasants a petition to the king, known as the "Gauting address," which, through its virulent attack on the "enemies of the monarchy" and its general boldness, produced great excitement. Hallberg was fond of collecting round him at Fussberg savans and artistes of every description, to whom he issued public invitations; but these guests did not remain any length of time, owing to the nature of the dietary established in the baron's house.

In 1824, Hallberg laid before the king a plan for draining and cultivating a portion of the Erdinger moor, below Munich. The king not only assented to the plan, but gave Hallberg the greater portion of the marsh, as well as considerable sums to carry out the scheme. Hallberg then purchased a shooting-box near the moor, belonging to the prince-bishops of Freising, to which he removed with his family in 1826, and actively set to work. In 1828 several cottages were built along the newly laid-out roads, and in 1830 a mill was at work. Still the colony did not prosper: great opposition was raised against it, and settlers flocked in but scantily because taxes were collected, although it is the rule in Bavaria for such experimental estates to remain free from taxation for the first ten years. Perhaps the baron's strange mode of behaviour had something to do with the failure, but the king still looked on the colony with a favourable eye, and

ordered that it should bear the name of "Hallberg Moor."

The result was that Hallberg sold all his landed property in Bavaria. It is true, he stated that his task was completed, but he probably felt annoyed, and his old love of travelling had been re-aroused in him. He took up his staff again with delight, to wander afoot through the world with one shirt in his pocket. In 1830 he had made his appearance in the Tyrol, and the people assembled round the strange-looking man who was wandering through their valleys. Hallberg's venerable aspect, with his long white beard, aroused in them reminiscences of Andrew Hofer, who also wore a long, though red beard, when he placed himself at the head of the "ever faithful" Tyrolese to drive the French back across the Brenner. When the Tyrolese learned that Hallberg had also marched against the Gallic eagles, and aided in the liberation of Germany from the hated yoke, their enthusiasm for him knew no bounds. Hallberg continued his journey across the Brenner, and was sometimes taken for Gustavus IV., the deposed king of Sweden.

In September, 1832, the baron lost his wife, who was a lady of the Bavarian order of Theresa and St. Anne. She died quite young; not, as has been asserted, through an attack of marsh fever, but in consequence of a leap from a first-floor window of the château. She was a woman who displayed rare gentleness and goodness of heart, and her death was deeply lamented. She left behind her as issue of her

solitary, cheerless marriage, one son and one daughter, both of whom are dead. The young lady appears to have had a bee in her bonnet, like her father: she was a dauntless rider, and, at a national festival at Munich, came in first in a race. In 1835 Hallberg again visited the Tyrolese Alps, and the next year published a prayer-book for the Hallberg-moor community, which gained him the order of Gregory from the pope. The people declared that this honour was accorded him for settling the disputes between Prussia and the Archbishop of Cologne; others were of opinion that it was given him for obtaining leave for missionaries to be established in Egypt. In the same year our indefatigable traveller set out on a tour in the East, whence he returned, *viâ* Sicily, in 1838. On this occasion he visited Egypt, where Mehemed Ali took an extraordinary liking to him, and treated him with marked distinction. He also paid a visit to Lady Hester Stanhope, who received him most hospitably. At Constantinople, Hallberg married the daughter of an Armenian merchant of the name of Galanta, but she died of the plague three months after marriage, and old Hallberg found himself once again a widower.

In 1839 we find Hallberg travelling through England and Scotland. On his return to Germany, the old gentleman, who was then above seventy years of age, published an offer of marriage in the papers, to which fifty pretty girls are said to have responded, or at least Hallberg tells us so. At that time he attended a ball at Augsburg, where he was regularly beset by the

beauties, though, it would appear, more in joke than through any desire to win the hand and heart of the eccentric old gentleman. In 1842 the veteran, who was still perfectly sound both mentally and bodily, set out on a lengthened tour through Germany, the Netherlands, Russia, and Persia, from which he did not return till 1844. This was, to some extent, his last great tour, and he has described it in a separate work. After marching through the Austrian provinces, he found his way to St. Petersburg, whence he travelled, *viâ* Moscow, to Baku, on the Caspian Sea, and wandered through Georgia and Armenia to Persia, where he got beyond Teheran and Shiraz. At the former city he presented himself to Shah Mohammed, as envoy of the King of Bavaria, who had deigned to send a salutation of peace and greeting to his Persian majesty. At the same time he boasted of the size of Bavaria, which could not be traversed under one hundred days' march. Hallberg mystified the shah so gloriously, that the latter resolved to bestow on his exalted guest the first-class insignia of the order of the Sun and Lion. The fees Hallberg had to pay for the honour amounted to fifty pounds, while the value of the two decorations was estimated at eight hundred pounds. One was a star richly set with diamonds, to be worn on the left breast; the other, a gold star-shaped medallion, hanging on the left hip from a long red band.

Hallberg, as we said, did not return to Munich after this long and fatiguing journey till 1844. He had suffered considerably, and attempted to restore his

health by a strict regimen and effervescing draughts. He had certainly seen and enjoyed much, but he had also lost much—one of his eyes. In 1847 he again went to Rome, where, in the following year, he received the order of the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the pope himself. After his return home he intended to build a hermitage at Berchtesgaden, but gave up the plan. At the same time he formed a resolution to emigrate to America, for which object he published an invitation to join him in the papers. At last, after inspecting an infinitude of old castles and châteaux in Bavaria, he bought, in 1850, the ruins of Hörmannsdorf, where he finally settled down. It was high time for him to do so, for he had grown perfectly blind. Moreover, the death of his only brother warned him that his own end was at hand. This brother was seventy-nine years of age when he died at Wiesbaden. He had served in the Austrian army against France, and then went with other Austrian officers to Spain, again to fight against Napoleon. Here he was adjutant to General Whittingham, and attained the rank of a Spanish colonel. He was able to converse in most of the modern languages, and acquired some degree of reputation as an author.

At Hörmannsdorf Castle old Hallberg lived for eleven years, which seemed an eternity. In the course of his varied and agitated life he had not acquired the resignation of a practical philosopher, and the loss of his eyesight rendered life a burden to him. Several hundred Black Forest clocks were collected in his room, as

well as a number of singing-birds; but all this could not alleviate his great sorrow. He did not sink either, like other and happier old men, into a second childishness, but retained his entire mental powers, and hence felt his wretchedness the more deeply. In the company of two Tyrolese girls, one of whom acted as housekeeper, the other as reader, and of a gardener, who also occupied the cook's place, one day passed away like the other, in darkness. Every evening the worn-out veteran, with the youthful mind and wondrous power of memory, repeated audibly the gloomy passage from Valerius Maximus: "Divine wrath proceeds with a slow step towards its vengeance, and compensates for its slowness by the weight of the punishment." At last, on April 17, 1862, death appeared as a liberator, and cut the thread of this martyr of ninety-three years of age, who, as it seemed, was never going to die. His mortal remains were buried in the village cemetery of Wong on April 19, and the small cannon he had presented to the village gave him the last greeting. He was followed to the grave by many persons of rank, and by a military deputation from Landshut.

In his will, dated January 2, 1862, Hallberg appointed the dwellers in his house his heirs, and, for greater security, published it shortly prior to his death in the columns of the *Lower Bavarian Courier*. The four persons who had served him faithfully for so many years, and whom he had learned to regard as his children, would amicably divide among them all that he left behind him, as a slight mark of his gratitude to them.

But a few years before his death Hallberg was still an active man, of the middle height, extremely thin, with a very small head and a lofty forehead. Light grey hair scantily covered the back of his head and the temples, while the rest was bald. His nose was aquiline, his mouth delicately cut and small, while his small grey eyes cast a piercing and never-resting glance. His thin, sharply-formed face, on which lay a cold, unsympathising expression, was of a sickly yellow hue, and furrowed by wrinkles, which struggles, sorrow, and time had dug in it. A badly-sewn scar from a sabre-cut ran from his forehead down his nose and his pale thin lips. A long grey beard, which in former times had a marked russet tinge, covered his chin and toothless mouth, and hung picturesquely down his chest. His carriage was military and upright, and his step firm. His external appearance was rendered remarkably striking through the beard and the clothes, which displayed a studied simplicity. He always wore a short old German tunic of velvet or cloth, a cotton shawl fastened round his waist as girdle, breeches, long riding-boots of Russian leather, and a velvet cap. His favourite colour was black, because the orders and coloured ribbons, inseparable from the coat, were rendered even more conspicuous by it.

Hallberg's voice was loud and discordant, and he spoke slowly. As an orator he was coarse, but bold and extremely diffuse. His style revealed all the peculiarities of his strange temperament. His large handwriting, which seemed to be scrawled with a sabre

rather than a pen, was as full of orthographical errors as a schoolboy's theme. In society he was at one moment cold and chary of words, especially towards strangers, at another warm and affectionate. His manner revealed dignity, pride, bonhomie, elegance, harshness, or condescension, according to circumstances. In his own house he was generally cold, ceremonious, and whimsical. The principal defects of his character were distrust, vanity, and avarice. He was an aristocrat of the worst class, possessing no high opinion of the world and humanity, but demanding and valuing servility towards himself from others. While peculiarly gallant to ladies, he only estimated youth and beauty in a woman. Although Hallberg published many works, he was only an amateur. His linguistic attainments extended to Latin and Hebrew, as well as a knowledge of most modern languages. On the other hand, he possessed a large share of practical experience, which he had collected during the course of his long and agitated life, and a wondrous power of memory, which he retained to the end. In his latter days, however, he displayed the usual intolerance of old age and unjustifiable reproach of the present. His motto was "Omne solum forti patria," which was intended as an allusion to his cosmopolitism.

In Hallberg's numerous works and articles his peculiar temperament is clearly displayed. Many of his brochures referring to questions of the moment excited great attention, especially his articles in the Bavarian journals. He always contrived to offer the

public something quaint and original. His travelling descriptions contain much that is adventurous and exaggerated, but at the same time much interesting and instructive matter. Several unpublished MSS. of Hallberg's are in the hands of a Ratisbon professor, among them being his Memoirs, which, it is said, will shortly see light.

CHAPTER X.

A REVOLUTIONARY EPISODE.

THE drums of the National Guard were playing in front of the prison of St. Lazare in Paris. A large crowd was waiting at the gates of the gloomy building, in order to see the prisoners led away to trial; and although people during the Reign of Terror had grown so accustomed to executions, that a cartful of victims for the guillotine scarce attracted attention, on this day an unusual excitement was visible among the mob. The frightful women, the pikemen, the patriots in the Phrygian cap and dirty carmagnole, with sabots on their feet, the children whose youth was being spent in witnessing scenes of blood, all these swayed about and shouted confusedly on the 7 Thermidor, Year II. of the French Republic (July 9, 1794). Before the gates of St. Lazare, whose accursed walls contained as much misery and terror as those of the destroyed Bastille had once done, a cordon of pikemen was drawn up, through which marched the public summoner. A brown carmagnole hung from his shoulders, the red cap covered his bristly hair, a scrubby beard surrounded his chin, he wore red and white striped sailor's trousers, and his feet were thrust into heavy shoes shod with

stout nails. He had on a belt studded with short spikes, for the victims might lay hands on him! In this belt were two ready-cocked pistols, for the condemned men might in their desperation avenge themselves on the summoner, the instrument of the unjust judges. In his hand the man held a sheet of paper, on which were written the names of the prisoners to be tried that day, which in July, 1794, meant so much as "You will learn the hour when you will have to lay your head under the guillotine." Behind the summoner walked two pikemen belonging to the section of the Lombards. Passing through a courtyard and a corridor occupied by armed guards, who were gambling, smoking, and drinking, the three men came to a large door. Confused voices could be heard behind it. At last it was opened, and a semi-obscure room of vast dimensions became visible.

A number of forms could be noticed in the gloom. They were the prisoners of the Convention. Every age and either sex, every rank, every grade of fortune, was represented, for the guillotine despised no food—it devoured without any special choice. When the door was opened, a cry of terror burst from several throats, while others could be heard ejaculating, "Now it is all over. Good-bye," &c. The prisoners flocked up from every corner; and their eyes were fixed on the public summoner and his ill-omened paper. Whose fate is going to be decided now? A startled twitching could be noticed on the faces of some, sullen indifference on others. The summoner coughed to clear his throat,

surveyed the crowd, and then read in a loud voice, "André Chènier, littérateur." A young man of twenty-two stepped out of the throng. "Here!" he shouted in a firm voice. "Behind the bar," the summoner remarked. Chènier walked behind a paling, in which the chosen victims were to stand until the procession set out to hand them over to their judges. "Alexander Boucher, ex-captain of the ex-royal navy," the crier continued. "Here I am," a sonorous voice replied, which belonged to a man of about thirty-six years of age, who walked behind the railing with a firm step. "Charles de Bart, ex-officer of dragoons," was the next summons. "Ha! ha! you have got me at last?" a prisoner said, laughingly, in the crowd, and with the words a remarkably handsome man, whose aristocratic exterior even the filth and horror of a prison could not injure, stepped in front of the crowd. "Behind the bar," the summoner shouted, in a voice of thunder. "How can you dare to look a patriot in the face?" De Bart hummed a chanson and tripped behind the bar. "Frederick, ex-Baron de Trenck, ci-devant officer."

The tall, thin form of the summoned man now slowly rose from the bench on which he had hitherto been seated. He had regarded the scene carelessly till his name was called, gazing with a melancholy smile at the pretty women and girls and powerful young men, who, mixed up with old men and matrons in the horrible prison, anxiously awaited the summons. A smile of disdain played round his lips when he now and then heard behind him a sob of terror, or a light cry of fear.

Baron von Trenck had spent the night of July 6 with his legs stretched out at full length before him, and his hands in his breeches pockets—Trenck had known worse resting-places. Yes, it was he, the mole of Magdeburg, the adventurer, the darling of the ladies, the brave soldier, the ridiculer of his guards, for whom no wall had proved too thick, no chain too stout, or no moat too deep. His sole desire from youth up had been for unbounded, unbridled liberty. This impulse led him to a dungeon, this contempt of all chains and walls rendered him capable to break through them, and his yearning for air and light endowed him with unexampled perseverance, when he dug his way through the earth with wretched tools, and when he at length found a quiet spot, his untamable nature left him no rest, but led him to France—to the prison of St. Lazare. The youth, the man, had proved that there was nothing that could conquer his strength—and the old man was compelled to bow beneath the crushing hand of destiny. It was a fearful fate! Trenck seems to have been destined by Providence to lead a life of imprisonment until the axe liberated him. What a fearful contrast! The brilliant halls of the palaces of Berlin, Petersburg, and Vienna; a man possessing the tender affection of an exalted noble lady, sought by many other fair ones, glistening in the brilliant uniform of the princely warriors, free after undergoing a thousand dangers, and now—the company of candidates for death, the melancholy hall for a residence, threadbare, stained clothing, and a worm-eaten form—in the prison of St. Lazare.

Trenck's adventures, which had become so popular in Germany, were known in France. In that age, which was as rich in great and noble as in horrible and dishonouring events, men like Trenck met with sympathy in all classes of society. People did not ask whether his life was free from every reproach, or whether he had deserved his punishment: it was sufficient that it had been bearable enough to secure the aged man, whose silvery locks were regarded with respect, a friendly reception in France. But he had opposed Robespierre, and he was consequently, with twenty-nine companions in misery, charged with "attempting to restore the monarchy, and causing the prisoners in St. Lazare to rebel." Robespierre acted with terrific decision. He was no longer satisfied with the number of his victims, but wanted people of reputation among them. Hence he resolved to sacrifice to the guillotine any persons of consideration, still left in Paris. Trenck, as we said, enjoyed a great popularity in those parts of the city which he usually visited, and as men of repute were becoming rare in Paris, he must fall.

The crier repeated all the thirty names. He then thrust the list into his breast-pocket, took an enormous pinch of snuff, rang a bell, and quitted the hall.

A few minutes later the door was again opened, and a double row of National Guards could be noticed drawn up in the corridor. The prisoners selected stepped out from behind the bar and between the soldiers, the order to march was given, and the prison-door was again closed on those left behind. They

would never see their companions in misfortune again.

Trenck up to this time had not displayed the slightest emotion, but when the crier quitted the hall, when the summoned men took leave of their friends and relatives who remained behind, when tears and sighs again burst forth, and a hundred trembling hands were stretched out to the bar, Trenck nodded to an elegant-looking young man who was leaning against one of the pillars of the hall.

"My dear Count Bayley," he whispered, "take this as a sign of my friendship. It is the last present I received from the Princess Amalie, my benefactress and friend. I have kept it for a long time. Do you keep it as long, as a sign of an honourable recollection of me and her."

With these words he handed the count a handsome tortoiseshell snuff-box set in massive gold.

"My dearest baron," Bayley exclaimed, "why do you wish to part with this valuable article?"

"Take it. I leave it to you. I am a dying man, so honour my last wishes. We shall never meet again, for my head is about to fall."

"But, dear baron, as I am mixed up in the same affair as yourself, my head is no safer than yours."

"I know it; but I have a foreboding that you will be saved. I, count, shall die."*

* This prophecy was fulfilled. Bayley was liberated three days later, as Robespierre's influence was already failing. The count preserved the snuff-box sacredly. He, however, removed the gold

On reaching the attentive crowd in front of the prison, Trenck was recognised before all the rest. Some yelled at him, while others applauded him. "Sing the Ça ira, long Prussian!"—"He is a spy!"—"It must be proved first whether he is no patriot!" Thus the mob shouted confusedly.

On arriving at the court-house, Trenck looked around him. There was the same company as in the street—men, women, and children. In the galleries spectators, and in the front row mothers who gave their babes the breast and looked the while eagerly at the judges. All the repulsive garbs of that time could be noticed, from the plain black coat to the shirt-sleeves of the Sectionist. The clerks wore red caps, red caps flashed throughout the crowd, a red cap was worn by the bust of Marat, which was placed on a console behind the judge's bench, and grinned at the bloodthirsty audience, and a red cap flaunted at the top of the tricolor flag waving over Marat's head. Repulsive smells, hoarse voices, a stifling atmosphere, frightful countenances, all these were combined to render the court a more terrible place than the prison itself. The bell was rung, and a solemn silence set in.

Hermann the Syndic rose and read the charge. Then he turned to the prisoner nearest to him, whose white-haired head rose far above the bayonets of the guard. This head, this face, already devoted to the knife, attracted general attention. Destiny had carved

setting, and gave it to his gaolers, otherwise they might have seized box and all.

no furrows in it, and it seemed as if petrified. The corners of the mouth could no longer quiver, the forehead was no longer contracted; the eye and the tongue were alone able to express what this man had endured, and what he now felt.

"Your name, age, and profession?" Hermann asked.

"Baron Frederick von Trenck; born at Königsberg in the year 1726; formerly an officer in the Prussian and Austrian services, now a man of letters."

"Accused, you are suspected of carrying on a criminal correspondence with the kings of Europe. One of your letters has been intercepted, and will be read to you by the public accuser. In this letter you express yourself very dubiously about the events of these latter days."

"The public accuser has been deceived. No letter of mine has passed the German frontier. For many years past I have been no welcome guest in the palaces of kings. If the rulers of Europe wish to learn the condition of France, they will not ask information of me, the friend of the people. See here, citizens, the wounds which imprisonment marked on my limbs; and I am charged with raising these hands against the liberators from prisons! You cannot, dare not, believe this."

Trenck turned up his sleeves, and raised his still muscular arms high in the air. The audience rose from their seats, and noticed brown rings on the bones. They were the marks which the handcuffs of the

Magdeburg Star Redoubt had left behind them. The sight affected the judges, and Trenck's words, uttered in a sonorous voice, aroused a buzz of applause among the hearers.

"Can you deny that you have been the correspondent of Joseph II.?"

"I was so, but am so no longer. Grant me leave to speak, Citizen Procuré, and I will compel my accusers to silence."

At this moment an individual sprang up on the left of the judges' table, whose horrible countenance froze the blood in people's veins. They were features admirably adapted for the executioners of that age, which was so characteristically called the Reign of Terror. The unusually arched and bushy eyebrows and prominent orbits gave the face a thorough expression of horror. This man, whom the God of Vengeance seemed to have branded for his fearful handiwork, was Fouquier Tinville, the public accuser, the peasant's son of Hervuelle, the bloodhound of the guillotine.*

"I object," the monster croaked; "the accused must not be allowed to go into useless divergences. Time is precious. Sentence must be passed on fifteen prisoners before four o'clock, and it is now twelve, so we have now no time to lose."

"You have no time to lose?" Trenck thundered.

* Fouquier Tinville was guillotined in 1795, because he had assassinated so many Frenchmen. On the road to execution he fainted several times. He shrieked, "The blood is choking me!" He had the fixed idea that he must wade through a sea of blood.

"Do you consider the few moments spent in defending a human life as lost?"

"Speak, accused," said Hermann.

"Citizen Procuré," Tinville howled, "in that case I cannot——"

"Citizen Accuser," Hermann objected, "I have the management of the trial. Accused, I repeat that you can speak."

Trenck now rose and said:

"Citizens! for ten years I pined in fetters. At length liberated, I employed my freedom in the way a philosopher should do who is deeply conscious of its value. I was a useful citizen. After marrying the daughter of the burgomaster of Aix-la-Chapelle, I turned my attention to commerce, literature, and military studies. I was the founder of a newspaper, in which I preached the doctrines of a new and pure Christianity. Through respect for a princess to whom I owed my liberty, I gave up the newspaper, but not my principles. From 1774 to 1777 I travelled through France and England. Here I made the acquaintance of the great patriot Franklin. I it was who composed the well-known line about him—

Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis.

On returning to Germany, a public office was offered me, but the death of my benefactress, the great Empress Maria Theresa——"

"You must not misapply the liberty of speech granted you to glorify tyrants," yelled Tinville.

"You cannot prevent me from speaking as I ought. It is very strange that a republican official should try to check freedom of speech. When the great empress——"

"We are here to do justice," Hermann interposed, 'but not to hear panegyrics of the enemies of the Republic."

"Say, more correctly, to condemn. But you have granted me leave to speak, and I will take advantage of it. The great Empress Maria Theresa——"

"Gag him, if he persist in praising tyrants," Tinville commanded.

"She was my benefactress," Trenck remarked, "and I am bound to say, even in this place, that she was a great empress. When this great princess died, I proceeded to Hungary and became a farmer. Yes, citizens, the man whom you summon as a culprit to the bar was the friend of Franklin, and guided a plough on the plains of Zwabach. In 1787 I was allowed to revisit my native land. I went to Prussia, but only remained there as long as I required to pay a sacred debt of gratitude. The object of it quitted this world, and I fled from the spot where I had suffered so heavily.

"About this time appeared my Memoirs, which attracted the attention of Europe on me. Brilliant offers were made me, but I declined them. I would not be unfaithful to my sentiments, and defied fresh persecution. My enthusiasm for the storming of the Bastille cost me in Vienna an imprisonment of seventeen days. Citizens, is this conduct which can be re-

pulsive to the patriots of France? Since 1791 I have lived in France, and published pamphlets which have not been without influence upon the political education of the French people. If I have not visited the popular assemblies, it was because I believed that, as a foreigner, I should not be allowed to speak. Question my comrades in the section of the Lombards to which I long belonged, and they will not refuse me the character of an honest man. I have spoken, and believe I have proved that I have never undertaken anything against the liberty of the French nation."

Trenck resumed his seat with a haughty gesture, and a fresh murmur of applause ran along the ranks. The public accuser rose again.

"I will not," he yelled, "follow the accused in all his windings, for justice must possess the speed of light. I will even drop a portion of the charge, so far as it relates to hostile behaviour beyond the French frontier. But let the accused give me some answer to the accusation to which I now pass. Citizens! a conspiracy has been formed at St. Lazare, designed to restore the Monarchy and overthrow the Republic. Trenck, Chènier, Boucher, De Bart, and others are the ringleaders. Citizens! you are assembled to try one moiety of the conspirators; the other will be brought before you to-morrow. The evening of 6 Thermidor was selected for the execution, but the genius of liberty foiled the sanguinary plan, and the chief culprits now stand before you. You must condemn them, for the country is in peril."

"Every slave has the right to burst his fetters," Chènier exclaimed, impetuously.

"We wished to escape punishment, nothing more," Boucher said. "Every man is not suited for a murderer, and the hand which wielded a sword or a pen with horror despises the dagger."

"When I escaped from prison," Trenck remarked, "heavier chains were laid on me, but I was not punished with death. It was reserved for the court of the Republic to surpass all others in barbarity."

"Why do you anticipate the verdict of the jury?" Hermann asked.

"We know our fate," Boucher said, passionately, "so do not hide the tiger behind the fox's skin. Our death is irrevocable, and we shall only leave this hall to mount the scaffold. Unworthy judges! a Judge is enthroned above you, who will try you also. Woe to you! your blood-sentences will survive you, and your names will be branded on the pillory to the most remote ages."

"I forbid the prisoners speaking, out of charity for them," said Hermann.

"Whether you deprive us of speech or not," cried Chènier, "we will not defend ourselves. It would be a mockery to do so before such a tribunal. The judges of the Revolution disgrace the name of justice."

"Citizen President," Tinville shouted, "put an end to this nonsense. Request the jury to withdraw to their deliberating-room."

"Accused Trenck," Hermann now said, "we esteem the character of moderation in your defence. Do you

adhere to the statement that you took no part in the conspiracy?"

Trenck could save himself by one word, and leave the hall a free man. All eyes were fixed on him as he leaped up.

"Citizens," he said, "I declare that I accept the responsibility of the words uttered by my comrades. Their fate shall be mine: I will live or die with them."

Trenck was lost; but the great moment had found him great. All his faults, all his errors were expiated by this resolution—he was a martyr to his honour. A frightful pause ensued, but at length the jury re-entered the court. All the accused, thirty in number, were sentenced to death on the charge of "having formed a conspiracy in prison in order to overthrow the Republic by the murder of the representatives of the people, and restore the Monarchy." The accused listened to the sentence with indifference, for at that day men's feelings were blunted against death and its terrors, and they parted with the words, "We shall probably meet again under the guillotine." The sentence was passed at two P.M., and at four the tumbrils bore the condemned men to the place of execution. The friends had taken a parting embrace, and the air rang with their song. It was the "Chant du Départ" that they sang in chorus.

People sang at that day even when going to meet death; they sang when marching into battle; they sang during the work of blood. Boucher and Chènier were

conversing about their visionary hopes, their once sweetly smiling future.

"Why die so young?" Chènier exclaimed; "there was something here."

And he smote his forehead.

"André," Boucher replied, "you are leaving your ideas, but I my children and my loving wife. On the other side we shall meet again, so let us die nobly, and not display despondency or weakness in the presence of the executioner."

"I do not tremble," said Chènier; "but I repent that I have not been able to do the world any service."

The people looked at the passing tumbrils with decided signs of sympathy.

"What would you have—what are you staring at?" Trenck shouted, in a firm voice; "it is only a comedy *à la* Robespierre."

They reached the foot of the guillotine, and here Trenck displayed all the strength of his mind and his unbending will. He refused to be the first: he saw one head fall after the other, but stood calmly, with his hands crossed on his chest, and his eyes fixed on the sanguinary drama, which was repeated twenty-nine times in his presence. His tall form rose high above all the rest, and his grey hair blew about his energetic countenance. What thoughts were passing through his mind? "Let him remain with me, and I will make something great out of him," Frederick the Great had said to him in 1749.

At this moment Boucher's head fell. He was the last but one.

Trenck's turn had arrived. With a firm step he walked up to the scaffold, the boards creaking beneath his heavy tread. On reaching the platform he calmly surveyed the crowd. "Frenchmen," he shouted, "we die innocent. Our death will be avenged by you—produce liberty by sacrificing the monsters that disgrace it."

He rapidly knelt down. The knife fell like lightning, and the head of the unfortunate adventurer rolled into the executioner's sack. Thirty heads had fallen within fifteen minutes. The mob dispersed, and the cry of "Vive la Nation!" vibrated through the air like the murmur of the heaving ocean.*

* Although we have given a dramatic form to our episode, the facts are literally as we found them in the documents of the "Droit Public" and other authentic sources.

CHAPTER XI.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

To the west of Leipzig there extends for miles a splendid wood of old oaks, beeches, and other leafy trees. Most of the townspeople are only acquainted with the small portion which immediately borders the city gates. The "wild valley of roses," as the wilder portion of the wood is called, is not visited by many persons. It is true that various disagreeables are met with here, which are also to be found, though partially, in the tame valley of roses. Wild garlic grows over large stretches of ground, and diffuses too strong an odour, which in spring is unendurable; flies and other nuisances behave in the most impertinent manner after a heavy shower, and among the life-weary of the neighbouring city there is an unpleasant tacit agreement to carry out the voluntary closing act of their existence in the valley of roses. It is not every man who can stand going out to pluck snowdrops or campanulas, and unexpectedly come across a hanging body.

On October 8, 1774, a corpse was lying on the ground in this valley of roses. The man who had shot himself beneath the autumn-tinted roof of foliage was well known. He had called himself Colonel von

Steinbach, and given himself out to be the son of a French prince; but, prior to his death, it was notorious that the name of Scröpfer, under which he had served in a Prussian hussar regiment, and kept a coffee-house in Leipzig, was his real name. Was this man, who, after his death, aroused a real enthusiasm in Saxony, an impostor or a visionary; or was he, whether wittingly or unwittingly, an instrument employed by others in order to attain certain political aims? These questions occur to us not merely in his case, but in that of all the adepts of the last century; and hence we must spend a few moments with them.

We will commence with a proposition which, though trite, is indispensable. Every science issues from errors, and remains for a long time in them, like the rosebud in its green sheath. Humanity never attains any object, without first going astray twenty or thirty times. The best men will often rush into these wrong paths, because the straight road to science is not much more diverting than a highway laid down in a right line, running between poplar-trees to a distant steeple. The last century had a special temptation to turn from its philosophic highway sideways into the bushes. Enlightenment not only had something dry and repulsive about it, but its fundamental principles were so simple and self-evident that a clever or vain man could not feel particularly flattered at knowing no more than what the sparrows twittered on the roofs.

To this motive of employing oneself with things unknown to the general public, were added the obscure

impulse and feverish restlessness which had taken possession of the century. Men felt that they were marching towards a new era, but had not the remotest idea how they should behave under way, or when they reached their destination. Revelling in feelings and forebodings, they awaited, as the whole literature of the age evidences, something great and monstrous: a regeneration, a Messianic movement, a revelation. Many of the new principles had always had partisans, who had been compelled to retire into obscurity before the Inquisition and tyranny; and as in the last century everything was over-esteemed which did not stand on the tottering foundations of society in that day, the most exaggerated importance was given to the secret societies which the persecuted of former times had formed. Men flocked to join them, some in order to become acquainted with mysterious truths and revelations, which were said to have been brought to Europe, according to the traditions of the secret societies, from the Pyramids through the Pythagoreans, Essenes, and Templars; others, in order to build up in the silence of night a temple of reason, which could be shown perfectly finished to the coming dawn; many, because they believed that they would form a mystic union with Deity; many, too, because they dreamed of the philosopher's stone, and other useful things; and many, very many, because it became fashionable.

The choice among the existing societies was not a large one. The best known of all, the Freemasons', certainly attracted through its secresy; but, as a

general rule, they did not go beyond the principles of brotherly and human love. In addition to the Freemasons were the Templars, who reconstituted themselves immediately after the cruel execution of Jacques de Molay, and whose grand-masters have existed in uninterrupted succession up to the most recent times. These, and a few smaller societies, were not sufficient, however, and hence a number of secret societies was formed: Philalethes, Illuminati, Rosicrucians, Martinists, United Friends, Charitable Knights of the Holy City, &c. Some of these societies counted many members, and were largely extended. Through this, and owing to the mystery in which they enveloped themselves, as well as the pompousness displayed, they imposed on the fancy of their contemporaries. Even a Goethe had a certain amount of weakness for a Cagliostro. At the present day the history of the secret orders remains attractive, and the French more especially devote great attention to it. Three works, which have just appeared in Paris, supply us with illustrative matter.*

Such an extended association as that of the last century invited men to fish in troubled waters, and the most different tendencies sought to secure its aid. Charles Edward the Pretender formed a party in the

* Matter: Saint Martin, le Philosophe Inconnu. Sa Vie et ses Ecrits. Matter: Emanuel de Swedenborg. Sa Vie, ses Ecrits et sa Doctrine. And, Les Sectes et Sociétés Secrètes Politiques et Religieuses. Par le Comte le Couteulx de Canteleu. All three are published by Didier, Paris.

lodges of strict observances, the Jesuits crept in among the Rosicrucians and wherever there was a back-door open, and the Duc de Chartres, afterwards Duc d'Orléans and Philippe Egalité, gained the Grand Orient in Paris to his side. The political or religious side-views of the orders were the currents in which numerous adventurers swam merrily. Most of the latter, if not all, were swindlers, and carried on political intrigues as a lucrative and protecting παρέργον. Scröpfer, to whose tragical end we have referred, is said to have undertaken his conjurations as an agent of the Jesuits. He horrified the Prussian court and all Berlin by prophesying the death of several well-known characters, and some of his prophecies came true. He, however, carried on his game too impudently and coarsely, so that his protectors separated from him, and allowed him to sink into a state of poverty.

Scröpfer had taken up a system of incantations ready prepared for him. How it was arranged is not known with perfect accuracy, and hence we can only speak generally. The "Magians" were acquainted with all the effects of the magic lantern and phantasmagoria, all the ocular illusions which had been produced by the instruments of Father Kircher and Robertson, as well as all the laws of reflected light. In the East they had learned certain catoptric laws, for which they were indebted to the celebrated magic mirrors which the pagan priests are said to have employed. Catoptromancy, or prophesying from a series of prearranged mirrors, produced a remarkable

effect, for it was only requisite to engrave on the back of a mirror objects in relief and place them before a reflecting surface in order to produce them exactly as they were. These objects (pictures of the dead) were, however, motionless, and to make the spectator believe that he saw something supernatural, a second deception must be produced. This the Magian effected by certain odours which have a tendency to produce hallucinations in young persons. Hence the necromancers preferred that children should gaze into their magic mirrors. Deceived by images which their own brain invented, these children announced fearful things as seen by them, and thus frequently induced sensible men to believe in the power of incantation. The Magian had other apparatus in his arsenal. In order to perfect the formation of dazzling representations by the aid of hydromancy (prophesying with water), he placed in the centre of the magic circle a crystal ball filled with water, on which frequently floated a lump of burning camphor, whose vapour strengthened the effect of the objects reflected in the water. Finally, the necromancers employed the newly-discovered forces of electricity and magnetism, so that they operated with very different allies than those of our modern mediums, who require nothing more than a rapping-table.

Scröpfer is stated to have been the teacher of the notorious Count St. Germain. This pretended count was an adventurer, supposed to be the son of a Portuguese Jew. The protection of Madame de Pompadour

and the minister Choiseul procured him admission to the French court, where he stood in some credit for a lengthened period, and lived in splendour. He must have been a remarkably well-educated man, for he not only made chemical experiments which procured him the respect of thorough naturalists, but narrated anecdotes of Charles V., and even of Pontius Pilate, whose contemporary he stated himself to be, in which the most careful study of history was displayed. Any one who saw him employing his magic mirror at his house in the Rue Plâtrière, or at Ermenonsville, could no longer doubt but that St. Germain stood in communication with the other world. He would be asked to summon dead people whom he had never seen: they appeared, and were recognised by their relations. But, during his residence in Paris, the police also performed miracles and displayed a knowledge of hidden things bordering on omniscience, whence the conclusion has been drawn that Count St. Germain was a spy, who sold to the police the numerous persons who were compelled to confide in him in order to secure his services. He died in 1784, at the house of the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, in Schleswig-Holstein.

In Hamburg this setting swindler had several interviews with a rising swindler who gave himself out to the world as Count Cagliostro. Goethe has traced his origin and the history of his later years, and we need not repeat after him. We will merely remark here that the pretended Armenian Altotas with whom Cagliostro travelled at the beginning of his career, and

whom Alexandre Dumas introduces in his romance, was most probably a German of the name of Kolmer. This Kolmer-Altotas had lived a long while in Egypt when a young man, and there saw and heard enough to be able on his return to Europe to envelop himself in a nimbus of pyramid mysteries. At Messina he formed the acquaintance of Cagliostro, who at that time was called Balsamo, visited with him the Archipelago and Morea, then proceeded with his companion to Egypt, where they earned a deal of money by selling imitation gold for embroidery, and finally went to Malta. The grand-master Pinto was so deluded by the impostors that he gave them his house and laboratory, but they did not remain long in the island. Kolmer disappeared from this moment, but Cagliostro went through a brilliant, though very badly-ending career.

The new Magian founded his plans on the liking for ostensibly serious ceremonies which prevailed among the various orders. He threw old Egyptian free-masonry as a bait to such as wished to coquette with mysticism. Heads were heated by the thought of wearing symbolic orders and performing rites which were said to have been originated in the priestly state of Meroë, and to have attained their development during the fifth or sixth dynasty of the Pharaohs. Cagliostro, however, had inducements not only for phantasts, but also for earnest thinkers. In passing sentence on his influence, we must not overlook the fact that he was one of the first introducers of magnetism, and that he possessed some rare chemical and medical acquirements.

Hundreds who turned away from him in disgust owing to his incantations and the prophecies of his "doves" (young girls), returned to him again when they heard of his marvellous cures—that is to say, his recovery of persons given up by the doctors—for instance, the Prince de Soubise.

Still he was and remained a man of the lowest character. He carried on a trade in the charms of his lovely wife Lorenza. At Petersburg he contrived to introduce her to Prince Potemkin, and the great Catherine was rendered so jealous by this, that she sent him over the frontier with twenty thousand silver roubles in his pocket. He then went to France, gained a reputation by visiting the hospitals and effecting remarkable cures, and after this began founding "Lodges of the victorious Truth." In order to lay his magic nets all round Paris, he proceeded to provincial towns, such as Strasburg, Lyons, and Bordeaux. From the banks of the Garonne, where he remained eleven months, he returned to those of the Seine, and secluded himself in the most solitary street of the Marais, in an isolated house, surrounded by gardens, in which he lived perfectly quiet for a year. He calculated very correctly that the Parisians would soon grow half mad through curiosity to know what he was about. When he had brought them to this state, he summoned deputies from the seventy-two Parisian lodges to his house, and treated them to a grand invocation of spirits. He allowed his guests to summon ghosts according to their taste, and they ordered up Voltaire, Diderot,

D'Alembert, the Abbé Voisenon, Montesquieu, and the Duc de Choiseul. The invited persons appeared as punctually as the stone guest in "Don Juan," and the company diverted themselves excellently with them. As the living guests promised to be silent about the adventure, all Paris heard about it, and then the ladies wished to have their share. With the attentive politeness which Cagliostro always displayed in such cases, he offered to form a lady's lodge, but six-and-thirty members must give in their names for the purpose. On the first evening the list was full, and each of the virgins of Isis had paid one hundred Louis d'or. Paris did not talk about the sittings which the ladies held; for Cagliostro, in order to keep his secret and his three thousand six hundred Louis, had been cautious enough to invite the six-and-thirty lovers of the female adepts.

Shortly after occurred the notorious necklace affair, which has always been accepted as a proof that the orders were labouring to undermine the monarchy. We are bound earnestly to protest against such an assumption, not on behalf of the orders, which do not concern us, but for the sake of history and common sense. It is not at all logical to say that this occurrence was injurious, and therefore was designed to injure. Cagliostro, the only person standing in connexion with the secret societies of all those mixed up in the odious drama of the diamond necklace, did not think at the time about any republican conspiracy, but of something far more substantial—1,600,000 livres. Such was the price of the necklace which was to

acquire the queen's affection for the vain and dissipated Cardinal de Rohan, as he had been induced to believe. Cagliostro, during his first stay in Paris, had formed the acquaintance of the Abbé Georget, the cardinal's secretary, and had become known to the latter by name at least. When he returned, and shut himself up for a year, the Countess Lamothe, the pretended descendant of the Valois, who was the chief actress in the intrigue, was one of the few persons with whom he associated. That he was deeply implicated, is proved by the caution he displayed when the strings began to be drawn tighter. The cardinal received letters said to be written by Marie Antoinette, and thence resolved to purchase the necklace. At this decisive moment, Cagliostro stepped forward, held a magico-mystical session, and informed the cardinal, through his "dove," that the negotiation commenced was worthy of him, and the queen would heap favours upon him. Upon this, the necklace was purchased, and embezzled by the Lamothe. Up to this time Cagliostro had lived in Lyons, in order to be able to prove an *alibi*, and carefully destroyed every proof of his connexion with the thief. Who were the other personages of the drama? Lamothe, an adventurer of the ordinary stamp; Villette, an ex-gendarme and forger; and Mademoiselle Oliva, a girl who bore a resemblance to the queen. Thanks to his precautions, Cagliostro escaped the sentence passed on his accomplices, but was eventually punished at Rome for his repeated acts of swindling by imprisonment for life. What was the fate of Lorenza is unknown. The

Countess Lamothe, about whom a report was spread in 1791 that she had just died in London, is said to have lived till the end of the Restoration at Artois. As for her husband, it is certain that he lived up to 1829 in Paris, and equally certain that Louis XVIII. gave him a pension. Who can solve this riddle?

From these quacksalvers and impostors of the secret societies we will now turn to one of the most celebrated Illuminati and Martinists of the age, who courageously died for the same monarchy which his brethren are said to have undermined. Jacques Cazotte, born circa 1720, at Dijon, and a pupil of the Jesuits, eventually removed to Paris, and received an appointment in the Admiralty. In 1747 he had attained the rank of a commissary, and devoted his attention to literature, more especially to poetry. Appointed controller of the Leeward Islands, he went to Martinique, where he was beloved and respected by all classes, and soon after married Elizabeth Roignan, daughter of the chief justice of the colony. In Martinique he composed two ballads, which have held their place in French literature. When the English attacked the island in 1719, Cazotte displayed great activity, and even a considerable share of strategic ability. Recalled to France by the death of his brother, he asked leave to retire, which was granted on the most honourable conditions, and with the title of a commissary-general of the navy. He settled with his wife and children at Pierry, an estate of his brother's, in the vicinity of Epernay. He had sold his property in Martinique to Lavalette, supe-

rior of the Jesuits, and taken bills on the Company; but the Jesuits refused to acknowledge these bills, and this produced the first of those lawsuits which eventually led to the suppression of the order.

At this period Cazotte published his novel "Le Diable Amoureux," which not so long ago mystified the editor of a London periodical, as some one sold him a translation of the old work as a modern original. He now became an Illuminé, and joined a lodge of Martinists in which Jewish metaphysics were combined with the obscure theories of the Alexandrian philosophy, and whose adepts believed they could attain an authority over the spirit world. As a Martinist, Cazotte wrote his "Arabian Fables," in whose cheerful and mild tone nothing mystical is to be traced. A friend of the marvellous, he had received from nature the gift of catching the fanciful side of things, and was fond of telling strange stories. Among others, he used to talk about Marion Delorme, whom he stated he had frequently seen before her death, at the age of one hundred and fifty years; and from her narrative he produced the most remarkable details about the death of Henri IV. This was naturally a fiction, but the gloomy prophecy in which Cazotte is said to have predicted to a large family their death by the guillotine years before the Revolution, is also a fiction, and one of La Harpe.

When the disturbances began, Cazotte retired into Champagne. But he was not satisfied with lamenting the course of events, but made his son, Scævola, join

the Gardes du Corps, and kept up a correspondence with the king. Scævola was engaged in the flight to Varennes, protected the royal couple on their return from ill treatment, and saved the dauphin. When the Tuileries were taken by storm on August 10, Cazotte's letters to the king were found in the office of Laporte the intendant. Fouquier Tinville did not hesitate to send the order for his arrest to Pierry. "Dost thou know these letters?" the police official asked him. "They are from me," Cazotte replied. "And I wrote them from my father's dictation," exclaimed his daughter Elizabeth, in order that she might share his cell. Both were confined in the Abbaye towards the close of August.

The news of the capture of Longwy by the Prussians inflamed the Parisians to commit the September murders. Maillard's bands had been killing the prisoners in the Abbaye for hours, when towards midnight Cazotte's name was called out. He walked up to the prosecutor, answered a few questions, and then received his sentence: "To La Force." This was the formula which had been selected in order to intimate to the watchful myrmidons that the prisoner was condemned to death. He had just reached the door which led to the court-yard, filled with the dead and dying, when his daughter Elizabeth rushed up, threw her arms round his neck, and implored mercy for him. The executioners were affected. Maillard was still hesitating, when a man of the people offered the courageous daughter a glass, and said, "Citoyenne, in order to

prove to Maillard that thou art no aristocrat, drink to the welfare of the nation and the victory of the republic." Elizabeth drank, and she and her father were set at liberty amid the shouts of the spectators.

"I am not saved for long," Cazotte said on the following day to some friends who congratulated him. "A few moments before you came in, I had a vision. I saw a gendarme who was seeking me, and was obliged to accompany him. I appeared before the maire of Paris, who sent me to the Conciergerie, and thence to the revolutionary court. My hour has come." In truth, his vision was realized on September 14. His trial was soon got through, and the sentence was death. On September 25, 1792, Cazotte was beheaded. Ere he was fastened to the board, he walked to the edge of the scaffold and shouted across the Carrousel square, "I die as I have lived, faithful to God and my king."

CHAPTER XII.

A ROYAL WHIM.

We are about to tell our readers a very strange event that occurred in the reign of Frederick William I. of Prussia, father of the great Frederick, and a man generally disliked on account of his rough and frequently tyrannical manner, but who was really one of the best regents of his fatherland, as he alone (and to this his son afterwards bore testimony) was the real founder of its future greatness.

This extraordinary man, who should be judged by the customs of the age in which he lived, in order to prove him extraordinary both in his errors and his virtues, had one passion which far outweighed all others—namely, love for the chase. We remember reading in his historian, Förster, that within one year he killed upwards of 3000 partridges with his own gun, without taking the other game into account, in which the queen was the greatest sufferer, as she had to find him, according to a marriage contract, in powder and shot gratis. When there was nothing for him to shoot in his own forests, he never declined the invitations of the landed gentry to pay them a visit.

Thus it happened that—it might be about the year

1720—the rich landed proprietor Von W—— sent his majesty an invitation to a wolf hunt, with the humble request that he would bring his most illustrious consort with him, as the nobleman's wife had formerly belonged to her majesty's suite.

On a fine September day, then, the king and queen, with several officers and ladies of the bedchamber, as well as the court fool, Baron von Gündling, arrived at the nobleman's ancestral château. On the very next day the chase commenced, and Von Gündling, who found as little pleasure in the sports of the field as the king did in the arts and sciences, took a solitary walk in the meadows, and lay down to read in the long grass.

But before we hear what happened further, we must first give our readers a description of this strange man. He was, as we have already remarked, the king's fool, and had received all imaginable titles and honours, in order to afford his majesty and the court still greater sport. In fact, his Excellency the Supreme Master of the Ceremonies, Privy Councillor, and President of the Academy of Arts, Baron von Gündling, acquired such arrogance through his titles, that nothing could be more comical than the contrast between these dignities and the indignities he had to suffer daily, even from the youngest lieutenants. His excellency on such occasions would grow very angry—the very thing his tormentors wished—and would lay a protest before the king against a man of his rank being so treated, which naturally increased the general laughter.

Through such scenes, which were in that day considered remarkably comical, our fool had become a necessity for the king and court. Besides, we may add that he was a walking lexicon, and had to give all possible explanations in the daily meetings of the so-termed "tabaks collegium." His pedantry, in fact, was the best thing about him: as for wit, he possessed as little as a mule, but, to make up for it, he could be as vicious and obstinate as that amiable animal.

The Baron von Gündling, then, lay at full length in the grass, in his peculiar dress, the chief ornament of it being an immense full-bottomed wig, and in such a position that only the locks of his peruke could be seen as he moved from side to side. A gentleman who arrived rather late for the chase happened to notice it, and taking it for some strange animal, fired point blank at the wig, but very fortunately missed it. His excellency sprung up immediately in the highest indignation, and cried out:

"You vagabond rascal, how dare you——?"

The gentleman, however, when he perceived that the strange animal must necessarily belong to the royal suite, did not wait to reply, but ran off at full speed to the neighbouring forest. The baron, however, was not satisfied with this, but, as he saw a man ploughing at a short distance from him, he called out in his arrogant manner:

"Come hither, man!"

The reply he received was:

"I have no time or inclination to do so, but if you'll speak civilly, I may."

His excellency was not accustomed to such an answer; he therefore walked toward the impudent ploughman with upraised stick, and was about to apply it to his back, when he noticed that it was the clergyman of the village, whom he had seen the preceding evening at the nobleman's château. The baron, therefore, lowered his stick, and contented himself by punishing the clergyman with his tongue.

"How can he be such an impertinent ass? Does he not know who I am?"

"Oh, yes, he's the king's fool."

His excellency trembled with rage, and raised his stick again, but on measuring the sturdy pastor from head to foot, and seeing no help near, he let it fall for the second time, and merely uttered the threat:

"Just wait, my fine fellow. I'll tell the king you pretend to be a pastor, and yet go out ploughing."

The clergyman replied, quite calmly:

"My gracious master will probably remember that Cincinnatus ploughed too, and he was a dictator, while I am only a poor village pastor."

"Yes," the baron said, after inspecting his coarse and peasant-like dress, "but when Cincinnatus ploughed, he did not look like a common peasant."

"I am certain he did not look like a fool," the clergyman replied, as he drove his oxen on.

This was too much for the baron, and he rushed away towards a peasant he saw approaching, vowing

vengeance on the impudent pastor, whom he determined to ruin on the first opportunity.

He was very glad, then, to find in the peasant a most determined enemy to the clergyman, who complained bitterly of his sternness, and of the fact of his compelling him to make up a quarrel he had carried on very successfully with his wife for several weeks.

Our fool was clever enough to see that this anecdote would not be of any service to him in trying to injure the pastor with the king; he therefore answered, most pathetically, "But the pastor was perfectly in the right; that could do you no harm?"

"Well, that's very true," the peasant replied, "especially as he's getting old, and can't carry on as he used; but I'm sure when his son soon takes his place —a fellow like a church steeple—he'll break all our bones for us. For that reason, if the matter was left to me, I wouldn't choose him for our clergyman; for if the patron is to beat us on workdays, and the pastor play the same game on Sundays, when will our backs find time to get well?"

Gündling now listened attentively, and his plan was soon formed when he learned that the pastor's son would return from Halle in a few days to preach his trial sermon on the next Sunday, as the patron had promised him his father's living. He therefore quitted the peasant with a mocking smile, and made some pretext for visiting the sexton to make further inquiries into the matter. The latter confirmed the story, and gave his opinion that the young master must be at

least six feet two in height, and as straight as a poplar tree.

"Wait!" Gündling murmured between his teeth, as soon as he again reached the street; "we will put a blue coat on the young fellow, and that will annoy that vagabond preacher." He therefore returned to the château, where he looked up a captain of his acquaintance, whom he took on one side with the hurried question, "How many fellows have you already got?"

To understand this question, our readers must know that the king, at every review, requested each commander of a company to present his new recruits to him. If the poor gentleman had less than three he fell into partial disgrace; and so each captain, about review time, which was close at hand, tried to procure a few young men by any method, legal or illegal, but especially those particularly tall, for the king had a peculiar delight in such soldiers.

"Woe is me! I've but one," the officer replied, "and he's only a journeyman tailor."

"Well, then," Gündling replied, "you can get a journeyman clergyman of six feet two."

"Well, that's no tremendous height, but still it's better than nothing."

The captain then requested an explanation, and the couple discussed the measures by which to get hold of the clergyman's son. They soon agreed that the officer should feign illness when the king departed. Gündling would remain with him as company: a few soldiers would be secretly procured from a neighbouring town,

and the young candidate taken *nolens volens* by the ears, and transported to the next garrison.

In the meanwhile the king and his suite followed the chase on the next day with their usual ardour. It so happened that two ladies in attendance on the queen, tortured by *ennui*, followed the windings of the stream, which led them from the nobleman's garden into the open fields. One of them, Wilhelmine von B——, was a young and charming creature, and was evidently attempting to cheer her companion, who was silent, and not nearly so charming. In consequence there was a deal of laughing, which might have been heard at some distance off, and might have led to the conclusion that the old, though still ever new story of marriage and love was being discussed by the ladies. They had gradually wandered some quarter of a mile from the village, when a wolf, probably disturbed by the beaters, and which they at first took for a dog, ran towards them, regarding them with a look which they interpreted, "This little darling I'll make my breakfast off, and the other little darling I'll leave on that bed of forget-me-nots till supper time."

The poor girls had not in the least expected such a bridegroom, and stood petrified with fear as soon as they recognised the animal; for they possibly did not know that a wolf, in the summer or autumn, would attack nobody, and that the Isegrim who fascinated their eyes was probably as much afraid of them as they were of him. The silent young lady sobbed out a masculine name—we presume that of her lover—while the charming

one, after recovering from her first terror, looked round on all sides for assistance.

Suddenly a carriage made its appearance from a branch road, drawn by two horses, in which a young and handsome man was sitting. Both ladies cried out together in joyful surprise when they perceived this unexpected assistance, and the wolf immediately ran off, and took up his station some distance from them. "You have saved us from death," the charming Wilhelmine said, as she approached the young man, who immediately ordered the coachman to stop, and leaped from the carriage. After begging, in the style of French gallantry, to have his doubts cleared up as to whether he looked upon nymphs, or hamadryads, or actual mortals, and all possible explanations had been furnished him, he presented himself to the ladies as the son of the old pastor, and just arrived from Halle, in order to act as curate to his father. The young man, whom we will call Carl, then invited the ladies to take seats in his vehicle, and thus return to the chateau.

The ladies quickly accepted this invitation, and Carl had the pleasure of lifting them into the lofty carriage, in which he also took his seat, exactly opposite the fair Wilhelmine, who, however, was cruel enough, for some time, to look every way but at him. At length, when he began to speak of Halle, where he had been several years "Famulus" in the house of Freylinghausen, she turned her eyes with pleasure towards him, for she was well acquainted with this poet, and became so eloquent that her companion blushed, nudged her repeatedly, and

at length whispered in her ear, "Ah, mon Dieu! he's not a nobleman." Wilhelmine, however, paid no attention to her, and as the young man was very well read, and recited several of Freylinghausen's newest poems, the time passed so quickly that they stopped before the rectory almost without perceiving it. Here all the family assembled round the carriage, and wished to embrace their dear relative; but this he declined, and first presented his fair companions, who were immediately invited into the rectory, which the silent one at first declined, but the other immediately accepted.

After the first stormy salutation, the old clergyman clasped his hands, and commenced the hymn, "Praise God for all His gifts!" in which the whole family joined; among them our friend Carl, with such a splendid tenor voice, that the young lady could not refrain from saying, after the hymn was ended:

"If you would do me a real favour, you would sing me that song of Freylinghausen's which you recited to us on our road here."

This request was so flattering that Carl could not refuse to comply with it. He therefore sang, as solo, the song, "My heart should feel contented," without the least idea that, in a very short time, not merely all his consolation, but all his good fortune, would originate from this song.

The charming Wilhelmine was highly delighted when he had finished the song; and the two ladies took their leave, on the earnest persuasion of the silent one of the two. Carl politely accompanied them to the neighbour-

ing gate of the château, where they parted with mutual compliments.

The young man felt for the first day or two as if he had lost something necessary to his existence; but as the difference of rank between himself and a lady of the royal suite appeared to him an insurmountable obstacle, he soon forgot the strange adventure, in which he was materially assisted by the composition of his trial sermon, which he was to preach the next Sunday before his patron and the congregation. In the meanwhile, however, the king and his suite had returned to Berlin, while Gündling and the captain remained behind to carry out their treacherous scheme. The captain pretended to be suffering from a frightful attack of gout, and had secretly ordered a corporal and six men to come on the ensuing Sunday night from the neighbouring garrison of G——n, as he had learned that their kind host intended to pay a visit at a gentleman's house some thirty miles off, as soon as the candidate's sermon was ended, and would not return for a week. During that time they expected to have the young recruit so securely hidden away, that any reclamation would be unavailing; and besides, the king's adjutant, who attended to all military affairs, was the captain's cousin. Gündling, after his usual fashion, rubbed his stomach with both hands, as he thought of the pastor's terrible despair at the loss of his beloved son.

As soon as the anxiously-desired Sunday arrived, both gentlemen went to the overcrowded church: the captain, as he hypocritically told his host, to return

thanks for his sudden and fortunate recovery, but, in truth, to have a nearer look at his young recruit, whose height he was delighted with, and paid Gündling repeated compliments on his discrimination. The poor young man gained complete approbation from his patron and the whole parish, and even Gündling, after the service was over, approached the pastor, and treacherously praised his good fortune in having such a son. We must say, that the captain, to his credit, was not guilty of such hypocrisy in this case.

At a late hour in the evening, which was both stormy and cold, the sound of arms and a loud knocking was heard at the door of the parsonage. The door was at length opened by the unfortunate Carl, with the words:

"Who are you, and what do you want at this unseasonable hour of the night?"

"We want you!" the captain exclaimed, as he sprang forward, and seized the young man by the arm. "You must come with us, and change your black coat for a blue one."

We may easily imagine the terror of the wretched man, who, only partly dressed, was standing speechless before them, when his old father, who had heard this conversation, rushed out of bed, and interposed between them. He, too, was unable at first to speak through terror, when he perceived in the moonlight the soldiers, and among them Gündling, who burst into a loud laugh on seeing the father's agony. This insult restored the old man to consciousness, and crying, "You vil-

lanous Judas!" he rushed with clenched fists at the baron. Carl, however, interposed; but as the old man could not be calmed, and the confusion and cries had become general, for the mother and sisters had joined them, the young man repeatedly begged to be allowed to speak, and when he gained permission, he addressed the following question to his father:

"Do you believe that our Heavenly Father is aware of my fate, or not?"

At this all were silent; but when the question was repeated, the old man replied:

"Why do you ask such a question? How should He, who knows everything, not be aware of your fate?"

"Well, then," the son calmly replied, "if you believe that, you must not forget that 'all things work together for good to those who love God.' I love Him, and willingly yield to my fate; and will only dress myself, and then be ready to follow the captain."

"No!" the latter replied; "you must come directly. *Allons*—march!"

All ran after the unfortunate man, crying to him, and striving to retain him, but in vain. Father, mother, and sisters were driven back by the butt-ends of the muskets.

"He will not be frozen," the captain cried, "before getting out of the village, and then he'll put on his accoutrements."

We will not attempt to give any description of the

condition of the sorrowing family, as a soldier's life in that day was not merely the most disgraceful, but also the most wretched on earth; and many a father, had the choice been left him, would sooner have seen his son in his coffin than in the coloured coat.

The unhappy father waited in vain for a letter from his son from one week—from one month to another. The captain had taken all necessary precautions to cut off every opportunity for communication. No one knew what had become of him, and although it was so very difficult, on this very account, to claim him, still both pastor and patron attempted it, though, as may be easily imagined, in vain. After repeated petitions to his royal majesty, they at length received a very harsh reply from the minister of war himself: that they made a most insane request in asking them to look for a recruit in the ranks of the whole Prussian army, when no one, not even themselves, knew where he was; and he must be getting on well, or else he would have written to them.

Two years thus elapsed, without the disconsolate father, who had long before received a young curate to assist him, hearing the least news about his son, and therefore supposed that he had died through the cold on that frightful evening, or at the halberts.

At length, when the second year had just ended, he received a message from the neighbouring town to say that his son was in good health, and intended to visit him that same evening in company with the lady of the Dean of P——. When their joy at this unexpected

news, which appeared to the old man almost fabulous, was moderated, and a thousand questions asked of the messenger, no one could certainly furnish any explanation as to his strange companion; but this was their least anxiety. "The dean's lady," the old mother gave it as her opinion, "will soon be tired of us." And long before evening the whole family set out to welcome their Joseph, as the old man called him. They had just arrived at the cross-road we have already visited, when a carriage drove up, out of the window of which a charming little white hand was stretched, and a silvery voice uttered the words, "Yes, yes, dear Carl, here it was that you saved me from the wolf." At the moment he looked out he recognised his parents. A cry of joy burst from him, which was echoed by the whole family. The coachman was bidden to stop, the lady and gentleman sprang out, and it was some time before the old father could say, "Now, then, tell us all, you wicked boy; you caused us much grief by not writing a single word."

"I could, I dare not," Carl replied. "The captain made me pledge my honour that I would not send you any news of my place of abode. If I kept my word, he promised to give me my liberty at the end of three years."

"And the worthy captain set you free at the expiration of two," his father remarked.

"Not he!" Carl replied. "Death alone could have saved me from his clutches. I owe my liberty to our glorious king."

"Tell us—tell us how," all cried; "let the carriage drive home."

"Yes!" the patron cried, who had come to share in the general joy, "send the carriage away. I must know all about it. We will take our seats on this bank."

All—among them the dean's lady, to whom no one had yet paid any attention—seated themselves on the grassy couch, and kept their eyes fixed on the young man, who wiped away his tears, and then commenced thus:—

How badly I fared, and how grieved I was at not being able to send any news to my dear parents and sisters, I need not tell you. My only trust was in God; for, had I not had Him to support me, I should have acted like a hundred others—either deserted, or put an end to my life. But my faith, which daily found nourishment in the beautiful text with which I quitted you on that night of terror, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God," supported me in all my necessities.

Thus it happened that, just fourteen days ago, I stood as sentinel in the grand corridor of the royal palace at Berlin. I was thinking, as usual, of home, and as I felt very low-spirited, and besides, fancied the neighbouring apartments unoccupied, I commenced singing that sweet song of Freylinghausen, "My heart should feel contented;" when I was singing the third verse, a door opened, to my great embarrassment, and I saw this lady's head.

"Ah! the dean's lady," the old pastor said, as he bowed to her. "Now I am beginning to see more clearly into matters." And he straightway poured forth a multitude of apologies for not having noticed her before, through his immoderate joy at his son's return.

"But, father," the son inquired, "do you not recognise the lady?"

The old man, however, and his wife, had long forgotten the features. One of Carl's sisters at length said,

"That must be the young lady, if I am not mistaken, whom you saved from the wolf?"

"Certainly," Carl replied; "and at this very spot where we are now sitting so happily together."

But as all began crying "Proceed, proceed with your story," he continued it in the following fashion:—

As soon as I saw the head I was in great fear, and ceased singing. The lady, however, came very kindly towards me, measured me from head to foot, and at length said:

"I could scarce believe my ears when I heard that voice, but my eyes cannot deceive me. Surely you are the son of the clergyman of H——, who saved me from the wolf two years ago?"

"I am that unhappy man," I said to her; and then proceeded to tell her what a frightful revenge Gündling had taken. Her eyes filled with tears, and she seemed to me like an angel sent from on High to comfort me.

"You saved me from a wolf," she exclaimed, "and I will now do as much for you;" and then hurried back into the room. I stood there with a beating heart, till a page approached me with the words:

"Sentinel, as soon as you are released from duty you must go through that door, and present yourself to her majesty the queen."

I need not say with what anxiety I waited for the hour.

At length I was relieved, and, trembling, I entered the queen's apartments. She asked my history very graciously, and when I had finished it, she added:

"I can do nothing for you, my son, but I will beg the general to see that you are on duty here to-morrow morning between eleven and twelve, the hour at which the king pays me a visit. Then sing, with your clear voice that pleased me so much, any verse you like of his majesty's favourite hymn—'Who puts his trust in God alone.' I will then see what more I can do for you."

With these words her majesty dismissed me, and without the door I met this lady, who whispered to me, "Courage, courage; I trust all will be well."

As I expected, I was placed on duty before the queen's apartments the next morning at eleven o'clock. As soon as I heard voices within I commenced singing a verse of the hymn that had been commanded. However, I expected in vain to be summoned again. The hour passed, and I fancied that no attention had been paid to me; and I despaired, for I did not dare sing another verse——

"And yet," the young lady here interrupted the narrator, "all proper attention had been paid to your hymn, and I may be permitted to give an account of it, as Carl has already become my dear husband."

Another cry of astonishment was here raised: "What! what! your husband?" all exclaimed. "I fancied you were a dean's wife," the old pastor remarked. "I never heard of such a thing," the patron murmured, for he knew the lady was of very old family, and both he and the pastor seemed scarce to know whether they were awake or dreaming.

"You must, then, hear my story," the young lady remarked, with a smile:—

The voice delighted both their majesties greatly, and as soon as I perceived this I began saying everything I could in favour of the young man without, till the king laughed and said:

"Why, she must be in love with the fellow."

I felt that I blushed at this remark, but still answered boldly:

"Yes, your majesty; for he saved me, two years ago, from a frightful wolf."

"Diable!" the king added, "you are of a very old family, and might get a lieutenant, as far as I know."

Here the queen interposed, and begged his majesty, who was in very good humour that day, not to torment me further. I had opened my whole heart to her,

and was determined on having this grenadier, or no one else, for my husband. "I must beg your majesty to remember," the queen continued, "how carefully this good girl attended to our child in its last illness."

"Well!" the king remarked, "we'll see. The captain praises the fellow; but still she cannot by any possibility marry a simple curate. Well, as I said, we'll see. I'll examine the fellow myself; but *apropos*, suppose he will not have *you?*"

I did not know what answer to make to this inquiry, save by letting my eyes sink on the ground; but the queen came to my assistance by saying, "Your majesty will be best fitted to arrange that matter."

"Well, that's very true," the king replied. "We'll see, then; the fellow will not be such a fool as to refuse." And with these words his majesty left the room, apparently in deep thought.

"That is the end of my story," the young lady said, "and my husband must proceed with his now."

Carl, therefore, continued:—

I naturally believed that I had been quite unnoticed, especially as nothing of the slightest importance occurred during the remainder of the day that might nourish my hopes.

The next morning, however, at parade, the king cried out, after he had finished all other affairs:

"Where is the fellow who stood as sentry yesterday

morning between eleven and twelve at the queen's door?—let him step out of the ranks."

With a beating heart I obeyed this order, on which his majesty, without moving a feature, first measured me from head to foot, and then said, "Two under-officers here—take the fellow's coat off!" I could fancy nothing else than that I was going to be tied up to the halberts for my unseasonable singing, and therefore began tremulously, "I implore your majesty, with all submission——" but the king interrupted me: "Don't argue—take his waistcoat off!" The under-officers did what they were commanded, and the king in the same tone, and without moving a feature, said, "Now his gaiters!"

I now fancied I was going to be impaled at the least, and entreated, in my fear, "I beg your majesty, on my knees, to be merciful to a poor fellow;" but the same answer was given me—"Don't argue."

As I stood there in my shirt sleeves, the king ordered —"Now bring that black chest hither to the front."

I was now certain of death when I saw this chest brought up, in which I fancied an executioner's sword, at the very least, was contained. I clasped my hands, and commended my soul to God, when the king, before whom the chest had been deposited, cried out to me, "Now look in, and see how that suits you."

As soon as I raised the lid, I saw, not a sword or any instrument of torture, but a black clerical dress, and the bands laid on the top of it. This change in my feelings almost took my senses away, but the king's

voice again aroused me. "Now dress yourself immediately, and listen to what I say. Bring four drums here, and lay a dozen side-arms across them, so that he cannot tumble through. The grenadier shall preach us a sermon, for I must first examine him, and see if he has learned anything. If he sits firm in the saddle, as the saying is, he can keep the black stuff, and all it contains; but if he's a stupid ass, I'll make him put the coatee on again. Now then, up on the drums; you need not give it us long, but it must be good."

Assuredly (the young man continued) I should have talked nothing but nonsense, through the agitated nature of my feelings, and the fact that such a terrible alternative was offered me; but to my great good fortune, during the whole duration of my wretched servitude, I had daily thought of my favourite text, and determined I would preach on it the very first Sunday after my release. In fact, from continually thinking on the subject, I had the whole discourse long before ready in my mind. I therefore boldly mounted the drums, and began immediately with the words—"St. Paul says, in Rom. viii. 28, 'And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God;'" after which I gave a detailed account of my own misfortunes, which had worked together for good by the confirmation of my faith, and then made an universal and particular application of it.

I had noticed that the king, who stood close before me, and never once took his eyes off me, could not keep the tears from pouring down his cheeks; and I

had scarce uttered the word "Amen," when he said to me, "Now come down from your pulpit; you can keep the black coat, and all it contains. You had better inspect the pockets, and see what you have got in them."

During my discourse, I had noticed that one of them seemed heavier than the other. I therefore put my hand into that one first, and who could picture my astonishment, when I drew out a gold *tabatière* filled with ducats. I was silently regarding it, when the king said, "That is a present from my wife; but now look, and see whether there is anything in the other pocket;" and not yet able to utter a word through surprise, I drew out my appointment as dean, signed by the king's own hand.

"How is that possible? such a thing was never heard of," the old pastor exclaimed, as he raised his hands to heaven. "My son a dean? A candidate and private in the Grenadiers a dean? Yes! now I understand why you sent to tell us you would visit us in company with the dean's lady. But not to ask your poor old father to the wedding—as if you were ashamed of him—that is unpardonable."

"Did I know anything about my marriage?" the son continued; "but listen further."

I naturally tried, after all these fabulous events, to murmur out my thanks, but was interrupted by the king, who said, "Now come up to the palace; you can

eat your soup with us, and the regimental chaplain must accompany you."

Giddy with the thought of all that had happened, I followed with the chaplain, who was hardly less astonished than I was, the king and his suite to the palace, and as soon as we had entered the audience-room, where all the court was assembled, together with her majesty and this young lady, the king advanced, and asked me:

"Who does he think he has to thank for all this?"

I answered, with a low bow:

"Besides God, my most gracious king and his most illustrious consort."

To which his majesty remarked:

"There he's right; but look ye here, this young and charming woman did the most for him. He has nothing to say to her? She is not proud, and I know not married. What does he think of it? he's now a dean, and has his pocket full of ducats. Will he try his luck, and fancy he is all alone with her?"

Half mad with joy and hope, I raised my eyes, and looked at the poor girl, who was blushing and trembling before me, and who could not raise her eyes from the ground.

All were silent, though at intervals a slight sound of laughter could be heard in the room. In spite of all my good fortune, I was even more embarrassed than I had been an hour before when forced to mount the drums; but I collected myself, and in a few moments said:

"His majesty the king, to whom I owe all my good fortune, has inspired me with the courage to ask you, before this great assembly, whether you will accompany me in my wanderings on the troubled path of life, like the angel Raphael formerly guided the youthful Tobias?"

She immediately gave me her hand, silent and trembling, which I pressed with ardour to my lips, and her majesty had scarcely bidden God to bless us, when the king added:

"Regimental chaplain, come hither and marry them. Afterwards we'll have our dinner; but I must get them off my hands to-day."

The chaplain, with a deep bow, remarked:

"It is impossible, your majesty; the young couple have not been asked in church."

"Nonsense!" the king objected; "I *asked* them myself, long ago. Come, and marry them as quickly as you can, for I am hungry. Next Sunday you can ask them in church as many times as you like."

Although the chaplain urged various reasons, all was of no avail. The marriage took place that very hour, and my parents can now see why it was impossible for me to invite them.

"I really must be dreaming," the old pastor now said; "why, it's stranger than any story in the 'Arabian Nights.' A grenadier made a dean! But what did the members of the consistory say to it? I cannot imagine."

"*They* kept me so long," the young man replied, "or I should have come to share my joy with you eight days ago. I had scarcely announced myself, and handed in my diploma with a request to be ordained, when the gentlemen, as may be easily conceived, declared the whole affair impossible, and sought to demonstrate this to his majesty in a long petition. The king returned it with these words, written with his own hand, on the margin:—

"I have examined him myself. If he does not understand Latin he can afford to keep some one who does. I do not understand Latin myself.

"FREDERICK WILLIAM."

"As they did not dare to trouble the king again in the matter, they proceeded to ordain me, after an examination, to which I voluntarily submitted."

The young man thus ended his story, and our kind readers can easily imagine the rest. We need only remark that our hero made an excellent dean, and for many years held the living of P——.

In conclusion, we are bound to state that the above anecdote is historically true, and that we have merely repeated the family tradition. Still we thought it better to refrain from giving the real names, as the descendants of our illustrious grenadier might not desire the story to be publicly known in connexion with themselves.

CHAPTER XIII.

ORIENTAL EMBASSIES.

On September 16, 1600, there appeared at the court of Cassel, where the learned Landgrave Maurice was ruling, a Persian embassy, sent to all the Christian potentates of Europe, but more especially supplied with letters of credit to the Emperor, the Pope, the highest German princes, the King of France, the Doge of Venice, and the Grand-Duke of Tuscany. It was sent by the celebrated though sanguinary and tyrannical shah, Abbas I., who governed Persia from 1587 to 1629, conquered Khorassan, Mesopotamia, Armonia, Candahar, Taures, Bagdad, and Bassora, rendered Georgia tributary, and, with the assistance of an English fleet, tore Ormuz from the Portuguese. The object of the embassy was, a general confederation against the Turks and their sultan, Mahmud III. It consisted of an Englishman, Sir Antony Shirley, son of Sir Thomas Shirley of Wiston in the county of Sussex, and of Anna Kempe, who had travelled to Persia, and there attained such favour that Shah Abbas said of him in his letter of credit, with Oriental periphrasis, that he had allowed him to eat from his dish and drink from his cup as if he were his brother. He was accompanied by several

Persian noblemen and priests, and had engaged at Cyprus an interpreter acquainted with German. They came across the Caspian Sea, and stopped for some time at Moscow with the Grand-Duke Boris Godunow, to whom Shah Abbas sent in August, 1603, the golden throne of the old rulers of Persia as "a sign of his love for his brother." Here all sorts of obstacles were raised against Shirley by the intrigues of some of his companions, but he escaped them by his firmness and resolution. They then proceeded to Lithuania, probably took ship at a Baltic port, and next turned up at Emden. Thence they proceeded to Cassel, where they stopped eight days, being splendidly entertained, and Shirley obtained much information from the landgrave, who was mixed up in all the political complications of the age. They next proceeded to Prague, where the Emperor Rudolf II. sent three hundred horse and magnificent carriages to meet them, and treated them with the greatest distinction. He hesitated, however, from joining in their proposition, because, apart from his undecided and dreamy character, he reflected that by joining them he might at once bring the Turks down on himself, while the help of the distant Persian shah would arrive too late; and, moreover, there was little prospect of any hearty alliance among the jealous and quarrelsome European powers. From all the ambassadors saw and learned in Germany, they gave up any hope of trying their luck elsewhere. They did not go to France. On February 2, 1601, we find them at Nüremberg, where they were

received with royal honours, and remained till the 5th, after which they went to Augsburg, and returned to Persia *viâ* Rome and Venice, not without being hotly pursued by the Turks.

A second Persian embassy fell into an awkward scrape. A younger brother of Antony Shirley's, Sir Robert, had been left in Persia, probably as a hostage for his brother's fidelity, fought for the shah, gained his favour, and appeared in England in 1623 as envoy. His letters of credit were written in Persian, and there was at that time no one in England capable of translating them. Still no suspicions were entertained, and the envoy was received with great honour. At this time a vessel of the East India Company, which had been long detained by accidents and unfavourable winds, arrived, bringing another person, who gave himself out as the true envoy of the shah, declared he knew nothing about Shirley, and was supported and recommended by the whole of the merchants trading with the East Indies. Sir Robert borrowed his letters of credit from the secretary of state, and went with his relative, Lord Cleveland, and several other courtiers, to his competitor. When they were introduced, and the cause of their visit explained, the Persian only gave the usual salute to his lordship. Then ensued the following peculiar scene: Sir Robert Shirley opened his letters, first touched his eyes with them, according to the Persian fashion, then held them over his head, kissed them, and handed them to the envoy, that he might pay them the same honours. The latter, however, suddenly rose

from his carpet, walked up to Sir Robert, plucked the letters from his hand, tore them to pieces, and struck him in the face with his clenched fist. While Lord Cleveland interposed to prevent any further violence, the Persian's son dashed at Sir Robert and smote him to the ground. Lord Cleveland and Mr. Maxwell rushed between them and pulled him back. Two other English gentlemen laid hand on their swords, but did not draw them, because the Persians had neither sword nor dagger. Lord Cleveland represented to the envoy through the interpreter the danger and impropriety of his conduct, and said, had not he and the gentlemen with him felt greater respect for the king he represented than he had displayed to the letters of credit of the other, neither he (the envoy) nor those of his companions who had been guilty of the insult would leave the spot alive. On hearing this the envoy apologised, and declared his regret at having insulted his lordship: he had been led to act thus through the extreme passion he felt at seeing that any man had dared to forge the signature of the king his master, which was always at the head of letters, and not, as in this instance, at the back of them, and because this impostor had ventured to assert that he had married his royal master's niece. Here Sir Robert, who, quite confounded by the ill treatment he had received, had remained in the background, now advanced, and declared he had never said he had married the king's niece, but one of his relations. It was true that when the King of Persia sent his subjects to foreign princes, or wrote to them,

he placed his name at the head of the letter; but when he sent a foreigner to a foreign prince, it was customary for his signature to be placed on the back of the letters, so that it could be seen before opening who sent them. To this the envoy merely replied by a contemptuous smile.

The whole affair was at once reported to King James, who deferred the solemn reception of the envoy till his statements had been thoroughly investigated. In the meanwhile Sir Robert wrote to the king, and begged that he might be sent back to Persia, with the two letters fastened round his neck, in order to prove whether they were true or false. The king consented, as this was the best way of settling the question.

The two envoys, it was arranged, should sail in May, 1625, with the East Indian fleet, and in the company of Sir Dodmore Cotton, who was going as envoy extraordinary to the Persian court, in order to arrange a commercial treaty with Shah Abbas, and would employ the opportunity to settle the Shirley matter. As the three gentlemen arrived too late at the port of embarkation, they were obliged to return to London, and defer their departure till March, 1626, when they took ship in three different vessels.

The Persian envoy died during the voyage, but Sir Dodmore Cotton and Sir Robert Shirley reached Persia in good condition. Shah Abbas granted the English envoy an audience at Ashraff, at which Sir Robert Shirley himself, and several other English gentlemen,

among them Sir Thomas Herbert, were present. The latter has described the interview in his "Travels in Asia and Africa" (Lond., 1634). Sir Dodmore Cotton said, in his address, that the main object of his mission was to congratulate the shah on his success against the common foe, the Turk—to sign an eternal alliance, to promote commerce, and to see the conduct of Sir Robert Shirley justified. The shah, in his answer, first heaped abuse on the Turks, and expressed his wish that the Christian princes would combine, as the Osmanli emperor principally owed his conquests to their disunion. He gave his assent to the proposal of a direct commercial treaty, on condition that the English gave up their old route through the territory of his enemies. As concerned Sir Robert Shirley, he allowed that he had rendered him valuable services, and promised that he should receive satisfaction if he had been unjustly accused.

The court went soon after to Kaswin, whither the embassy followed it. As regarded Shirley's affair, it was discovered that the first and most influential minister, Mahomed Ali Bey, was very adverse to him. The envoy, who took up Sir Robert's cause with much warmth, asked for the original letters of credit on which Sir Robert established his claim, so that he might have them carefully examined. Three days after the minister came in person to Sir Dodmore, and told him that the shah had examined the document, had not recognised it as his own, and in his anger burnt it. Sir Robert, however, had his master's permission to quit the country.

Poor Sir Robert took this result of the affair so to heart, that he had an attack of dysentery, and died in the second week after his arrival at Kaswin. Sir Dodmore Cotton also died in Persia.

It is possible that Sir Robert had acquired in Persia some of that boasting peculiar to the country, and that his wife, whom he called a relative of the shah, was a Circassian from the imperial harem, presented to him as a mark of favour. (She is said to have afterwards lived in Rome, under the name of Lady Theresa.) Still, we do not believe that Shirley was not entrusted with a mission to the English court, or that his letters of credit were forgeries. It is impossible to see for what object such a deception, which could not be kept up long, could be intended, and it would be surprising that Shirley, had he committed such an offence, should have ventured back to Persia. Nor does his reception there admit of any such assumption. Shah Abbas must know whether he had sent him or not. The high favour in which Shirley stood with the shah is also confirmed by other witnesses. When, on the other hand, we remember the manners of these Oriental courts and their grandees, it appears not quite improbable that the whole affair emanated from the envy of the vizier; that he first sent away Shirley, who stood too high for him in the shah's favour, by a pretended mission; that he then sent an ambassador of his own choosing after him; that in the meanwhile he undermined him in the shah's good graces; and that Shirley, when he returned to Persia, found so much of his

terrain lost, that it was easy for the vizier to bring matters to the end he desired.

Another remarkable and dubious Persian ambassador played a strange part in France a few months before the death of Louis XIV. On the news of his impending arrival, the king sent Chamberlain St. Olon as far as Marseilles to meet him. The introducer of ambassadors, Baron de Breteuil, accompanied by Maréchal de Matignon, awaited him ten miles from Paris. When Breteuil entered the room of the envoy, who called himself Mahomet Riza Beg, he found him crouching before the fire on a Persian carpet, from which he rose so soon as Breteuil had seated himself. The baron addressed him in the following terms:—

"The king my ruler, the greatest and most pious of all Christian emperors, the most elevated of all the kings in Europe, the most powerful in war afloat and ashore, the ever invincible, the delight of his subjects, the most perfect specimen of all the virtues of a king, has sent me hither to offer you his greeting, and assure you of his joy at your arrival in the vicinity of Paris, the capital of his empire, the largest and most splendid city in that portion of the world which we inhabit. He knows that the Emperor of Persia, your master, is the most mighty and brilliant emperor in the East, and feels assured that this monarch, who has so many worthy men at his court, has selected you as a pre-eminently worthy man, and the one best suited to knit the bond of unity between two mighty emperors."

The ambassador did not prove, we regret to say, so

amiable as was presumed in this address. At first he was very polite and reasonable; but when the question arose as to the time and place of his solemn entry—a great event in the diplomacy of that day—he raised numerous difficulties. He wished not to make his entrance till after the new moon in February, in order to avoid unlucky days. He demanded that the Marquis de Torcy, whom he took for the grand vizier, should fetch him at Charenton. From that place he would make his entry on horseback, as he did not care to shut himself up in a chest with a Christian. Breteuil made him understand, with great difficulty, that the king's ministers were not viziers. As, however, he described them as mere secretaries, to whom the king dictated his resolutions, the ministers, in their turn, were offended at this representation of their duty. Still he succeeded in making the envoy surrender this claim.

After a long and careful study of the almanack, the envoy at length discovered that February 7th might possibly be a fortunate day. Maréchal de Matignon, Baron de Breteuil, and other men of rank, appeared to fetch him. Then he declared again that he would not rise before Christians; if he rose, he did so to set out when and how he pleased. Annoyed at this answer, Breteuil remarked that he would never make his entry into Paris, or obtain an audience from the king, unless he behaved more politely and modestly; and off went Breteuil in a huff. So soon as the baron, in whose presence the envoy persisted in his refusal to rise, had left the room, the Persian rushed off and mounted a

horse, in order to make his entry alone, and without a Christian escort. Breteuil shouted to him that he would soon have him off his horse again. The Persian clutched at his sabre-hilt furiously, and dug the spurs into his horse, but the baron had the gates closed. The envoy now behaved as if he considered himself a prisoner, dismounted, ran up to his room, and seated himself on his carpet. Breteuil hurried up to him, but, by the envoy's orders, was surrounded by six armed men. Without letting himself be disturbed, but declaring through the interpreter that it only depended on himself to order up six thousand men at once, who would teach the envoy to obey the king's orders; he seized him by the buttons of his under coat, compelled him to rise, and called up Maréchal de Matignon. As the Persian now saw that nothing else was to be done, he leaped up, upset two or three people, and jumped into the coach, where Maréchal de Matignon and Baron de Breteuil followed him. The envoy turned his back on the maréchal seated by his side, and did not condescend to utter a syllable. In this way they entered Paris with great pomp.

The envoy met the Marquis de Torcy affably, and at his wish had a reconciliation with Breteuil, to whom he gave an orange as a sign of peace. He at first wished to defer his audience till the 17th of the month, but after a lengthened consultation of the Koran and almanack, proposed an earlier day, "which perhaps might not be a perfectly unlucky day." In the meanwhile, he rode out daily with his flag, his Fusiliers, and

four Persian led horses; became a lion of Paris, and was honoured by many lady visitors. He would not receive ladies and gentlemen together, but saw the latter in the morning, the former in the evening. He sat on his carpet, smoked his pipe, and regaled his guests with tea, coffee, and sherbet, and had a band for the ladies to dance to, which they very politely did without gentlemen partners.

The envoy had his meals cooked and brought up by his cook in his own vessels. He ate moderately off a gold-brocade cloth, which was spread out on the carpet. The only European furniture he liked was a feather-bed, to which he soon grew accustomed.

On the day of audience his Fusiliers accompanied him with the flag of his nation to the entrance of the Palace of Versailles. The presents he delivered were carried before him under escort. In order that he might make his usual salutations with convenience, he was received in the great gallery, at the extreme end of which the king, surrounded by the princes of his house, was seated on his throne, while the court stood in full dress on either side of him. When the ambassador entered, the sight made a visible impression on him. He soon recovered, however, and made his salutations, at the first of which the king rose and uncovered. The envoy then walked to the dais, on which the king's throne-chair stood, and delivered him his letters of credit. During the whole ceremony he behaved with dignity and respect, and committed none of the absurdities expected from him.

Soon after, very ugly reports began to be spread through Paris about the envoy. It was declared that he had been imprisoned at Constantinople, and had escaped by the assistance of the French ambassador. His presents consisted of one hundred and six small pearls and one hundred and eighty turquoises, altogether worth 3500 francs, and a couple of vases of gum. The public at once concluded that the envoy was a swindler, and after the king's death the discovery was alleged to have been made that he was a Portuguese Jesuit who had resided a long time in Persia, after that had been imprisoned in Stamboul, and that the Jesuits, who had their hands in everything even at that day, liberated him, in order to offer the king a spectacle which would recal his old days of splendour. This story is found in all the memoirs of the day, and, like all scandal, was more readily and willingly believed than the sober truth.

The affair was, however, different. Some years previously the French consul at Aleppo, Michel, had signed a treaty with the Persian government at Ispahan, which contained various concessions for French traders and missionaries. The Armenian merchants, urged on, it is believed, by the English and Dutch, appealed and intrigued against these privileges, and tried by their influence at court to effect the annulling of the most important points, in which they probably alluded to the bad state of French affairs during the Spanish War of Succession. So soon as the latter improved a little, the Marquis des Alleurs, French ambassador at Constantinople, found courage to take up the matter afresh. He

sent the head of the French missionaries at Ispahan a printed report of the defeat of the allies at Denain. He had it at once translated into Persian, and handed it to the vizier, who read it to his lord, Shah Sultan Hussein. From this time forth the Persian court again became civil to the French, and the resolution of sending an embassy to France was formed. It is very probable that the French as well as the Jesuit missionaries suggested the idea: but the object was not to deceive the aged king, but to have the commercial privileges and those of the missionaries renewed, and perhaps to show to Europe that the renown of Louis XIV. was still brilliant in the East. The letters and presents were delivered by the vizier to Father Richard, who forwarded them to the Khan of Erivan, that he might select an envoy. The latter appointed the intendant of Erivan, Mahomet Riza Beg, a Persian by birth.

The Elchi set off on March 15, 1714, and arrived at Smyrna on April 28th with the whole of his suite. He at once secretly informed the French consul, Monsieur de Fontenu, of his mission, and delivered to him his letters of credit and presents, which were put on board a French vessel bound for Marseilles. The Turkish authorities prevented the embarkation of Riza Beg, because they suspected he was a person of importance in disguise. After this he went to Constantinople to place himself under the protection of the Marquis des Alleurs. But he had scarce arrived ere he was arrested and questioned whether he were not proceeding to France as Persian ambassador. Riza Beg steadfastly

denied this, and adhered to his statement that he was a zealous Mussulman bound on a pilgrimage to Mecca. Hence he left Constantinople with a caravan of pilgrims. He was, however, followed by the interpreter of the French embassy, who contrived to get him aboard a vessel that conveyed him to Marseilles, where he found that his letters and presents had already arrived.

Flassan, although a most zealous groper into diplomatic matters, was unable to discover whether a commercial treaty was concluded with him, and hence we can attach but little faith to the assertion of the memoir writers that it was so. It is certain, however, that it began to be felt at court that the shah in the whole mission, and especially in the choice and equipment of the envoy, had displayed no particular regard for the dignity and might of the French court, and that they very soon got tired of the Persian, and most eager to get rid of him. The king had at first ordered that the throne should be left standing in the gallery till the leave-taking audience, but had it removed, as it was thought better to dismiss the ambassador without any particular fuss. His debts were paid as well as his expenditure, which was said to amount to fifteen hundred francs a day. His journey from Marseilles to Paris cost twenty thousand francs, and ten thousand francs were paid for a bath-room which the king ordered to be made for him. The Persian insisted on the mistresses of himself and his suite being paid, and this was eventually acceded to. In this way the expensive ambassador was at length induced to depart.

He took ship at Havre, and is said to have carried off with him a Madame d'Epinay, whom he had made his favourite, in a chest which was declared to contain porcelain. He showed himself at Copenhagen, Hamburg, and Berlin, and is said to have returned to Persia through Russia.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN HUNGARIAN MAGNATE.

I.—THE ROBBERY.

A HORSEMAN dashed at full speed through the extensive village of Nyirsalu, in Eastern Hungary. He was a fine-looking man, and might reckon some five-and-thirty years; his long hair was of a chestnut colour, and his beard full and thick. His features were regularly handsome, and whenever he opened his generally closed lips, white teeth glimmered between them. His elegant Hungarian costume rendered his appearance even more striking. His short, closely-fitting coat, like the rest of his attire, was black, and light golden spurs glistened on his boots. In spite of the excessive cold, which was some fourteen degrees below freezing point, he had thrown back his fur dolman, which fluttered in the breeze as he rode along, and gave him a bold and dashing appearance. His horse, a young dapple-grey, black-spotted animal, was an Arab. It flew lightly along the road, and the rider had no necessity to employ either spurs or whip.

This handsome horseman was the deputy and pre-

sident, George von Raikocsi, the pride of the Hungarian gentry of the Comitat. He lived in Nyirsalu, and was the richest proprietor in this large Magyar village, which contained more than ten thousand souls. One-fourth of the village, and of the estates attached to it, was his property.

Many a window in the houses situated along the road was opened, and more than one pretty youthful maiden face gazed out with a smile at the stately rider. On this morning, however, he had not the slightest greeting for one of them, and a gloomy expression covered his features. On returning from a visit in the neighbourhood, he had learned that during the night his four carriage-horses had been stolen from his stables, in spite of police and watchmen. Four horses were no loss for him; he would not have moved a feature about them; but these were valuable animals, and difficult for him to replace. When he drove out with them, harnessed four abreast in a light carriage, he could lay a heavy wager that no one for sixty miles round possessed a team so admirably broken in, or which obeyed the slightest pressure of the bit so excellently as these animals. They had been his pride, and he had boasted of their training. And, in the bargain, the impudence to take the horses out of his stable! What availed him his position and power as president, if they were unable to protect him from such roguery? He fancied that the thief had committed the deed merely to insult him, and feeling more angry still at this thought, he dug his spurs into his horse's flanks,

so that it flew along like an arrow, and bore him to his home in a few minutes.

Without deigning a glance at the noble animal, he leaped off its back and walked towards his mansion. The police commissary, Melzi, came to meet him, followed by three heyduks—tall, powerful fellows.

"Such is the way, then, that the police are managed in Nyirsalu, that the villains can steal the horses out of my stable, though I am president of the tribunal," Raikocsi shouted to him with a rough oath.

Melzi shrugged his shoulders. "The police cannot be charged with inattention," he replied; "they were crafty horse-thieves, and I have already arrested four Wallachs."

"Who are they?"

"The old herd and scamp Stanko, two young fellows, equally cunning rogues, and Philippovitch, the bear-hunter and horse-stealer."

"Have you proofs?" the president asked.

"The robbery was executed with so much cunning and daring, that Philippovitch and Stanko must necessarily have carried it out, or at least arranged it. Is not that proof enough?" Melzi remarked.

"I cannot think Philippovitch guilty of such an action," Raikocsi objected; "for though he is crafty and daring, he has pride, and even as horse-stealer a certain amount of honesty. He filches all his horses from across the Turkish or Russian border, or steals from the Jews, and I never yet heard that he stole the property of an Hungarian. There is something in his

manner which it is impossible to despise: he takes from the rich and helps the poor."

A smile played over Melzi's face. "Philippovitch has not stolen your horses for the sake of the animals," he replied; "but suppose he wished to insult you and give vent to a feeling of hatred? Suppose the daring nature of the exploit seduced him?"

Raikocsi pressed his lips together. Almost the same thoughts had occurred to him.

"Why do you suppose that?" he asked.

"From an expression he recently made use of in a public-house, when he openly stated that he did not fear your power or mine in the slightest, but would carry out any design in your teeth. He is a Wallach, he loves his race, and he is almost venerated by them; and he hates every Magyar, on account of the oppression and contempt his people suffer from them. He would find it an easy matter to get on, but he will not desert his tribe. Be on your guard against him, for the Wallachs are revengeful."

A proud, contemptuous smile played over the landowner's face. He knew no fear, least of all of a Wallach. "I will examine the accused men," he answered shortly, and walked, followed by the police commissary and his heyduks, to the town-hall, which stood in an open square in the centre of the village. The burgomaster was also summoned.

Carelessly throwing himself into an arm-chair, the president awaited the arrival of the prisoners with petulant silence. When they entered, their chains

rattled, for their feet were thrust through heavy rings wedded together by thick fetters. Stanko and the two young fellows were dressed alike. They wore the white bunda and dirty trousers of coarse white stuff. Thin and of middle height, they had a yellowish complexion, large black eyes, expressive features, and black hair. Stanko seemed to be close on sixty, but he really counted seventy-four years, and had passed at least one-third of his life in prison. Wind and weather had hardened his body.

The features of these three men did not express the slightest fear; and, indeed, Stanko regarded the magistrates with a contemptuous look.

Philippovitch was a handsome man of about two-and-thirty. His slight stature, his delicate, shapely limbs, his long pale face, his small moustache, his finely-chiselled lips and white teeth, his silky hair, his large black eyes overshadowed by the long eyelashes, the entire expression of his face,—all gave him a noble appearance. At the first glance his countenance produced an agreeable effect, but the wrinkle that crossed his broad forehead indicated a firm and unbending will. His dress consisted of a brown cloak with red cords, loose brown trousers, a cap of marten-skin, and tall morocco-leather boots.

Melzi commenced the examination. The prisoners denied their guilt obstinately. Stanko answered the police commissary's questions with jests, Philippovitch shortly and seriously. After about half an hour the latter lost patience, and said to Melzi, "You weary

me. Condemn me if you please; I shall not say a word further. As, however, I did not steal the horses, you will convict me unjustly." And his eye sparkled darkly and threateningly.

Melzi tried to conceal his rising anger. "It is said, Philippovitch," he replied, "that you only rob Russians and Jews, and give openly to the poor what you take from the rich. Throughout the country there is no bear-hunter equal to you; but you have insulted myself and the high, well-born president, and you will have to repent it. I will not say that you have acted as a rogue, for you lay claim to noble birth, and any insulting expression is prohibited me by law; but I tell you that a gallows' rope is worth more than you, with all your haughty demeanour. I will give you the opportunity to reflect over your want of uprightness and your past conduct."

Philippovitch shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, but answered never a word.

At the police commissary's order the heyduks seized the prisoners, tore off their cloaks, led them in front of the town-house, and bound them securely to posts generally used for tying up horses, as well as for gagging heavy criminals.

Philippovitch said not a word. He looked gloomy and threatening. Not one of the inhabitants of the village, who had eagerly flocked up, dared to ridicule him, for he would have avenged it.

While the prisoners without began to tremble with cold, the president, police commissary, and burgomaster

sat down comfortably to a steaming bowl of punch, and played in the best possible temper a game of taroc.

"Do you think you will bring the fellows to confess by means of the cold?" the landowner asked presently.

Melzi laughed cunningly.

"I intend to employ a little recipe which will make their tongues wag."

The heyduks had brought in four buckets of water. Melzi rose, opened the window, and dashed a bucket of cold water on the head of each of the prisoners, who stood exactly under the window.

The unhappy men were unprepared for this, and became restless. They shook themselves and looked silently at Philippovitch, who turned pale and pressed his lips tightly together. It was only his menacing look that revealed his feelings. The three herds trembled with cold, however much they might seek to hide it, but drops of perspiration beaded on Philippovitch's forehead.

Melzi shut the window and seated himself again at the card-table. He did not think of the wretches outside, for he was in luck. Raikocsi at length laid the cards aside and asked:

"Is it the first time that you treat thieves like flower-pots?"

Melzi laughed, and declared that it was the best way to bring obstinate sinners to confess, and ordered the heyduks to fetch four more buckets.

"How long will you leave the fellows out there?" the president asked further.

"Had they been Germans, not half an hour, for they would hardly escape with life. But these men are capable of enduring such frost for three hours, and merely catch an ordinary cold in the head. If they are wrapped in their bundas, they care little whether it snows or rains. I have seen Wallachs over whom a very snowball has collected. No one could have suspected a human being beneath, and yet a Wallach lay there in his bunda fast asleep."

He opened the window, and a second bucket of water was slowly poured on Stanko's grey head. The old man trembled violently in all his limbs, and looked at Philippovitch.

"Confess, and trust to me," the latter said, in Wallachian.

Stanko shouted, with a forced laugh:

"My lord commissary, I stole the horses, with the help of these two. Philippovitch is innocent."

"Indeed," Melzi said, with a sarcastic glance at the bear-hunter. "His innocence will have to be proved."

He gave the heyduks orders to unfasten the confessedly guilty men and lead them into the town-house.

"Give them each a glass of spiced wine," said Raikocsi, walking to the window.

Philippovitch gave him a piercing glance:

"You are very late in showing your pity, my lord president," he exclaimed.

"You can speak now, then!" Raikocsi said, with a triumphant laugh. "If you are innocent, you can easily prove to us that you were at home last night."

The young Wallach exchanged a glance with a pretty young girl among the crowd who was known to be his betrothed, and was silent.

At this moment a Hulan officer came galloping down the road, followed by his servant, and stopped his horse in surprise on seeing Philippovitch. The latter turned pale on recognising the officer; it was Lieutenant-Colonel Paul Aldany. The latter guessed from the prisoner's wet clothes and the bucket in the open window what had occurred. Melzi and the president were standing behind it.

"Are you not ashamed, sir, to be guilty of such an act?" the officer shouted to the latter in German. "It is unworthy of an Hungarian!"

Raikocsi, who was on bad terms with Aldany, smiled superciliously: "The fellow stole four valuable horses of mine last night: he will be loosed from the post so soon as he confesses."

Aldany looked at Philippovitch. Their glances met, and the Wallach's eye remained calm.

"He is innocent!" Aldany shouted. "He has not robbed you, my lord president; in any case, I will be bail for him, no matter the amount required. Heyduks, remove his chains and set him at liberty."

The heyduks did not stir, but looked inquiringly at the police commissary, who appeared angry and confused.

Once again Aldany repeated his order without success. The country folk who stood curiously around became restless—it was in 1847—and one of them shouted that an imperial officer, and German in the

bargain, had no orders to give here, and had no right to assail the privileges of the people.

Aldany drew himself up in the saddle. "Unfasten the man, heyduks!" he shouted. "I am Count Aldany, an Hungarian magnate."

Many heads were uncovered, and the heyduks unfastened the prisoner without further hesitation. Philippovitch shook his stiffened limbs and wrapped himself in his cloak.

"Are you able to go home alone?" the officer asked.

"Yes," the young Wallach answered, "I thank your excellency. I did not steal the horses. If ever you require a man, I am at your service."

He drew his cap over his ears, gave the president and commissary a threatening look, and went rapidly off.

Raikocsi, in spite of his ill will, could not help inviting the lieutenant-colonel to step inside. The latter accepted the invitation, because he owed the president an explanation about his sympathy with Philippovitch.

"I had him for four years in my squadron when I was in Transylvania as captain in the Archduke Joseph's Hussars," he narrated after entering the house. "I took him as my orderly. He was the best horseman among my men. He tamed the wildest horse, and in a fortnight broke in the most obstinate. He accompanied me in all the bear-hunts I made with Count Remeny, and he soon proved that he was superior to all. No one understood better than he how to find the animal's track. When the bear was shot and rendered furious, he would attack it in the Wallach fashion with axe and

knife. I secured his promotion as corporal, and afterwards as sergeant, but then he was removed to another squadron. His new captain did not like his free unaffected manner, and Philippovitch at times neglected his duty by going hunting. The captain got in a passion with him one day, and had him put in irons. The young hothead drew his sabre and threw it at the captain's head, slightly wounding him. Philippovitch was degraded and sentenced to run the gauntlet four times. I felt sorry for him, and obtained his pardon and dismissal. He was in all respects a faithful and honest lad. Since then I have learned to my regret that he does not confine his expeditions to hunting, but fetches horses out of Turkey and Russia and sells them among us. He told me that he did not steal your horses, and Philippovitch never told a falsehood."

II.—THE BRETHREN OF THE CROSS.

In Philippovitch's soul henceforward there was only one feeling, that of the most glowing hatred against the president. His former officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Aldany, had taken his promise not to make any attack on Raikocsi's life, and he had given it. Never before had the thought of murder occupied his mind, but now he could not get rid of it. Still, there were other ways of avenging himself on the president.

With such thoughts and resolutions he reached the Wallachian village of Pancsova, in which he lived and possessed one of the best houses. Though it was only

thatched with straw, it had three glazed windows in front, and a spacious courtyard with a boarded stable, in which at times eight or ten Moldavian or Russian horses stood. In the interior of the house order and cleanliness prevailed. Philippovitch not only possessed the greatest power over the Wallachs, but was also considered one of the most prosperous men among them.

The greatest interest was excited in the house of Philippovitch by the room in which he kept his instruments of the chase. Half a dozen bearskins hung on the walls, along with a rifle, a long duck-gun, a double-barrelled fowling-piece, two short axes, a lance, two saddles, a cavalry sabre, a brace of pistols, and a dagger. In a corner of the room was suspended a small board, in which a long knife-blade was fixed, and the thongs attached to it showed that it was employed as a breast-plate. Philippovitch fastened it on his chest when he went hunting, and when a bear hugged him the knife-blade quietly ran into its breast.

Still and silent the young Wallach sat down in his room. He gave no answer either to his mother or to a pretty young girl, his sister, who bore an unmistakable likeness to him. He did not even think of changing his wet clothes. What did they matter? He was no delicate townsman. On his frequent bear-hunts he had far greater privations to endure than spending a few hours in wet clothes, even in the winter season. Though he did not look strong, he had grown hardened by wind and storm, and the strength and elasticity of his muscles were almost incredible.

He sat there brooding gloomily. Suddenly the door of the room opened, and a tall, almost blonde, but weather-beaten young man appeared on the threshold.

"Ha, Jensko!" Philippovitch exclaimed, as he sprang up and hurried towards the new arrival. Almost forcibly he drew him into the room and seized his hand. For a moment he looked him fixedly in the face, and a tear gathered in his own eye.

"Wilt thou stand by me, Jensko?" he at length asked.

"Certainly, whatever it may be. Are we not brothers of the cross and faithful partners?" Jensko replied.

Philippovitch pressed his hand firmly.

Both young men belonged to the Union of the Brethren of the Cross, who had vowed fidelity to each other in life and death. This fraternity was drunk in water, in which a few drops of blood from each of the confederates were mingled, and out of a jug at the bottom of which a cross lay. Those who had drunk thus were united for life. In addition, Jensko was a passionate and undaunted bear-hunter, like Philippovitch himself, and though a native of Transylvania, the two young men generally went bear-hunting together.

In a few words Philippovitch described what had occurred, and both left the room in order to consult about the revenge to be taken on the president.

Three days later Raikocsi found the following letter on the table of his saloon:—

"IN THE NAME OF GOD AND HIS JUSTICE!—Stanko, Marko, and Arzub did wrong in stealing your horses: they deserve punishment for it. But you threatened and tortured an innocent man, and equally merit punishment.

"The thieves are condemned to restore the horses, and they will obey.

"You are summoned to pay a penalty of three hundred florins. You will lay the money the day after to-morrow under the flat stone which is near the well of your Csarda.

"The people who restore your horses are satisfied with this money fine, but the thieves whom you tortured must remain only three months in prison, and be well treated.

"If you refuse to carry out one of these conditions, your estates will be destroyed; and in the first place, your herds will be driven off and your stacks fired; secondly, your house will be burned down; and thirdly, you will not be permitted to house any harvest from your estates.

"This the Brethren of the Cross have sworn!"

Raikocsi was furious. He could not discover who had brought the letter, but he knew from whom it came. In the first outburst of his passion he wished to have Philippovitch arrested, but he was afraid of the vengeance of the Brethren of the Cross. He must yield, and perhaps he might yet succeed in taking his revenge on the bear hunter.

The president went in person to his Csarda, and laid the demanded three hundred florins under the appointed stone; but he remained in the house, and watched at a window which commanded the well. The night passed away, and no one appeared. For hours he waited in vain. At length, quite wearied, he mounted his horse and rode to his village, which was about five miles distant. A wood came down to the roadside. Through caution, he rode across country about a couple of hundred yards from the wood. Suddenly a shot was fired, and a bullet whizzed over his head.

Forgetting all caution, and excited to madness, he dashed with cocked pistol in the direction whence the shot had come. All around remained silent and gloomy. In the impotence of his wrath, he uttered loud imprecations against the invisible shot. At this moment a rifle flashed near him; then, on the other side, a second, followed by a third and fourth. Four bullets whistled close over his head, and by their peculiar sound he recognised that they had a hole bored through them. A feeling of his powerlessness against invisible foes, who shot so certainly even in the darkness, overcame him. Still he did not like to betray his fear.

"Who whistles last wins the game," he said, gnashing his teeth. Two more bullets whizzed over his head at these words. He rode slowly home.

The next morning the three hundred florins had disappeared from under the stone. On the second night four horses were handed over by strangers to

the president's neatherd. He recognised them as his master's horses.

III.—THE ELECTION.

The election to the post of vice-gespann was impending. Rákocsi belonged to the Liberal party, and had the greatest hopes that the choice would fall on him. Count Bornicz was put up by the Conservative party as the opposition candidate. Both parties met in the capital for the election, and both were prepared to gain it. Serious disturbances were anticipated. Although it was prohibited to take sabres to the polling-booth, here and there the end of a thick stick could be seen under a bunda, and the small axe that formed the handle had been expressly sharpened.

Rakocsi had collected his partisans in the yard of a large inn, and at ten o'clock he started with them for the Comitat-house. The election began at first extremely favourable for Rakocsi, but the Conservatives soon got a little ahead. Rakocsi was informed of this, and he was determined to risk anything to secure his election.

"We must employ force," he replied; "a little tumult will intimidate our opponents, and then we can easily gain the upper hand again. Fetch Firmay."

Soon after a colossal man made his appearance, with a bright red face, long moustache, and red hair. His blue cloth clothes were overladen with tags and silver buttons. He was the Szekler Firmay, renowned for his duels with sabre and hatchet.

Raikocsi whispered a few words in his ear, and a savage delight enlivened his features. He unbuttoned his coat and produced a stout stick with an axe, which was hanging from his neck. This battle-axe, known as a buzogany, is next to the sabre the national weapon of the Magyars. Firmay quitted the president and ran over the square in front of the Comitat-house, yelling, in a thundering voice, "Treachery! treachery! our opponents are voting twice over!"

"We will drive them away! Long live the fatherland! long live liberty!" his accomplices joined in.

Within a second, more than five hundred battle-axes glistened in the hands of the Liberals. Firmay placed himself at their head, and dashed at the street occupied by the Conservatives, whom he thus cut off from their partisans in the court-yard of the Comitat-house. They, too, were not quite unprepared, but armed with sword-sticks and axes. Firmay rushed at them, and drove them back, as they were in a considerable minority.

More than two hundred of the Conservative party, however, were still round the Comitat-house, and Firmay's wild band now dashed at them. They were attacked on both sides: blood already flowed from several wounds. Five of the Conservatives had fallen, and yet the Conservatives defended themselves manfully.

"Forwards! Capture the house!" Firmay ordered.

"Back into the house, all of you!" a voice shouted in the rear of the Conservatives, "then we can

keep them at bay! Long live the king! Long live Bornicz! In with you!—in, I say! I will hold them in check!"

The new combatant stepped out of the ranks of the royalists and opposed Firmay.

"'Tis the bear-hunter! 'tis Philippovitch!" was heard on all sides. The Liberals fell back before him.

"So long as it is not the devil, why should we be afraid of him?" Firmay shouted, with a contemptuous laugh. "Come on, my lad, we will have a little dance!"

"Your dancing days will soon be over!" the young Wallach replied.

A narrow space was left between the opponents. Philippovitch was bareheaded: he waved a short broad axe, which seemed too heavy for a man of his size. He raised it in the air. The face of the gigantic Firmay became red with passion. He rushed furiously on his enemy, and dealt a blow at him with his heavy and sharp buzogany. Philippovitch parried the tremendous stroke with the back of his axe without giving way an inch. The polished axe then flashed through the air like lightning, and the giant sank to the ground dead, with his skull cleft asunder.

"We will avenge Firmay! Forwards!" his comrades shouted, and dashed at the bear-hunter. The latter retired, fighting, to the Comitat-house, where he held them at bay. The other half of the Conservatives drove the Liberals back, and the victory was on their

side. Already a loud cry of victory was raised, which drew from Raikocsi a suppressed and bitter curse. At this moment the cry broke out inside the house, "Fire! fire! we are lost!" Dense smoke poured out of the doors and windows of the house, and the Conservatives rushed wildly into the court-yard.

The conquered Liberals had set fire to the house. They extinguished the fire, occupied the house, and the victory passed over to them. Two squadrons of Hulans advanced to separate the combatants. The Liberals retained the victory in spite of Philippovitch's bold exploit. Raikocsi obtained a dozen more votes than his opponent. He was vice-gespann, but he did not forget how near he had been to defeat through the deed of a man he so fervently hated—the bear-hunter Philippovitch.

That evening there was a ball at the capital. Raikocsi left it at a late hour, and morning was coming on apace ere he reached the Nyirsalu wood, through which the road ran.

The events of the day passed over again before his mind's eye during his lonely drive. He thought of Philippovitch, his deed, his threat, and his dauntless courage, and though he knew not what fear was, an uncomfortable feeling crept over him. Suppose he was to meet him now!

He reached the wood. In the midst of it he noticed a fire not far from the road. A dozen suspicious-looking men were sitting round it, and several horses were fastened to the trees by their bridles. Raikocsi looked

anxiously at the men; he was seeking Philippovitch. He thought it better to set his horses at a gallop, but suddenly they were checked by a tree thrown across the road, in the branches of which they were entangled. The men had leaped up and come within fifteen paces of him. One of them, who carried a lighted torch, shouted in Hungarian, "Do not be afraid; we are not here on your account; but remember the Brethren of the Cross!" He then seized the leading horses by the reins and led them over the tree. Raikocsi lashed his horses on.

"Do not forget what I said to you," the man shouted after him; and several hollow bullets whizzed a few paces above the vice-gespann's head.

The horses were startled, and dashed madly along. He did not check them. The oppressive feeling that lay heavy on his breast did not disappear until the horses turned into his court-yard. He had not recognised Philippovitch among the men, but he knew that they had assembled by his orders, and the mysterious power of this man caused him even greater apprehension.

IV.—A DAY'S SHOOTING.

In Eastern Europe spring and autumn are of short duration, and there are really only two seasons—summer and winter. The winter is cold and quiet, with starry nights, and is seldom disturbed by rain and snow-storms; the summer is as warm as in Andalusia.

A luxuriant vegetation speedily springs up on the damp, rich soil.

The neighbourhood of Nyirsalu had assumed quite a different aspect. The roads were firm, and the eye gazed all around on growing crops. Immense fields of wheat waved backwards and forwards, the flax-fields ran in long strips by the side of the darker hemp and the already blossoming poppy. Here and there the peasants were at work on the tobacco-fields. Other fields were covered with crops of Indian corn, whose heads were growing splendidly. Pools of water still stood on some lowlands, but they daily grew smaller, and at length entirely disappeared among the grass that sprang up between the reeds and rushes.

Plovers fluttered over these little swamps, and showed the sportsman the spot where game was to be found. The quails hidden in the green crops called to each other, storks flew through the air in large circles, and at times one of them, not fearing man, would swoop down on the marsh to snap up a frog, a fish, or a small snake.

This was the most favourable season for sporting on the moor. It conceals game of the most various descriptions: wild geese, ducks, teal, pelicans, and cranes, white and black storks, snipe, bittern, &c. Any one who has once enjoyed sport on the moor prefers it to any other, in spite of its fatigue. The sportsman goes into the water up to the loins, often up to the chest, with his long duck-gun held aloft to protect it from the wet. He walks cautiously on, for the geese and ducks

have a fine scent, and if they perceive him too soon, the result of the sport is more than doubtful. At a long distance off the cries and quacking and flapping can be heard on a pond or green swamp, and the noise these legions of birds produce is almost indescribable. It resembles the roaring of the sea, or thunder rolling in the distance. They often flutter over the water with cries and whistling without flying away. Shortly before sunrise, especially, the aquatic birds make a fearful noise. This is the time when they rise, and the experienced sportsman likes to take advantage of it.

A passionate sportsman will stand thus for hours in the lukewarm water, and it frequently happens that he comes across a herd of buffaloes, which lie down in the water to recover from the heat of the day, and often only raise their noses above the reeds. If he notice them in time, he gets out of their way; for if excited, the buffalo is an enemy that fears a duck-gun very little.

The Hungarians are passionately fond of such sport. Philippovitch had learned through his sweetheart that the vice-gespann, on whom he had not yet taken his revenge, was going to shoot the following morning on the Szamosvar moor. He was thoroughly acquainted with this moor, not only as sportsman, but also as enemy of the police; for it was bordered on one side by a wood, on the other by a river. It would serve him as a secure refuge in case of need.

Philippovitch had still to revenge himself on the vice-

gespann for the icy ducking, and the idea occurred to him of requiting it by fire.

"The vice-gespann is active and strong," he thought to himself: "perhaps he will escape with life. At any rate, it will warm him, and a gentle roasting will do him no harm."

Filled with these thoughts, he went to a countryman who watched buffaloes on the moor. The latter gladly seized the opportunity of playing an Hungarian official a trick; moreover, he detested the reeds, in which his oxen were often lost. The plan of the two Wallachs was, therefore, speedily formed.

When Raikocsi appeared with his servant on the moor, he had no idea that two men, provided with lucifers and tow, crept after him, in order to fire the reeds at the moment when he was in the midst of them.

So soon as Philippovitch and his comrade saw the vice-gespann was well among the reeds, they parted. One hurried towards the river, the other to the wood. Each threw here and there burning tow into the reeds.

The north wind soon blew the smoke over the entire moor. At first Raikocsi paid no attention to it, believing that one of the peasants in the neighbourhood was burning reeds. The flames soon leaped up, however, and spread in a northern direction. Raikocsi considered this serious, and turned back at once. But the clouds of smoke grew denser and denser; he soon heard, too, the crackling of the flames, which now

became visible in the south also. He found himself between two enormous fires.

Hasty flight between the two seas of fire to the ground not yet burning was the sole chance of safety. The vice-gespann hurried towards the river, for he remembered that the reed-beds there were damper and less extensive. But he was obliged to make more than one circuit to escape the flames, and more than once he gave up all hope of salvation. The ever-rising flames constantly drove him onward, while the hot, stifling smoke almost deprived him of his senses.

For nearly ten minutes he ran anxiously backwards and forwards, and then saw no way out. Surrounded by the flames, he threw himself, breathless and desperate, with singed beard, hair, and clothing, on the ground. Even the mud in which he sank grew hot. His servant shouted loudly, but in vain, for help. In a few minutes the flames reached this place of refuge, and Raikocsi sprang up again, and rushed wildly on. Whither? He did not know himself. It was the haste of unconscious despair. At this moment he saw, at a distance of about thirty yards, water streaming behind the burning, blackened reeds. A little stream ran there through the slimy peat soil. Like a madman he rushed through the burning stalks, and threw himself into the muddy water. His servant followed him. The fire had already caught the clothes of both the Hungarians.

The fire extended to the stream. Raikocsi waded in water to the middle of the swamp. At the moment he

leaped into the water, he heard his powder-flask explode, which he had thrown away a short time previously.

Two other persons heard the report, and accounted for it correctly: the Wallachian herd, who was quietly seated again by his buffaloes, and Philippovitch, who was hurrying towards the wood. "If he be not dead," the latter thought, "the fire, at any rate, will have frightened him a little."

With singed hair, burned clothes, and covered from head to foot with mud, Raikocsi, exhausted almost to death, reached his carriage, which he had left a short distance off. Philippovitch saw him from the wood; he saw his condition, noticed the tottering of his legs, and a smile of contentment glided over his pale features.

With the expenditure of his last strength, the vice-gespann got into his carriage. He looked back. One side of the moor, for a length of three miles, was a black steaming surface, with smoke and flame still rising at various points.

When he looked back towards the wood, he fancied he could recognise Philippovitch in a man hurrying along through the trees. His eye might have deceived him, and yet he was only too well aware that the Wallach had fired the moor, and that the flames were aimed at his life. He silently pressed his lips together, and flogged the horses in order to reach Nyirsalu as speedily as possible.

Both Philippovitch and Raikocsi knew what thoughts

filled the breast of the other, and both only thought of vengeance. The vice-gespann was certainly protected by the power of his position, and Philippovitch was on his guard, although he was defended more than he supposed by Raikocsi's fear of the Brethren of the Cross. He did not dare employ open violence against the bear-hunter. Philippovitch was, at the same time, the head of the whole Wallachian party, and the death of their leader would have forced them into open revolt. Raikocsi intended to take his revenge secretly.

V.—THE BEAR-HUNT.

Months had passed.

A great hunt was arranged in the extensive forest between Szamos and the little town of Bilknik. This wood was more than forty miles in circumference, and was full of game. The officers of an Austrian garrison quartered in the vicinity, the Magyars, and Hungarian gentlemen living near, also joined the hunt. More than one hundred and fifty beaters were ordered out from twelve parishes.

On the evening before the chase all assembled in front of the forest. Raikocsi was among the sportsmen, and an angry frown settled on his face when he noticed among the horsemen who came up Philippovitch, mounted on a capital Russian horse, and fully equipped for the chase.

The two men got out of each other's way.

The sportsmen were assembled by bugle signals.

Trees were felled, brushwood collected, and in a few minutes a mighty fire crackled. Sausages and slices of bacon were broiled, gourd bottles of potato schnapps passed from hand to hand, and soon after beaters, Wallachs, and Magyars were lying round the fire, waiting for the morrow.

The sportsmen sat over the bottle in a neighbouring forester's house till late in the night, and then had a few hours' sleep.

Bugles aroused the sleepers shortly before daybreak, and the whole party proceeded into the forest. The beaters were divided into squads, and the sportsmen posted by the forester. One of the beaters had remained a little behind to light a pipe. Raikocsi saw him: it was the old herd Stanko. The vice-gespann still owed him a grudge for the horse robbery. He abused him for his dawdling, had him thrown down, and ten blows administered—he was only a Wallach.

Several of the officers expressed their horror at this severity. The old man rose: he had not given way to a single cry, but his cheeks were pale and his lips quivered.

Philippovitch had seen all this, and more than once his hand had clutched his rifle to send a bullet through the vice-gespann's head. But he retained his self-command.

The sportsmen were posted, and Philippovitch by some accident stood but a short distance from Raikocsi. The forester who stationed the shooters, and knew Philippovitch's sure aim, had given him this spot,

because close behind it was a carriage full of ladies who wished to witness the sport, and required a sure defender, because it was suspected that there was a bear in the forest.

Raikocsi gave the bear-hunter a black, furious look, to which the other replied by a sarcastic smile.

The chase began. Roebuck, foxes, wild-boars, hares, and even a wolf were shot. The first drive was soon over, and the beaters were close up to the line of sportsmen. Philippovitch had paid but little attention to the sport, which offered him but slight interest, as no danger or difficulty was connected with it.

Suddenly he noticed that there was a silence in the centre of the long line of beaters. Presently the shout was raised, "A bear! a bear!"

The ladies became alarmed, but Philippovitch begged them to trust to him. He got his faithful rifle in readiness, and put his heavy axe ready to hand.

Most of the sportsmen were not prepared for such game, and could not conceal a feeling of apprehension.

Directly after the bushes parted, and a large black bear with a white throat, the most dangerous of all, slowly trotted towards the sportsmen.

Philippovitch shouted to his next man not to fire yet, but several shots echoed through the forest at the moment. The bear was hit and wounded, but not incapacitated. It growled loudly, and displayed its terrible white teeth.

It rushed straight at the vice-gespann, but stopped at a distance of thirty yards. The latter raised his

gun and discharged both barrels at it. The furious animal, struck in the side, dashed at its enemy and stood upon its hind legs. Raikocsi dauntlessly clubbed his rifle to attack it with the butt. He was in the utmost peril.

Not one of the sportsmen dared fire, because the vice-gespann stood in front of the bear. Philippovitch alone could have done so, and he never missed his mark. But he did not seem to think of it. He had let his heavy rifle fall, and held his axe in the right hand.

He knew best the danger to which his enemy was exposed, but he would not, could not, assist him. A savage grin crossed his face when he noticed that the vice-gespann, in spite of all his blows at the bear's head, drew each moment nearer to death. At length Raikocsi's rifle was broken by a heavy blow, and he involuntarily gave a cry, for he saw that he was hopelessly lost. He tried to fly, but the bear caught him up with one spring, and dashed him to the ground with its paw. But Philippovitch could stand it no longer: he forgot his enmity for the moment, for the bear-hunter's nature was powerfully excited in him. With one spring he stood by the bear's side; his heavy axe flashed through the air, and cleft the animal's head in two; a second stroke cut off the paw that held the vice-gespann down.

The bear had fallen dead, and hardly quivered. A loud hurrah greeted the determined bear-hunter. Now he appeared to notice, for the first time, that he had

saved the life of his bitterest foe. He gave a contemptuous and sarcastic glance at the slightly injured vice-gespann.

"We shall meet again!" he shouted to him; then turned away, mounted his horse, and galloped off, not troubling himself about the bear.

Raikocsi trembled. He understood the Wallach's glance, and at this moment would sooner have been torn asunder by the bear.

VI.—A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

More than a year had passed since this day. Much had altered in Hungary since then. The storms and disturbances of 1849 had broken out in that country, and war everywhere prevailed. The dreamy hopes to which the Magyars yielded were for a moment fulfilled. Suddenly, however, the scene changed. The Sclavons would neither speak Hungarian nor surrender their own manners and customs. Wallachs, Saxons, Croats, and Slovaks evinced most hostile feelings. Kossuth and his partisans had carried the war into Austria: the whole of Hungary was in a state of revolt.

But the events of that year are too well known: we can only record some incidents of it.

Even before Windischgrätz marched into Hungary, Philippovitch and his friend Jensko, who in the meanwhile had married his sister, placed themselves at the head of the Wallachs to avenge themselves on the Magyars for years of oppression. Their first daring

exploit was an attack on Nyirsalu. They plundered Raikocsi's house and then burned it. The vice-gespann, who was attached to the Liberal Hungarian party, took his revenge on the bear-hunter's cottage.

Philippovitch's band soon counted above a thousand, all wild, determined men, who followed their courageous leader everywhere. The Hungarians were afraid of them, for cruelty and arson marked their path. Still they requited it on the Wallachian and German villages.

Dispersed by the numerical superiority of the Hungarians, the Wallachs retired in small bands to the mountains on the Polish frontier. Philippovitch collected them again, and when the proper moment arrived, the terrible bear-hunter dashed down from the mountains with his band like an avalanche, and committed frightful atrocities. It was the day of that revenge which he had awaited so long.

Thus the dice fell lucky and unlucky by turns, until the scene beneath the walls of the castle of Szamosvar, one of the last in the great sanguinary drama.

Stephan Bermy resided in the castle, but he lay sick and at death's door in bed. A brigade commanded by Raikocsi, whom the Magyar government had nominated commissary-general, had arrived at Szamosvar, and prepared the castle for the best resistance possible. Loopholes were made in the walls, and four guns on the roof swept the plain, where a powerful Austrian corps appeared on the same day. Both bodies prepared for a serious contest.

This took place on the following day. Two ladies were standing at a window of the castle, and watching the action through a telescope with great anxiety. Fortune had as yet declared for neither party, and a violent conflict was taking place at the moment between a regiment of Austrian Hulans and one of Hungarian Hussars.

The bugles were sounding their piercing isolated notes, which urged on the squadrons to the contest. The ground shook again beneath the hoofstrokes of two thousand horses. Both regiments broke their ranks—a very rare instance in cavalry actions—and the troops fought singly.

The fate of the engagement was still undecided, though it seemed to be slightly in favour of the Hungarians, when a loud wild yell and the sounds of cow-horns were heard in the rear of the Magyars. At the same instant some three hundred horsemen dashed at the Hungarians.

"We are lost!" one of the ladies standing at the window shrieked as she staggered back. "We are lost! they are the Wallachs!"

At the head of the little band, who were armed with scythes, lances, and sabres, and dashed with wild fury on the startled Hungarians, rode their leader, Philippovitch, the bear-hunter. His eye flew along the ranks of the Hungarians. He sought some one—Raikocsi. No sooner did he see him than he rushed towards him. Raikocsi also recognised his embittered foe, and swung his sabre in the air. In a second they

met. Philippovitch held a pistol in his hand; he pulled the trigger, but missed. At the same moment the Hungarian's sabre was buried in his chest. "Die, dog!" Raikocsi yelled loudly and furiously. But he had not raised his blood-dripping sabre again ere a second shot from the Wallach scattered his brains. Without a cry he fell from his horse.

Philippovitch appeared unwounded. He held the pistol in his hand, and drew himself up in the saddle; his eye rested on his fallen foe, and a glad smile of pleasure played over his features; then he fell dead from his horse, and the two men who had hated each other so fervently lay side by side.

CHAPTER XV.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

On a bright September day in the year 1811, the inhabitants of Dantzig, more especially the fashionable part, were in a state of great excitement, and early in the morning all the windows in the houses on the Langenmarkt were occupied by spectators, principally ladies, up to the garrets. The reason of this excitement was very remarkable; a French officer belonging to the garrison, and a knight of the Legion of Honour, was about to be publicly branded as a thief in the presence of the troops.

The unhappy gentleman was universally popular. No party, either civil or military, was arranged without his advice, and the fashionable routs were hopeless without his presence. In the public carnival processions he distributed the characters among the members of the garrison, and everybody willingly followed his arrangements. To this must be added that he spoke German fluently, sang merry songs to the guitar, played various tricks to amuse the company, danced gracefully, and frequently took part in the sports of the children. He was a handsome man of some forty years of age, and

had acquired the respect of the higher classes by always behaving in a very quiet way in company, and never appearing where he was not invited.

Captain Alswanger had been lodging for some time with a dealer in fancy goods, whose business had greatly fallen off, and, so to speak, had gone out of fashion. Hence the proprietor had no assistant, but in his sales often requested the captain to act as his interpreter.

After a while, some inhabitants having complained about having troops quartered on them, a change took place, and the captain was ordered to remove to other lodgings, for which both his landlord and his family were very sorry. They took leave of their friend with tears in their eyes.

Shortly after his departure the shopkeeper missed a signet ring, nearly the most valuable article he possessed. It was impossible to account for its disappearance, as it was always kept in a glass case with other gold articles; and as no stranger, not even the servant-maid, entered the shop, the loss of the article seemed extraordinary. Any suspicion of the captain was repulsed with horror by the family, and at last, as no trace was to be found of the ring, they put up with its loss.

Some months after this occurrence the tradesman went on a Sunday morning to see the guard mounting on the market-place; here he met an acquaintance, on whose finger he noticed the missing ring.

"Where did you get that ring from?" he asked, eagerly; adding, "it was stolen from me."

The other carelessly answered, "I bought it of a French officer for five dollars."

"What do you say?"

With this question an officer who understood German walked up to the two men, who tried to withdraw in a state of great alarm. An imperious "Halt!" however, rooted them to the spot. Producing a pocket-book, the Frenchman asked their name, calling, and dwelling-place, which he noted down, stating that the charge must be more fully gone into. He also asked the present owner of the ring whether he knew the officer. On his replying in the negative, he was requested to describe his appearance; but he had scarce uttered a few words ere the robbed man exclaimed, in horror, "Why, it is Captain Alswanger!" The examiner gave such a violent start that it took some time ere he recovered, and at length asked, in a trembling voice, "Do you persist in your statement?" And as both answered resolutely, "Yes," he forbade them leaving the spot, under disagreeable consequences if they did so. The two men were extremely sorry that the matter had so soon attained publicity, and would much sooner have settled it quietly; but it was too late, the people standing round them had overheard the conversation, and were pressing round the two tradesmen in order to wait for the further dénouement of the drama.

A field-officer, accompanied by the accuser and the captain, who had been called up, found some difficulty in making his way through the crowd. "Do you

know these persons?" he asked the captain. The surprise was so sudden that he turned pale, lost his self-possession, and stammered a hardly audible "Yes." The colonel requested the ring to be handed to him, and asked, "Did you sell this ring to this person?" And as the accused, after a great effort, replied in the affirmative, the colonel continued, "Where did you get it from?" He answered, somewhat more calmly, that he had received it as a present from his married sister, who was staying in Paris at the time. "What have you to say to this?" the robbed man was asked. The latter turned to the captain with the question, "Do you know the secret of the ring?" He looked at him in some alarm, and slowly replied "No."

"In that case, M. le Colonel, I will prove to you that the ring was formerly my property, and impart the secret to you."

The two walked to a more open spot, when the owner pressed with a penknife one of the small knobs that surrounded the stone: a small plate sprang out from the inside, and a hollow was visible under the stone, in which a small piece of paper or poison might be concealed. The colonel silently looked at the ring, slowly pressed the plate back into its place, and stood for some time in deep thought. Then he returned to the two officers, and said, with evident emotion, "Follow me."

The colonel made his report to the general commanding, who ordered four non-commissioned officers to take the captain to the rear. At this moment

Governor Rapp, pleasant as usual, cantered up with his brilliant suite, rode down the line, placed himself in front of it, and gave the town-major orders to carry out the prescribed manœuvres. The commanding officer, however, had not shouted the word "March!" when the governor was informed of what had occurred. In a great passion he ordered the general who made the report to at once proceed to the preliminary examination, and to inform him of the result. On being asked whether the captain under arrest should be brought up, he declined it with a wave of his hand and with averted face. Without waiting for the customary marching past, he galloped off on his barb at such a pace that his suite were hardly able to keep up with him.

On the departure of the troops, the officers warned for the duty assembled in a room of the town-hall, and the court of inquiry was formed. When the prisoner was brought forward, the auditor-general, an old friend of his, addressed him in a trembling voice:

"Captain Alswanger, you are accused of stealing a ring; what have you to say in answer to the charge?"

In a firm voice he said: "The matter is clear, and I will admit the truth. I allowed myself to be so led away as to steal the ring, and was stupid enough to sell it in the town."

All were silent through amazement, and it was some time ere the presiding general was able to speak: "Captain," he said, "do you know the consequences to which you expose yourself by this self-accusation?"

"Yes, excellency. As I am well acquainted with the laws of the army, I know that I shall be expelled from the officers' corps with dishonour, and not be allowed to tread the soil of France again."

By order of the president the report was drawn up, and the prisoner signed it with a firm hand. It was at once delivered by an adjutant to the governor, who heard it read to him in the presence of his suite. When it was ended, he threw himself on a sofa, with his hand over his eyes, and repeatedly said: "Extraordinary! Extraordinary for such a man!" He, however, soon regained sufficient coolness to perform his duty as governor. He ordered the captain's sword to be taken from him, and to place him under arrest.

When the committee of inquiry came into his presence, General Rapp walked towards them, and said: "Gentlemen, we have witnessed this day a most unheard-of event, and lost, through his own confession, a man whom we all respected, even loved, for he was a brave soldier, a true friend, and a pleasant comrade. The harder will it be to us, in consequence, to condemn him in accordance with military laws. Through his confession the affair has been greatly simplified, and hence the court-martial can assemble here to-morrow, over which I will request you, M. le Général O., to preside. Let us finish the painful task without any delay."

The auditor-general, at his own request, was discharged from taking any part in the trial.

The food which was brought to the prisoner was cut

up small, and he employed the spoon laid by its side with a slight shrug of the shoulders, and the remark, "An unnecessary precaution." He was earnestly entreated by the friends and comrades who visited him to offer some defence, which they would willingly support. "Gentlemen," he replied, "I thank you for your sympathy, but decline the proffered assistance. My part is played out. I will submit to the punishment which the law orders, and earnestly request you to kindly spare me any further visits."

On the following day the court-martial assembled. After a three hours' sitting, the report containing the sentence was signed by all the members, and the president appointed a deputation of four to carry it to the governor for confirmation. The sentence was to the following effect, omitting the introductory formula:—

"As Captain Alswanger has declared himself guilty by signing the procès verbal of the preliminary inquiry, he must be punished as a common thief. He will be cashiered as infamous in front of his company, removed from the officers' corps as morally dead, confined in a fortress for a year, and then sent back as a private to the company he has hitherto commanded. We recommend him, however, to the mercy of the emperor, on account of his previous good conduct and services."

With a long-drawn breath the governor remarked: "The sentence, gentlemen, is severe; but as the crime of Captain Alswanger is of the lowest description, for the honour of the imperial army we cannot punish it otherwise. The sentence must be published to the

prisoner this very day, and I nominate General R. to carry it into effect to-morrow morning on the Langenmarkt, in the presence of all the officers belonging to the garrison."

The condemned man was fetched in a close carriage, and the sentence was read to him in the presence of all the members of the court-martial. He trembled, but firmly answered in the negative an inquiry as to whether he would appeal against the verdict. He also declined the offer to request mercy of the emperor, by stating that he would undergo his sentence. He signed the separate protocol with a trembling hand, after which two soldiers came into the room with a light chain to place on his hands. He fervently begged that this might be spared him, but when the president assured him that "the law ordained it," he only said in a faint voice, "This too, then," and allowed the rings to be locked on his wrists. The general compassionately had a cloak thrown over him, and he was removed to his prison on foot, amid the general sympathy of his comrades.

The news of the impending ceremony ran like wildfire through the city, and at an early hour not only were all the windows looking on the Langenmarkt occupied, but the square was covered by a surging crowd. The troops were drawn up in the shape of a horseshoe, and when the officers had taken their places inside, and the general commanding rode up with his staff, the unhappy prisoner was brought up. When his cloak had been removed he was seen to be in full-dress uniform.

The auditor walked up to him with the inquiry whether he had anything to say. On his replying decidedly in the negative, two officers advanced, one of whom carried a red velvet cushion. The other cut the order from the prisoner's chest with a pair of scissors, kissed it, and laid it on the cushion, which was immediately taken away. After this an officer drew the prisoner's sword, broke it across his knee, and threw the pieces on the ground. Next two non-commissioned officers stepped forward, who cut through his scarf and the silver cords of his shako, pulled off his epaulettes so violently that the shoulder-straps hung down over his uniform, then took off his shako, placed a common foraging-cap on his head, and laid all the articles at his feet. During this execution several ladies were carried away in a fainting state, and many men belonging to his company wept.

When the sentence was carried out, preparations were made to put the chain on him again, but he advanced and said to the general: "Excellency, will you allow me to remain at liberty for a moment, as I have an important communication to make?"

"Speak," the general replied.

"As a condemned captain, I have endured my punishment, and hence I give you back the name I have hitherto borne. I am not the son of the deceased banker Alswanger, of Rome, but of Diderici, a petty tradesman at Strasburg."

"How do you explain this?"

"Excellency, the affair is too long for me to tell it

you here in the street: if you will allow me to accompany you there (pointing to the town-hall), I will give you a faithful statement, which I can confirm by documents."

General Rapp, to whom this interlude was at once reported, was no little surprised at it, and said that he was now less unpleasantly affected by the sentence, as it had evidently fallen on an impostor. Still he was obliged to confess that the fellow, whoever he might be, was behaving honourably.

The tables for the reporters were speedily arranged, as well as seats for the officers, and the prisoner was brought in. He stepped out of the circle of officers surrounding him, and said:

"Excellency, up to the present day I have borne the respectable name of Alswanger, and rendered it honourable by my military career and general conduct. My unhappy destiny, however, renders it a duty for me to guard it from disgrace; hence I openly confess that I am not the son of the banker Alswanger, who died two years ago at Rome, but the son of one Diderici, of Strasburg. I will be as short as possible in my further explanation.

"I was a wild fellow, the place behind the counter was too narrow for me, for days I lounged about in the open air, learned by compulsion to read, write, and calculate a little, and, when in my ninth year, was apprenticed to a shoemaker. At the end of seven years, during which the strap had frequently subdued my

exuberant spirits, I was set at liberty. Rejoicing like a lark, I passed out of the gates of Strasburg, and after a few days came across a travelling company of actors and mountebanks, whom I joined with great pleasure. I soon acquired all their tricks, easily learned to accompany myself on the guitar, and became the buffo of the company. But at the end of a few years I felt disgusted with my position, as I longed for more substantial employment; I therefore gave up my engagement, and started on my travels alone with my guitar. Unfortunately, wherever I applied for work I was turned away, as only Germans were wanted who understood heavy work, while I had only been taught to make ladies' shoes. In this way I reached Lyons, but found no work there, and went on in good spirits to Marseilles. My exertions to obtain employment were also fruitless here, and I found myself again compelled to earn a livelihood by singing in taverns and public-houses. At one of these places I met a ship-captain, who had got into a terrible quarrel with the company, and whom I liberated from the hands of his assailants by my resolute conduct. In gratitude he took me with him to Leghorn, for it was a matter of perfect indifference to me where I went. He dismissed me there with a handsome present—at least, in comparison with my circumstances at the time. Here, too, I found no work, in spite of all my efforts, but trusted to my guitar, which had hitherto procured me a livelihood, and wandered onwards in good spirits. In this way I arrived at Aquila at the end of a year, and sat

down in a lemonade-shop in a very melancholy mood. As my earnings had been very small latterly, and I found no work here either, the sight of several officers I noticed in the shop suggested enlistment to me. I soon noticed considerable excitement among them, and I fancied that I was the object of an animated conversation, which annoyed me, and I at length looked at them inquiringly. They had hardly seen my full face, however, ere they burst into a general laugh. One of the gentlemen then walked up to me, and asked me who I was. I was quite startled when I looked at him! I fancied that I must be gazing at my own portrait in a glass, so perfectly did the man resemble me, even to the cut of his beard. In my surprise, I was only able to answer that I was a shoemaker in search of work. 'Very good; in that case you are free,' the officer replied; 'and I ask you whether you would like to be my valet.' I gladly accepted, as in this way I had no further anxiety about a dinner.

"The next day I was dressed, and became the well-appointed valet of Lieutenant Alswanger, only son of a rich banker at Rome. My duties were light, for I had merely to wait on my master, and the rest was done by the other servants. When my long hair had been cut, my resemblance to my master became even more striking, so that the gentlemen invited to a supper-party were amazed, and declared that twins could not be more alike. At these meetings, sometimes abroad, sometimes at home, the guests were so convivial that I was often obliged to help my master—whom I accom-

panied everywhere—home, and put him to bed. My master several times went out in my livery to invite his guests in his own name, which caused him great amusement, as he told me. On one occasion I was obliged to put on his uniform at a party of the sort, and take his place at table, though I avoided talking much, lest I should betray myself by my dialect and mode of speech. Suddenly, one of the officers exclaimed, 'Jack, sing us one of your merry songs.' My master laughingly took off the livery, saying that he had been indulging in a joke, at which the guests seemed rather offended; but the new supply of Syracuse and Cyprus wine brought up restored their good temper, and the jest was laughed at.

"On a cold, wet autumn night I accompanied my reeling master home, and he complained of a violent headache and giddiness. I quickly prepared a glass of cooling lemonade——"

"Or perhaps a glass of poison," the general interrupted him.

"Be kind enough, general," the prisoner replied, "to hear me to the end. The lemonade as well as a wet towel round his head appeared to do him good, and within an hour I was enabled to put him to bed, almost quite recovered, after fastening a second bandage round his head. The next morning I went into the bedroom to prepare as usual the chocolate which my master was accustomed to drink in bed. I noticed that he looked remarkably pale, and on drawing nearer, started back, for he was cold, dead, and stiff. Like

lightning a thought flashed across my mind. What was more natural than that I should immediately change shirts with him—which was not at all easy—and then lay the dead man in my bed and myself in his? At the end of an hour I shouted for Jack, and as he did not come I rang for the other servants, who informed me that Jack was lying dead in his bed. I had myself dressed, and at once sent off for the regimental surgeon and two civilian surgeons. At the end of an hour the gentlemen appeared, and during the delay I had been settling my nerves by a long draught of the fiery wine. When the doctors had been informed of the occurrence, the regimental surgeon, who had noticed my faintness, came up to me, felt my pulse, and said that the living must be cared for first, and sent off a prescription to be at once made up. After a careful examination of the corpse, all the surgeons declared that an attack of apoplexy had taken place, and I requested them to draw up a certificate of the fact, which all three subscribed. The regimental surgeon ordered me to bed, and said he would call again the next day. I asked him, as I felt very unwell through the shock I had sustained, to procure me from the general sick leave for a week. I employed it in making myself fully acquainted with my late master's affairs from his papers and letters, and in imitating his handwriting and signature. In the presence of my supposed friends I behaved as if painfully affected, and declared that I should soon follow my twin brother, as they had called him, which notion they tried to talk

me out of, and to cheer me up by pleasant conversation. I sent the certificate of the death, as well as the wages and effects of the deceased valet, to the burgomaster, with a request that he would return the former to me, countersigned, and forward the other to the address of his relatives in Strasburg. That no suspicion of any possible deception was aroused, either among the officers or civilians, although our resemblance had been town-talk, is a thing which has remained a riddle to me to the present day. I accepted no invitation to dinners, gave no supper-parties as of yore to my comrades, and when I appeared in public always seemed very solemn.

"At the end of the third week the regimental surgeon, on paying me his daily visit, declared that things could not go on thus. I must go away, which I heard with secret delight, and earnestly requested his intercession to procure my transference to France. He behaved most kindly, for in three days he brought me leave for a month, informed me that the general would employ his interest on my behalf, and, as it was certain I would join my parents at Rome, I should hear further there. I heard the news with real delight, bade farewell to my comrades, who would not let me go without a parting carouse, requested one of them to sell the effects I left behind and remit the proceeds to my father, and I started, without servants, for Ancona, where I slightly raised my oppressive mask. I diligently studied Italian, read much, and tried to write the language, because a serious trial awaited me in the

visit to my supposititious parents. I had informed them by letter of my intentions, and promised to pay them a visit so soon as the weather became a little more favourable. At length I was obliged to set out; I was received by my father with hearty kindness, by my sister with delight, but by my mother rather coolly, almost with hesitation. Prudence advised me not to notice this, especially as in our further meetings I detected distrustful glances, in which I read her suspicions that there was some deception in the affair. I paid hurried visits to the friends and relations of my parents, and kept as much as possible in the open air, for the sake of acquiring a knowledge of localities. Four days after my arrival I received orders from the general to proceed at once to Lyons and join General Soult's corps. In my joy I almost let the mask entirely fall, but I at length bade farewell, with an affected sorrow at being torn so speedily from the arms of my family. My father said good-bye to me with a hearty embrace and a large draft, my mother with 'Go, in Heaven's name!' and my sister with more than a brotherly kiss. I have never seen any of them again. I need scarcely say that I arrived in France with a lightened heart, for the oppressiveness of the fraud was removed, and my native cheerfulness was soon fully displayed. I conclude my statement with the remark that the military documents will prove when I was made first-lieutenant, when captain, and how I was decorated for my behaviour at Jena. My papers will confirm my story."

He silently held out his hands, was chained, and led

away. All present watched the prisoner retire with tears in their eyes, and regretted his fate.

General Rapp, who, of course, received a report, became so furious, that he spoke about shooting the prisoner at once. He had never been seen in such a state of excitement, and his generals had some difficulty in pacifying him by reminding him that the emperor alone sanctioned sentences of death. The first thing done was to examine the prisoner's effects, whether proofs for or against his statement were to be found among them. The auditor-general and two officers were ordered to examine his lodgings, on which the seals had been placed immediately after his arrest. They found a mass of letters from his supposed parents, his sister, and former companions, a number of billets-doux from ladies, which were at once burnt, and a sealed-up packet of papers inscribed "My Will." It contained a record of his life from the moment of his arrival in France, much fuller than his statement, and several interesting episodes from his vagabond life, described in lively colours. A careful list was drawn up in the presence of the landlord, and the ready money and papers were removed.

The emperor received a detailed report of the affair, with the documents to substantiate it, and the future punishment of the prisoner was left to him.

At the same time the widow Alswanger, at Rome, was informed of the occurrence. She answered, a few weeks later, that at the first sight of the young man she had been agreeably surprised, for she fancied her

son stouter than he had been two years before; but for all that a slight suspicion was aroused in her, because his restless movements and almost timid glance did not agree with her son's friendly manner and almost childish behaviour, especially towards herself. When she called her husband's attention to this striking change, he expressed his opinion that it was produced by the merry life in a garrison town. Her doubts were heightened by the letters she received, in which she sorrowfully missed her son's former affectionate remarks. She felt truly grateful for the information, which certainly had wrung her heart, but afforded her the consolation that *her* son had not acted in an unworthy manner, and she was glad that her mother's eye had not deceived her.

Several months after an order arrived from the emperor, by which he approved of the treatment of the captain, acquitted Diderici of the suspicion of murdering Lieutenant Alswanger, but for the appropriation of a strange name, by which he had deceived and defrauded the Alswanger family, he was to be branded as a thief between the shoulders, temporarily conducted to the fortress of Weichselmünde, and on the first favourable opportunity be sent to Brest, to pass the rest of his life at the galleys. The unfortunate man heard this sentence with indifference.

At the execution of it the heart-breaking scenes of the degradation were repeated in an even increased degree: there was a regular shower of filled purses and bouquets upon the scaffold, the former of which the

auditor appropriated after the execution of the sentence, while the culprit concealed the flowers under his jacket while gracefully bowing around.

The eventful year 1812 employed the military authorities so entirely that the whole affair passed into forgetfulness. By an unsuccessful attempt at flight the prisoner had not only drawn on himself corporal punishment, but was also loaded with heavy fetters. After the surrender of the fortress in 1813 a revision took place there, as well as in the other prisons; the civilians, against whom no crime could be proved, were liberated, and the soldier offenders were included among the other prisoners of war. The subject of our sketch, however, was not found, and in the prison register the short remark "missing" had been recorded against his name. The commandant, on being questioned, supposed that the heavily-ironed prisoner had thrown himself, while taking a walk on the walls, into the Vistula, at a moment when the eye of the gaoler was off him.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FEDERAL SPY.

It was at the beginning of the present American civil war; the first battles were fought in Western Missouri, no great distance from the Indian border; all the young Germans in St. Louis who could carry a musket and were not bound to remain in the town had enlisted in the volunteer regiments, in order to oppose the desire of the governor to sever the state from the Union and make it join the Confederation. The adherence of Missouri to the North was for the German element in the state not only a political but a vital question; the Germans had ever been the sharpest opponents of slavery in that state, and under the rule of the Southern barons they would have become utter pariahs. In addition, business was at such a standstill, there was such a lack of money and work, that many took to soldiering, in order at least to make certain of a livelihood. Still the entire force with which the commander-in-chief, General Lyons, undertook his first expedition into the interior of the state, hardly exceeded seven thousand men, of whom only the officers wore uniforms, but the exercise had been learned wonderfully quick under the pressure of circumstances. I

had the good fortune to be elected lieutenant, and confirmed by government, but soon after the general took me on his staff, principally because I was a ready writer.

It was an oppressively warm evening, and the main corps of our small army was encamped in front of a wooded hill, waiting for Colonel Sigel to join us with a still smaller corps. We had but very undecided news about the enemy: we knew that Governor Jackson had summoned the entire male population in these parts under arms, and led them to join the force of the rebels under General Price; but how far off this force might be, or what its strength was, were questions which we had been unable to answer, in spite of all the information we had collected. The entire district in which we now were was attached to the Confederation. Usually, when we approached a farm, we did not see a single white face, but merely grinning negroes, who stared at us with amazement; but whenever we got hold of an American or a farmer's wife, we had found nothing but an ostensibly entire ignorance about our opponents: for a long time past no one had seen or heard anything of them, and even the blacks, who were at length induced to speak, seemed to have a thorough understanding with their masters.

I was lying in front of the general's tent on the grass, enjoying the light cool breeze which blew on us from the mountains, and listening to the songs which echoed from amid the encamped troops. We had entire singing clubs among us, who, in spite of the fatigue of

the march, allowed no evening to pass without singing splendid quartets. There was one song to a march tune, written expressly for the Missouri Volunteers, which specially attracted me, and which deserved to become the Marseillaise of the Germans in the commencing struggle. At least I thought so then, while I was still surrounded by all the enthusiasm for our cause, the romance and poetry of the first beginning of our "holy war"—to-day, when we have been so bitterly deluded, when the Germans have perished by thousands through the treachery of the commissariat and the ignorance of the so-called generals, the said song sounds like a living mockery.

When the last sounds of this song died out on this evening, I was, as usual, so excited by it that I should have liked to risk my life in some heroic deed, careless of the danger. At this moment the entrance of the tent was opened, and the general stepped out, with a sharp glance around him. I was on my feet in a second, and he gave a pleased nod on noticing me. "Let us step on one side for a moment, Reuter," he said to me, and pushed back his gray bushy hair—a movement I had constantly noticed when any grave thoughts occupied him; "I should like to speak a couple of words with you." He walked in front of me out of the camp, until we stood half-way between it and our pickets, looked sharply around the landscape, which was brightly illumined by the moon, and then began, in a cautiously suppressed voice:

"I have received some vague information about the

present position of General Price, but am still utterly in the dark as to the strength and nature of his force.

"The terrain is growing difficult, demands the utmost caution, and, if we have to fight a superior force, which has been, besides, recruited from the best strength of the counties, our young fellows, in spite of their bravery, may suffer a defeat, which must have a most deleterious effect on the whole state at the present moment. Everything depends on my obtaining an accurate report of the strength and position of the Confederates. Do you know any one among our people who will expose himself to the risk, but, at the same time, speaks English so fluently, and is so well acquainted with the state of affairs, that he can pass as a settler of many years' standing in these parts?"

He uttered the last sentence more slowly, but his flashing eye was fixed so inquiringly on me, that I at once knew what he intended by his question, though I did not for a moment hesitate to satisfy his expectations:

"If you consider it necessary that I should go, general, you have only to give the order," I replied.

My explanation seemed to be almost too quick for him, for he looked at me as if undecided, and passed his hand through his hair.

"I confess that I certainly thought of you," he at last said, slowly. "It is an enterprise, on the success of which the fate of all of us probably depends; still, Reuter, I must say one thing to you, if you are detected,

you will not be treated as a prisoner of war, or shot, but be dishonourably hanged."

I may possibly have turned pale on hearing this, for he turned away with a painful frown.

"I am aware that few would undertake this duty," he muttered. "The strictest secrecy is the first requirement, and I dare not confide in many——"

"I will go, general," I interrupted him. I had quickly overcome the sudden attack of moral weakness which had taken possession of me. "If I am hanged, I know why I have sacrificed myself, and you will defend my honour. However, I have to be caught first. Give me your instructions, general."

He looked at me, as if wishing to test my seriousness; then he offered me his hand, and pressed mine heartily.

"Come into my tent," he said, shortly, and walked back ahead of me.

Half an hour later, dressed like a true farmer's boy, and escorted through our lines by the general himself, I was proceeding towards the narrow road that ran into the wooded hills. Over my shoulder hung a canvas bag, containing two live hens and a dozen eggs. To the present day I do not know whence the clothes I wore were obtained: they lay waiting for me in the tent; but the hens and eggs were stock laboriously collected by the general's German servant to improve his scanty dinners, and I shall not easily forget the look poor Fred gave when he was ordered by the general to place his *spolia opima* in my sack. When the special

history of the present war comes to be written, a memorial is certain for this German lad. When, a few weeks later, General Lyons fell in the field as a glorious example for his troops, he sank, with the cry, "Fred, I am going up!" into the arms of this faithful fellow, who never left his side, and drew his last breath on his bosom.

I turned into the path that led into the hills, as I said, and thought over the part which was allotted to me. I must give myself out as an enthusiastic Secessionist, who was making a long journey in order to offer the rebel general a little fresh fare. That I, as a young and powerful man, would not be let go again, but forced to enlist, was natural; hence it would be best for me to announce myself at once as a volunteer, and try to escape again during the night.

Although darkness had already set in, it could not be more than eight o'clock; and if the news the general had received was trustworthy, I must reach the enemy's camping-ground long before ten o'clock. The farther I went the clearer the night became. The wood often fell back on both sides for a long distance, and left space for cultivation. Here and there a farm-house emerged from the gloom, fire-flies glistened all around me, but the warm air produced such an enfeebling effect on my nerves, that I should have certainly fallen into a half-waking dream had not the consciousness of my dangerous enterprise aroused me with a jerk.

According to my watch I had been walking for a

good hour: the country was more open, and now the path turned into a high road, on whose side the grass had been trodden down for many yards wide and trampled. Now I knew that I was on the right track. Cavalry had passed here, an arm of which our small army was almost ignorant, and it was only the thought of our artillery, which was served by veteran gunners, that removed the unpleasant feeling produced in me by this superiority on the part of the foe. I went on as if anxious only to reach my journey's end, for I might meet some one at any moment, in which case my external demeanour would be of great consequence. In a few minutes the wood entirely retired, and a brick house, surrounded by densely foliaged fruit-trees, a garden with a neat paling and a wide extent of enclosed fields, became visible. A wooden piazza seemed to run round the house, and an open window could be distinguished between the broad-leaved creepers which had clambered up the gable end. In the midst of the verdure and silence it looked like an image of peace, so that I almost began to doubt the vicinity of the Secessionists, tales about whose cruelty were current in our camp. I had involuntarily halted; at the same moment, however, a voice shouted to me no great distance off:

"Stop, my fine fellow; I should like to know whither you are bound."

At the same moment one of those powerful men who may be so often met in the interior of the land, leaped over the fence, with a rifle on his shoulder.

I saw that the time had arrived to begin playing my part.

"Have you any business in camp?" he at length asked, with a look full of mistrust. "We hear that the Germans are only six miles from here."

"I know it, sir," I nodded, as calmly as possible. "I even saw their outposts, but got out of their way so as not to be examined."

"It seems to me, though, in spite of your fluent English, as if you were a German yourself," he replied, with a sharp glance.

"There may be something of the sort about my accent," I replied, long prepared for the remark. "My grand-parents were German, and my mother could be recognised for German up to her death. But all that has nothing to do with the matter. I was born in Laclede county, when a boy was a good democrat, and now wish that all the republicans, Germans, Irish, or Americans, may go to the devil—that is all."

"And probably you now wish to join the governor's troops?" he asked, with a cunning smile.

"That is the fact, sir," I replied, with decision, "if there is a gun left for me. I have brought with me all that was left on the farm—two fowls and a dozen eggs —for the governor or general; others may have done more, but I have nothing better to offer."

He still looked at me dubiously. "Well, sir, the descendants of Germans have generally the least talent for lying," he at length said, slowly. "There are many of them hereabout who are true friends of the

South, and so I will believe you. In any case we are going the same road, and as I have examined you here, it will save you much talking on our arrival."

He threw his rifle over his shoulder, signed to me to follow, and then walked on by my side. I, however, regarded this meeting as a lucky omen for the execution of my design. Half legitimatized by this man, any special suspicion could hardly fall on me, and if I managed matters with decent cleverness, my retreat during the course of the night would not be very difficult.

"The governor seems to have plenty of cavalry with him," I commenced, after a short spell of silent marching, as if to begin a conversation, and pointed to the trampled grass.

"Perhaps you will like to know how many?" he said, with so peculiar an intonation that I turned round quickly and found myself once again face to face with my man.

"Why not, if you can tell me?" I replied, calmly. "Is the question not allowed?"

"You seem to me to wear too fine shirts for a farmer's lad from Laclede," he replied, pointing with a sharp, distrustful laugh to my left sleeve, under which my shirt-cuff was visible, and it required all my self-possession for the moment not to display any embarrassment. Still the consciousness with which I had set out, that I could only gain my object by a bold course of lying, soon restored my coolness.

"Do you know," I said to him, as I pulled up my

coat-sleeve and quietly turned back my shirt-cuff, "that I was disposed through your recent expressions to take you for a German-American too? I was mistaken, I see, for otherwise you must have known that most of the old German immigrants into the state were members of the respectable classes, and gave their children and grandchildren the best education in their power. I myself attended the college of St. Louis, and if I happen to be wearing a good shirt now, it is because I am used to it. My clothes are bad, but I did not wish to run the risk of having better ones torn off my back. However, I have nothing to do with you, but only with the general or the governor, to whom I am carrying my fowls and eggs."

I turned away with an angry movement and walked on, and my companion followed in silence.

"Well, sir," he said, after a while, "you may be right. I am myself of German origin."

"You say so, and that is sufficient," I replied, without checking my pace, "but I noticed nothing of it in your conduct to me."

From this moment we did not exchange another syllable, till at the expiration of about a quarter of an hour we reached a wide, treeless plateau, and saw the flashing of several fires at a short distance wonderfully blended with the moonlight. Fifty paces farther and a sturdy voice challenged us. "All right," my companion replied; and, with a sign to me to halt, walked up to the sentry, who had emerged from behind a bush. The couple only exchanged a few words, then I was

summoned, and under the searching glance of the contender for Southern rights, who, in his ragged exterior, fully confirmed my previous notions, I followed my guide, who was rapidly advancing towards the fires. So soon as we were near enough to distinguish anything, all my senses passed into my eyes. I was able to survey the whole camp, and strove to form an idea of the probable strength of the foe; for, once inside the lines, I should probably find no opportunity of making an estimate, through fear of asking dangerous questions.

On my left I could plainly see between the campfires the lines of horses, whose neighing reached our ears, and all the arrangements taught me that the chief command was in thoroughly practised hands. The camp was considerably larger than ours, and a wild buzzing rose from it. I also noticed heavy guns flashing in the firelight—two pieces, however, were all I could discover, in spite of the most careful search, and in the anxiety to obtain a certainty as to the strength of this arm, I turned to my companion:

"A couple more of those grumblers, sir, would do no harm."

He quickly turned towards me with a frown. "Such remarks may injure you, sir; you have a remarkably sharp eye for a peaceable farmer."

A loud "Hilloh, Charley, whom have we here?" at our rear, stopped my replying, and the next moment we were surrounded by five or six armed men, probably returning from a patrol; their leader, however—one of those vagabonds who are at home at the Mississippi

landing in St. Louis, and who was only distinguished from the rest by having a firelock—laid his broad bony hand on my shoulder. I felt an irresistible impulse to loose his grasp, but overcame the feeling in time.

"I am not quite clear myself," my hitherto companion replied, while his face, however, displayed a slight dissatisfaction at the familiarity of the other fellow. "He says he comes from Laclede county, and has fowls and eggs for the governor, or general, in his sack."

"Hilloh, hilloh, eggs and fowls!" the patrol leader suddenly laughed, in the coarse fashion of his breed, while his hand clutched my shoulder more tightly. "I say, Charley, this child is suspicious, otherwise he must know that the faithful Missourians let their governor and general suffer no want of such dainties, while the army, it is true, must eat rusty bacon and rotten salt pork. I propose that we examine him thoroughly here; give him what he deserves, and take what he has about him to pay the costs of the court-martial."

"I think otherwise, sir, and must request you to be good enough to set the man at liberty," my companion said to the patrol leader with a flushed face. "He has come voluntarily to our camp, trusted to my protection, wishes to enter our ranks, and no one shall say that any improper violence has been done him among us. General Price shall himself settle about the man."

An ugly scowl played round the mouth of the first speaker.

"Oh! you have just come from a good supper at your own house," he said; "but if I consider the man suspicious, I trust that you will have nothing to say against it. I think I have seen his face somewhere, and not in Laclede county. Take care that you do not draw suspicion on yourself, Mr. Werner."

The speaker laid so marked a stress on the German name, that it was at once clear to me that this was sufficient to weaken perfect confidence among the Secessionists; at the same time, however, I also knew that the bearer of this name belonged to the house which had so struck me by the cleanliness and order of its belongings.

"Well, sir," I said with decision, preventing the answer of my companion, "I will find my way to the general, even though you may stop me here and plunder me; but then we shall know what those have to expect who come into camp with the best will. I am of German descent too, sir. My name is Reuter, and if you want to know anything more, I have a couple of strong fists which can defend their owner. I suppose all present do not wish to play the thief with me."

At the same moment, by a strong jerk, I liberated myself from his grasp, and stood opposite to him with clenched fists. I knew that people of this stamp must be addressed in their own language if you wish to get anything from them, and that giving way only heightens their cowardly brutality; but in this instance I appeared to have made a mistake.

"Who do you call thief?" the man yelled, as he

raised his musket to his cheek. At the same moment, however, my companion struck up the gun, while two men of the patrol sprang between us.

"Stay, Stevens, stay; he seems to be a worthy fellow. The general might have a crow to pluck with us as it is about the fowls," I heard several fellows mutter. And Stevens lowered his firelock with a poisonous glance.

"Very well, he can come with us into the camp," he said, after a short visible struggle with himself; "but I'll be hanged if I do not know the face, and the Lord have mercy on him if all is not right with him."

He gave his men a sharp order to take me between them, and we started for camp at quick march. Within scarce five minutes the groups round the nearest camp-fire were clearly perceptible, and I honestly confess that my heart began to beat more impetuously at the earnestness of the danger, which now rose distinctly before me. Wherever I looked, I could only discover ruffians of the same stamp as my guardians—men who would display the same contempt for death in action, as they did in every street row for knives and revolvers, but who had hardly any other feeling than that of rough brutality, and had taken part in the war solely in order to punish the detested Dutchmen; for in Missouri the war from the outset had degenerated into a struggle between the German and American nationalities. Card-playing and swearing, with here and there a funny fellow who imitated a nigger, seemed to offer the solo amusement, and it was not till we reached the centre

of the camp that the noise began to lull. Here I saw the uniform of several regular militia companies from St. Louis, to which only full-blooded Americans belonged; then came a wide open space, in the middle of which a camp-fire blazed, and twenty yards from it a halt was commanded, while the leader of the patrol and my first guide walked towards the fire.

I had perfect time to arrange my ideas. We were certainly in the vicinity of one of the general officers, and my difficulties were really about to begin; but how, even if I remained unsuspected, I was to escape unnoticed from the mob, appeared to me for the moment inexplicable, while it would be utterly impossible, should I become an object of suspicion, to which Stevens seemed much inclined. Still, I had not much time allowed me for useless reflections. Stevens returned, and ordered me to follow him, with a sulky look. An officer in handsome attire, with several aides, was now standing before the fire; behind it orderlies of the St. Louis militia were walking about—but the gentleman awaiting my arrival was not General Price.

My examiner was a thorough Southerner, with pale face, dark hair and beard, and black flashing eyes, which were fixed on me as I approached as if they wished to penetrate into my very soul.

"What has brought you into camp, sir?" he asked, sharply.

"The same thing that may have brought others, sir," I replied, giving my voice all possible firmness. "I took the last fowls and eggs from our farm to bring

them to the general, and to ask whether there is a musket to spare for me."

"You say that you come from Laclede county?" was the second query.

"Yes, sir, not far from Oakland."

"And what have you to say to the contrary?" the examiner turned to Stevens; "the affair seems to me quite simple."

"I have only to say, colonel," Stevens replied, while a hateful smile played round his lips, "that a man can easily give himself out for what he pleases; but I know his face from St. Louis, though I do not remember exactly who he is; that the man is a German, and that I, therefore, suspect he does not come from Laclede county, but from General Lyons, confound his soul."

A quick, dark glance was darted at me by the officer.

"You have heard, sir?"

Though I felt most uncomfortable in my mind, I mustered up enough courage to shrug my shoulders contemptuously.

"I think, sir, I know this man's face, or at least some very like it, belonging to the fellows called Levée Rats at St. Louis—I was at college there—and that I am not mistaken is proved by the fact that this man proposed to his patrol to plunder me of all I had before entering the camp, and get rid of me in some way or other."

"I can confirm the last statement, colonel, although I am not disposed to be answerable for this person in

any way," my first companion now said, who had been standing in the shade aside from the fire; and, after a quick glance at the speaker, the officer looked at my accuser with a peculiar expression of disgust. I saw how he despised the wretched fellows employed to regain the so-called Southern rights, and, at the same time, saw that my cause was gained for the moment.

"Have you any answer to make to this charge?" he asked shortly, as if he repelled every superfluous word; and when Stevens only replied with a furious glance at me, he turned to the nearest officer:

"I see no reason for undue suspicion. Let the man deliver what he has for the general, and then place him in the reserve with the new recruits." Then he gave me a hasty nod. "If your sentiments are really what you describe them, I thank you for your patriotism; if not, you may be assured that you will have a bullet in your back at the first wrong step."

He walked to the other side of the fire: I gave my fowls and eggs up, and then, to my great relief, was led to the extreme end of the camp, where, it is true, the fires burned as brightly as elsewhere, but the idle way in which the soldiers lay about revealed novices in the art of war. I fancied I had quite escaped any danger, when suddenly a voice shouted my name, and a young man leaped up from the nearest fire:

"Reuter, old fellow, what has brought the sheep among the goats—and what, by Jingo, is the meaning of the masquerade? Has the lieutenant secretly bolted from his countrymen to enlist under the right flag?"

At the first words my heart felt as if it were standing still, but when I heard Stevens's voice a short distance behind me, a perfect horror seized upon me. In the last year I had been engaged in one of the large mercantile firms of St. Louis, where Stevens, who, like most of his sort, probably gained a livelihood as porter on the quay, had often seen me. The young man, though, who had addressed me, had been clerk to a neighbouring firm, knew me well, and had, like myself, on the cessation of all trade, taken up a musket, though I was on the side of the Germans, and he, as an American, on that of his countrymen. My deception must now be revealed, and the former friend had, although involuntarily, handed me over to the rope. I saw his features assume an expression of surprise on noticing my face, which must have turned ashen white, and also heard the officer accompanying me say, in so peculiar a tone that it pierced my heart, "Oh, Jim, so you know the gentleman." But I had only one thought, that behind the nearest fires was freedom, and that scarce two hundred paces from us a sharp forest spur jutted into the plain. At the same time I knew that I must not hesitate a moment in acting, for, if I hoped to save myself, it must be effected by surprise, and I should have a run for life. If I were shot down I should still escape the rope. Hence the officer had hardly finished his sentence ere I bounded out of the throng, and ran between the squatting soldiers straight out into the plain.

I flew like a startled deer towards the forest, and for

two seconds everything remained quiet behind me. Then, however, they shouted all the more wildly, "A spy! stop the spy!" I distinctly recognised the rough hoarse voice of Stevens. "Stop the spy!" twenty voices repeated after him. At this moment a man suddenly rose before me: it was one of the chain of pickets, but I ran him down ere he could understand the matter: a bullet pinged behind me, a second and a third followed it, but I felt myself unwounded, and fled onward. Had not there been only raw recruits behind me, and mostly unarmed, a worse lot would assuredly have befallen me. Still I felt that the whole camp was alarmed, saw Stevens dogging my heels like a bloodhound, and knew that even the wood would not save me from my pursuers, unless some fortunate accident intervened in my favour. In this way, without daring to take a single back glance, I reached the trees, which at least secured me against further shots, but a sudden disappointment relaxed all my muscles. What I had taken in the moonshine for a wooded spur was only a clump of bushes of small circumference, and I could see the open, bare plateau when I had forced my way through the copse and reached the last trees. A short distance behind me I heard loud yells; every moment's delay must hand me over to my pursuers, but in the midst of all the confusion I thought with marvellous clearness, and I soon made up my mind while continuing my flight at the top of my speed. On the right lay the road along which I had come, and which I must reach again if I did not wish to get

into an utterly unknown country. The bushes must for a while conceal the altered direction of my flight, and even should it be discovered, I had at any rate equally swift feet and just as enduring lungs as any of my enemies. I had not gone a hundred yards, however, when loud shouts behind me announced that I was discovered on the bare, moonlit plain. My road might have been cut off here from the camp, and I took a hurried, timid glance in the direction, but as no trace of new pursuers was visible here, I prepared myself for the long race which must now infallibly ensue, and the possibility which rose before me of being able to escape after all, poured perfectly fresh life into my veins.

From this moment I only know that I reached my former road, and followed it, as if held by magnetic force, at a pace which soon made me feel as if my chest were bursting; common sense should have urged me to gain the wood lying on the side, but an irresistible impulse drove me onwards towards the camp of my German comrades; at the same time I fancied that I could not be at all far from the point at which the wood rejoined the road, and would offer me a covering without the necessity of a flank movement, but I already began to feel that I must stop to draw fresh breath, and my eyes, over which a thick mist was beginning to settle, could nowhere discover the bushes. Just as I was thinking of taking a compulsory short rest, the breeze bore a sound down to my ear which aroused a feeling of desperation in me—the sound of

galloping horsemen. My pursuers had given up following me on foot, but knew only too well that with horses they must catch me up in the open. Perhaps I should still have been able to reach the wood had my strength been fresh; but I was utterly exhausted, and for a moment asked myself whether it would not be best to let myself be trampled under foot by the approaching horses, and thus escape all the torture which would await me from the moment of capture up to that of hanging.

At this moment something gleamed in the distance ahead of me; my eye turned in the direction mechanically, but soon became fixed on a well-known object—some two hundred yards from me stood the house with its enclosures, which had attracted my attention on my outward journey—the house of my countryman Werner, who was now probably one of my most eager pursuers, but for all that my sole hope, if I would not surrender unresistingly to the foes whose approach became with each minute more audible. The orchard was densely foliaged, but it must be the first place searched, so soon as I disappeared from the sight of my pursuers, hence I rejected the choice of this hiding-place. All at once I noticed the open window, almost concealed by creepers, which seemed to me like a sanctuary. According to appearance, it opened from a passage or some unused room; the piazza, on which it looked out, could be easily scaled, and in the house itself they were least likely to seek me.

So soon as I reached the first fence I clambered over

it in order to conceal myself as far as possible. I reached the house, slipped between the fruit-trees, and a glance told me that the window was still open. At the same time, however, the loud shout of one of my pursuers sounded so close to me in the road, that I scarce hoped to have time to climb up the piazza, but an answer from a distance showed me that my pursuers were in doubt as to the road they should follow. Once again a little strength returned to my muscles, which enabled me to reach one of the short columns of the piazza, but when I had forced my way through the narrow orifice offered by the window, I felt that my senses were leaving me, and, unable to keep up, I fell on my knees.

But a clear, powerful, girlish voice suddenly aroused me from my semi-insensibility.

"Who's there?" I heard; "answer quickly, or I fire."

Now I saw for the first time by the moonbeams that I had entered a room in the background of which a white form was sitting up in bed, and pointing a revolver at me with the utmost determination.

"For Heaven's sake, miss, if you do not wish to let a man be murdered in cold blood, silence," I exclaimed; at this moment only thinking of my own pressing danger. "I have fallen among the Secessionists; they take me for a spy, and if you give me up I shall be a dead man in half an hour."

Her weapon sank before my breathless speech and worn appearance, and I saw, though as through a veil,

her large eyes sharply fixed on me. "Who are you? But tell the truth at all hazards," she said, in a suppressed voice, which, however, lost none of its peculiar inflection.

I had no reason for concealing anything that was already known in the rebel camp; but I revelled in the thought of surrendering unconditionally to this girl, who, under the pressure of circumstances, did not seem to notice her peculiar situation with a young man.

"I am a Federal officer," I replied, without any hesitation. "I know that an inhabitant of this house has joined General Lyons; but if there be German blood in your veins, as I conjecture, I know that you will not surrender a worn-out German fugitive to his foes and a disgraceful death."

I had uttered the last words hurriedly, for I heard hasty footsteps cracking the dry branches in the orchard I had just left. I had scarce ended, when a man began speaking outside, and I recognised Stevens's peculiar organ.

"Either the earth has swallowed him up, or he has climbed through that window—there is no hole here to hide him."

"We shall soon know how matters are," another voice said; "two men here to watch the window and back part of the house, two to keep the door, and we will fetch the fox out of his hole, if he is in it."

Two minutes later heavy blows were dealt the house door, and the girl raised her arm with a gentle move-

ment. "In there, sir," she cried, pointing to a small side door; "lie down on the ground, cover yourself with anything you may find, and do not stir till I myself fetch you out of your hiding-place."

I did not wait for the order to be repeated; certain that she had the best wish to save me, I opened the door of the closet, which seemed to be the lady's wardrobe. I stumbled against a large chest, behind which the sloping roof formed a canopy: into this I crept, and might consider myself safe if no search was made in my hiding-place. But I was hardly on the ground, ere I heard my pursuers on the ground floor eagerly talking with a man, who had evidently opened the house door to them, and soon after the heavy footsteps of several persons were audible on the stairs. They stopped before the door of the girl's bedroom, and there was a deep silence. Then came a cautious tapping, and some one said, "Maggy, Maggy!"

"What is it, father—what means the noise in the house?" the girl asked, in perfect calmness.

"Maggy, you must open the door for a few minutes; a German spy is said to have sought shelter in your room, and the gentlemen who are following him insist on searching."

"Father, I am in bed, but for the last hour awake, and know there is no one in my room except myself. Tell them that, and they will not think of extending their search to a young lady's bedroom."

A loud murmuring reached my ears, and then the father said, more decidedly than before:

"It is of no use, Maggy; we are living in war times; throw something over you quickly, and be assured that all possible gentleness will be shown you."

"A minute's patience, then, if it must be," cried Maggy; and I heard her foot gently touch the floor. Soon after, the door-bolt was drawn back, but at the same time she cried, "Two seconds and then you can enter."

She hurried to my hiding-place, leaving the door of it wide open, and asked, in a whisper, "Where are you?"

"Here," I replied. And the next instant she was seated on the chest, completely concealing the hole where I lay with her petticoats; at the same time, however, the room door was burst open, and I could notice a bright jet of light.

"Maggy," exclaimed the father, who was probably looking round for her in vain.

"I am here, father, but cannot show myself in this state, and expect the gentle treatment promised me; indeed, this appears to me a mode of behaviour quite unusual with gentlemen."

There was no reply to this, and I could only conjecture from the sounds and oaths that reached my ear, that my pursuers were seeking me. My position had now become so fearfully uncomfortable that I often felt a cramp run through all my limbs, and yet the narrow space allowed of no change. While the attention of the searchers was confined to the bedroom, I was just going to attempt a half turn, when the rough voice of

Stevens was audible close to the door of the closet, and almost robbed me of breath.

"Here is another room, and the lady must consent to a search. The fellow was good-looking enough to produce all sorts of thoughts."

"Stop, sir," Maggy cried, in a peculiarly changed voice, and at the same time I heard the cock of a revolver twang. "I granted, gentlemen, admission to my bedroom, and any one who comes too near me here, where there is scarce room enough for myself, I will shoot down as a ruffian. If my father cannot defend his daughter's honour from insult, I will try to do so myself."

"Maggy, no one will do you any harm," was the old man's answer; "but it is war now, and I will not have it said that I offered any obstacle to my house being searched."

"Very well, father. Now ask yourself whether it is possible for any one to be hidden here. I said that I could not let myself be seen in this state; and Americans who forget the most common respect for their own ladies, deserve no other treatment than loafers."

"Enough of this. After all, our suspicions are too superficial to torture this brave girl any longer," said the same voice which had before ordered the guard in the house. "You believe, on your honour, sir, that this man's supposition is based on a mistake?"

"I was convinced of it from the beginning, for I know my daughter," the old man replied; "still, in

the present times, I did not like to offer the slightest opposition."

"And have you no idea of a hiding-place in the vicinity where the fugitive may be?"

"I do not see, sir, why he may not have laid himself in the shadow of a fence, or in the tall grass on the skirt of the forest. If he altered his course here, anything is more likely than that he should have entered a house where he does not know a soul."

A short pause ensued, in which I heard my own heart beat.

"It certainly seems that we have delayed here unnecessarily," the first voice said. "Pardon us, miss, but circumstances compel us to many an unusual step."

A short, half-loud conversation then began, and then I heard the door open and the men going downstairs.

"Go to bed again, Maggy. I trust you will not be disturbed again," the old man said. And the door was closed.

I drew a deep breath of relief, but waited in vain for a movement on the part of my protectress. When the sound of retiring hoofs became audible outside she rose slowly and feebly, walked towards the entrance, and then clung with both hands to the doorpost. Had not the painful feeling in all my limbs urged me to leave my hiding-place, my desire to help the girl and my deep gratitude would have made me do so. I rose to my feet as quietly as I could, the sinking moon shone

right into the room, and lit up a pale, sweetly-modelled face with half-closed eyes, which could scarce be distinguished from the white night-dress carelessly folded round her limbs. She seemed to be contending against a faintness; but when, in obedience to my warm feelings, I said, half aloud, "For Heaven's sake, miss, can I do nothing for you?" my words seemed to restore her a portion of her strength. "Nothing, sir, nothing," she replied, drawing herself up with a slight shudder. "Go back and close the door." She went firmly out into her bedroom, and I heard her bolt the door of it; but honouring her feelings, which I fully understood, I had already closed the small closet door and seated myself on the chest, waiting till she would release me.

I waited so long that I fell fast asleep, without having an idea of it, and it was not till I felt a gentle shake that I started up. It was perfectly dark around me, but the half loud melodious voice which now sounded in my ears restored me my perfect consciousness.

"The moon has gone down, sir, but in an hour day will break," I heard; "get ready to leave at once."

"I am ready," I said, noiselessly rising.

"Then give me your hand and follow me gently. Take the same road through the window, and then go through the orchard to the fence, where you wait for me. Not a word, sir," she added, as I tried to give vent to my feelings in a few hurried sentences.

I took her small soft hand, in which nothing revealed the farmer's daughter, in mine, but I did not even dare a pressure of thanks. She led me to the open window,

and I effected my retreat almost noiselessly. Below me it was so dark that it took me a minute or two to make sure of my direction; and I had not been at the fence an instant, when a gentle rustling revealed Maggy's presence.

"Follow now close after me," she said. "You must not return by the direct road to the German camp, for they will be watching for you there. But, before all, not a word."

She had cautiously opened a gate in the fence, and now walked on with light, quick steps. She went straight along a furrow in the ploughed fields. Two or three fences, which lay in our way, she climbed over with the lightness of habit, so that I could only find her again by the light of the waning stars. Then I noticed that we had entered a path which ran across the plain between tall bushes, and we at length reached the skirt of the wood, which completely concealed us. The girl walked ahead of me with the same speed and certainty. I would gladly have addressed her, but I believed that I thanked her best by punctually executing her orders, and held my tongue. In about half an hour day began to break; but now our path ran right into the wood.

"Remain close behind me, not to lose your way;" she now spoke for the first time. "We shall soon reach a spot where you cannot miss your road."

I had a feeling in my heart as if a lovely fairy had appeared to me in my trouble, and, after saving me, would disappear and leave me pining for her. But the root-covered track soon brought me back to reality. I

needed all my caution to escape a fall in following my guide, who walked along, forgetful of my ignorance of the locality; and it was not till the red light of dawn began to pierce through the foliage that we entered a broad highway. There she stopped, with her face still averted from me, as if reflecting on the right direction, or desirous of regaining her strength. When she at length turned to me, she was standing in the full rosy dawn in a grey summer dress, fitting tightly to her form, with her broad-brimmed straw hat thrown on her back, and gazing at me with a half shy glance from her large eyes. So maidenly, so graceful in her simplicity, I had never imagined her after the occurrences of the night.

"This is your road, sir," she said, slightly turning her head away as if wishing to escape my glance. "In less than half an hour you can rejoin your comrades."

"And now, miss, tell me," I cried, under the excitement of my feelings, "how can I ever thank you for what you have done for a perfect stranger this night."

She slowly turned her head; her face had again become as serious and as pale as I had seen it in the moonlight.

"You have nothing to thank me for, sir," she calmly replied. "I hate this revolt against legal order, which has brought the dregs of the American population into our peaceful neighbourhood, and love the Germans and their fidelity to the Union, as I loved my own grandparents. What I may have done for you, I did for my own satisfaction, and so let us part without further compliments."

"And you give me no hope, Miss Werner," I said, after a short pause, in which her eye rested calmly on my excited face, "of ever seeing you again?"

A melancholy smile played round her lips. "Do you know, sir, whether either of us will be alive to-morrow?" she replied; then added, in greater excitement, pointing in the direction of the rebel camp, "These men care neither for age nor sex when they fancy they have discovered an enemy of their senseless enterprise, and you will probably go into action this day. Do you think that, under other circumstances, I should have acted with so little self-respect?" A bright flush suffused her cheeks at the last words, wondrously enhancing her beauty, and I seized her hand, which she granted me after a slight struggle.

"Very good, Miss Maggy; but if ever circumstances permit us to meet again, may I then address you and remind you of this night, and the gratitude of a heart which has never before felt as it has done during the last few hours?"

She quickly withdrew her hand and turned away, that I might not see the vivid blush which spread over her face. "Go, sir, go! Heaven protect you!" she added, hurriedly, while making a movement to return to the wood.

"And may I not even tell you my name?" I asked, with a feeling which was strangely divided between the sorrow of parting and a happiness I suddenly felt.

She stopped, turned slowly back, and a beaming glance, with which, however, a peculiar melancholy

was blended, met me. "I know it already, sir," she said, with a smile that looked like a sunbeam forcing its way through clouds. "Your enemies told it my father when they entered the house. God protect you, Mr. Reuter," she added, and offered me her hand. But I had scarce seized it with a firm pressure when I felt her fingers slip from my grasp again, and the girl walked slowly towards the forest without once looking back.

In less than half an hour I was in camp, and had made my report to my general. Four hours after we were standing face to face with the enemy, who, thanks to our excellent guns, soon broke and allowed us to advance.

In the battle of Springfield, fought soon after, I was wounded, and transported with other patients first to Jefferson City and then to St. Louis. I had received a bullet in the left shoulder, which missile placed me hors de combat for a long time; still, thanks to the intercession of my friends, I had procured a situation in the post-office, which would keep me comfortably for several years. One day business took me to the railway depôt, just at the moment when a train arrived with fugitives from the interior of the state, and I suddenly saw a face which had never left my memory for a day. I looked into two dark sparkling eyes, in which a heaven seemed to open before me, and the next second—how it happened I never knew—I had both Maggy's hands in mine. "Yes, it must be that we were to meet again," she replied to an involuntary

exclamation of surprise on my part, and then turned to an old farmer, who was evidently astounded by the whole scene. "It is Mr. Reuter, father, you know."

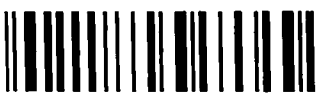
I will be short in my conclusion. When we drove the rebels from the neighbourhood of Werner's farm, without it being possible for me to visit the memorable house again, the old man had openly displayed his sympathy with the Federals, while his son, valuing his American citizenship more than his German origin, fled with the Secessionists; and Maggy did not hesitate to narrate her share in my flight. But both fared badly for their openness. The German forces were compelled to go to every threatened point of the State, and soon after Southern guerilla bands appeared, plundering and burning everything that belonged to the Unionists. Old Werner, who was warned betimes, did not wait for the worst, but saved his money and anything else he could, and fled with his daughter to St. Louis. It was high time to do so, for he learned on the road, from other fugitives who followed after him, that on their departure nothing remained of his house but smoking ruins.

Three months passed, in which I constantly visited the pair, who were temporarily living in a boarding-house, and my feelings for Maggy had ripened into love. Still I noticed that old Werner was excessively reserved towards me, and evaded any opportunity of having an explanation with me. At length he recognised among the rebel prisoners brought in a young man from his neighbourhood, and learned from him that his son had fallen in one of the repeated skirmishes. When I

called on him that evening, I found that a remarkable change had taken place both in him and Maggy. The girl, who tried in vain to hide her tear-swollen eyes, begged me not to ask any questions, and stay but a little while; but when I returned next day, the old man told me with perfect calmness what had happened, and added, "He behaved wrong to his parents and grand-parents; but still it could never have been a match between you and Maggy if he had come home again, for he would have taken to the farm. Now, though, if you like to be my son, after we get over our heavy loss, and, so soon as the times become quieter again, go into the country with us, I have nothing to say against it; but I cannot part entirely from my last child, and wish to die at the spot where I planted nearly every tree, and which has been my home till now."

Maggy is now my darling wife, in whom I discover fresh treasures every day; but we are still waiting for the time the old man is longing for, and which will render me a prosperous farmer. Unfortunate Missouri is still ravaged by civil war, and when we offer thanks to Heaven, it is, before all, because we are in a safe asylum, and have a more endurable lot than the many thousands whose welfare has been utterly and eternally ruined in this hapless war.

THE END.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